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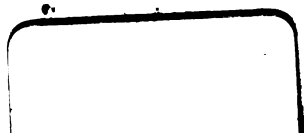
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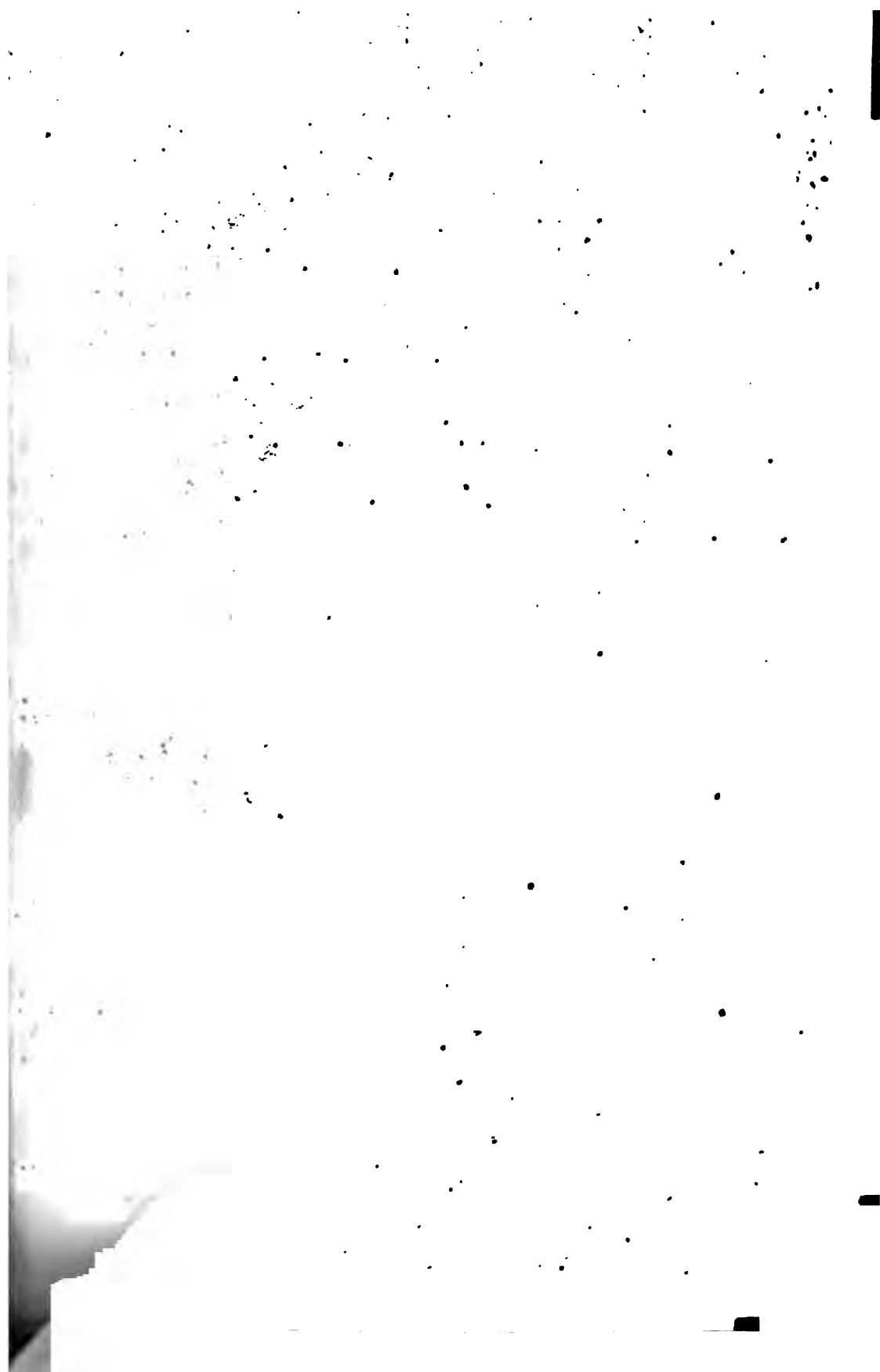
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**ONE HUNDRED
ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE;**

SELECTED BY

LEIGH HUNT.

LONDON: WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE.

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WHITTAKER & CO., AVE MARIA LANE, LONDON.

ONE HUNDRED

ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE;

SELECTED AND ANNOTATED

BY

LEIGH HUNT.

Comprising Remarkable Historical and Domestic Facts,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF HUMAN NATURE.

—

LONDON:
WHITTAKER & CO., AVE-MARIA LANE.

—
1843.

223. l. 53.



P R E F A C E.

INTELLIGENT readers of all classes, who sympathize with their species, are here presented with an extensive selection of those extraordinary real circumstances, often found in the history of individuals, which have been said to show truth in a stronger light than fiction. They are abridged, enlarged, or copied, from their respective authorities, as the case rendered expedient, with such notes or verbal alterations (facts being scrupulously adhered to) as might serve at once to fit them better for perusal, and appropriate them to this particular publication: and the collection is far the most abundant that has been made. Mrs. Charlotte Smith published a hasty selection from the "Causes Célèbres" of Guyot de Pitaval, in three volumes, under the title of "Romance of Real Life," which has been often sent for from the circulating library under the supposition of its being a novel. The best of the narratives which she has taken are to be found in the present pages; and they contain also what may be pronounced, perhaps, the only curious articles of lasting interest (and very interesting they are), originally given to the public in the singular anonymous publication entitled "The Lounger's Common-place Book."

Crimes, virtues, humours, plots, agonies, heroical sacrifices, mysteries of the most extraordinary description, though taking place in the most ordinary walks of life, are the staple commodity of this book,—all true, and for the most part well told; and over the greater portion of them hangs the greatest of all interests—domestic interest.

The selection originally appeared in the Editor's "London Journal;" but as he was the selector and commentator only, and not the writer of the narratives, he may be allowed, without immodesty, to express his belief that in its present shape it will go into a great many new quarters, and perhaps not be unacceptable to some of the old. A work more fitted to be *laid on the table*, whether of drawing-room or parlour, of hotel or country inn, or to accompany the traveller in coach or post-chaise, it might not be easy to conceive: since it unites, in an extreme degree, the advantages of quick and exciting perusal, with lasting and useful interest. From the appearance of its first number it was popular with its periodical readers; but the shape (a folio) was inconvenient for the purposes which it is now hoped it will realize.

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ONE HUNDRED ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

I.—MR. BARNARD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

[This narrative is from the Lounger's Common-Place Book. It is not one of the most romantic in its results, nor in the raw-head-and-bloody-bone nature of the circumstances; but the extreme every-day look of it, united with its real strangeness, give it an interest at once natural and peculiar. Barnard's first two letters would have been no disgrace to Junius.]

WILLIAM BARNARD was the son of a surveyor (some say a coachmaker), in Westminster, of good character, and apparently easy in his circumstances, in whose life nothing peculiar happened till he was charged with a crime, singular from the mode in which it was executed, and remarkable because there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to risk his life in so rash and unjustifiable an enterprise.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door of the office of Ordnance, directed in a hand imitating print, "To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough,"* who, at that time, was Master-General, and much surprised at reading the following contents:—

"November the 28th.

"My Lord,—As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know then, my present situation in life is such, that I would prefer annihilation to a continuance in it. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon either to make *me*, or to unmake yourself. As I never had the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly; but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am now going to write.

"It has employed my invention for some time to find out a method to destroy another without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law. Now for the application of it. I am desperate, and must be provided for; you have it in your *power*; it is my business to make it your *inclination* to serve me, which you must determine to comply with by procuring me a genteel support for life, or your own will be at a period before this session of parliament is over.

"I have more motives than one for singling you out first on this occasion, and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use

of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic.

"If you think this of any consequence, you will not fail to meet the author on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday), near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the foot-walk to Kensington. Secrecy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort, as there is a certain part of the world where your death has more than been wished for on other motives.

"I know the world too well to trust this secret in any breast but my own. A few days determine me your friend or enemy. FELTON.

"You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone; and depend upon it, that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you. My safety is ensured by my silence, for confession only can condemn me."

The duke went to the spot at the time appointed, having previously desired a friend to observe at a distance what passed.

He waited near half an hour, and seeing no one he could suspect to be the person, turned his horse and rode towards Piccadilly; but after proceeding a few paces, he looked back, and saw a man leaning over a bridge, which is within twenty yards of the tree mentioned in the letter: he then rode gently towards the person, and passed him once or twice, expecting that he would speak; but as he still remained silent, his Grace bowed, and asked him if he had not something to say to him; but he answered, "No, I don't know you." The duke, after telling him who he was, said, "Now you know who I am, I suppose you have something to say to me."

On the stranger's replying "I have not," his Grace directly rode out of the park.

A few days after, a second letter, to the following purport, was sent to the duke, in the same handwriting, and conveyed under the door as the former one.

"My Lord,—You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality as to the time and place of meeting on Sunday last, though it was owing to you that it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless and too conspicuous: you needed no attendant; the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended. If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address by asking his company, to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with

* The Duke who died in 1817. He had, at the time of this letter, just succeeded to the title.

his name and place of abode, according to which directions you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early: it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.—I am, &c. F.”

The duke had repaired to Hyde Park no otherwise drest than persons of quality generally are; the only part of the insignia of the order of the garter being the star by his side; and the pistol holsters before were the common horse furniture of a military officer high in command. He was naturally alarmed on receiving the second letter, and consulted his friend; when after sending for the late Sir John Fielding, it was determined that his Grace should go to Westminster Abbey; two or three constables being ordered to attend in sight, as if walking to see the monuments, and directed to take up any suspected person on the duke making a signal. He had not been in the Abbey more than five minutes, when the person he had before spoken to in Hyde Park came in, accompanied by a good-looking decent man, and they both walked towards the choir and then parted. The person whom the duke had before seen, and who afterwards proved to be Mr. William Barnard, loitered about, looking at the inscriptions, and occasionally fixing his eyes on his Grace, who stood for a few minutes pretty near him, to see if he would speak first; but this not being the case, he at last said to Mr. Barnard, “Have you anything to say to me, Sir?” to which he replied, “No, my lord, I have not.” “Surely you have?” replied the Duke;—but he still said, “No, my lord.”

Mr. Barnard then walked up and down on one side of the aisle, and his Grace on the other, for six or seven minutes, without any conversation passing between them; when the Duke of Marlborough quitted the Abbey at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at this time; only it was observed by one of the persons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himself behind one of the pillars as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The duke, with a laudable caution, which did him credit, was still unwilling to have him secured, lest he might injure an innocent man. A third letter was, however, received a few days afterwards, which, on comparing the directions, was evidently the production of the same person who had written the first. It was as follows:

“My Lord,—I am fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects; whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to. In consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers. You will likewise give your honour, on meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire. These, and the former terms complied with, ensure your safety: my revenge, in case of non-compliance, or any scheme to expose me, will be slower, but not less sure; and strong suspicion, the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it; while the chances would be tenfold against you. You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting; but it is quite necessary the outside

should be a masque to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme.”

It was more than two months before the duke heard anything further of this extraordinary correspondent, when he was surprised by receiving the underwritten letter by the penny-post, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print like the other.

“To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

“May it please your Grace,—I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety; his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately.

“It would be useless to your grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.

“Your sincere friend,—Anonymous.”

“He frequently goes to Story's-gate Coffee House.”

In the course of the week a messenger was sent to the coffee-house, who met Mr. Barnard there. He appeared much surprised when told that the Duke of Marlborough wished to speak with him, and said, “It is very odd, for the Duke addressed himself to me sometime ago in Hyde Park, though I never saw him before in my life!” A day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough House.

As soon as he made his appearance the duke immediately recognised the face of the same person whom he had before seen at Hyde Park and at Westminster Abbey. On asking him, as before, “If he had anything to say?” he replied, “I have nothing to say.”

The several letters and circumstances were then recapitulated by his grace, particularly the last, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing something that nearly concerned his safety. To these points he only replied, “I know nothing of the matter.” The duke then observed that the writer of the letters in question appeared to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he should be guilty of so mean an action. “It is possible to be very poor and very learned,” was his remarkable answer. On the duke's saying there must be something very odd in the man, Barnard answered, “I imagine he must be mad.” “He seems surprised that I should have pistols,” his grace continued; to which he made answer, “I was surprised to see your grace with pistols, and your star on.” “Why were you surprised at that?” “It was so cold a day, I wondered you had not your great coat on,” was his reply after a little hesitation. On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, “It is very odd; my father was then out of town.” This last circumstance struck the duke more particularly, as the letter had no date. Before they parted, his Grace concluded with saying, “If you are innocent, it becomes you, much more than me, to find out the author of these letters, as it is an attempt to blast your character.” Barnard then smiled, and took his leave.

On the strength of these circumstances, it was soon after thought proper to take him into custody. He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Session House in the Old Bailey, in May 1758,

and after a long and patient investigation of the circumstances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the duke and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, acquitted. It appeared, in favour of the prisoner, corroborated by respectable evidence, that on the day he met the duke in Hyde Park he had been sent by his father on business to Kensington. As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a person of credit, who, as is before observed, was seen with him there, proved that contrary to Mr. Barnard's wish he had, with some difficulty, persuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings to the Park that morning: that they were going thither without passing through the abbey, but Greenwood recollecting a new monument he had not seen, insisted on his going that way.

Many persons of fortune and reputation appeared: some of whom had dined with him at Kensington on the day abovementioned. These, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard speak with wonder of having twice met the Duke of Marlborough, and the circumstance of his Grace speaking to him being very singular.

They all united in the most ample testimonies of his regularity, sobriety, and pecuniary credit, and his being in the habit of daily receiving considerable sums.

Our authority for the above curious story informs us that certain circumstances afterwards occurred, particularly a transaction with an East India director, which rendered the guilt of Barnard highly probable. The circumstances are puzzling; but we believe him to have been the man, particularly as he was so brief in his replies, and showed no anxiety to bring the offender to light. A clever man, such as he evidently was, could easily have contrived to make Greenwood appear to have originated the wish to go into the abbey, and even to have made him do so; and as to the inconsistency of the rest of his conduct, there is no end to such inconsistencies in men as at present educated. Barnard might even have been conscious of a touch of the madness which he attributed to the anonymous person, and which his questions and his strange *amuse* not a little resemble. At the same time it is, perhaps, not unlikely that he had accomplices; that either of them was prepared to come forward, as the case might require; and yet that neither would stir more in it, if unsuccessful, than their knowledge of each other's secrets would render advisable.

II., III.—STORIES OF MADONNA PIA, AND OF A LADY OF PIEDMONT.

[The following story, says Mr. Hazlitt, in his 'Notes of a Journey through France and Italy,' is related by M. Beyle in his charming little work entitled *De l'Amour*, as a companion to the famous one in Dante; and I shall give the whole passage in his words, as placing the Italian character (in former as well as latter times) in a striking point of view.

I allude (he says) to those touching lines of Dante:—

Deh! quando tu sarai tornato al mondo,
Ricordati di me, che son la Pia;
Sienna mi fê: disfecemi Muremma:
Salsi colui, che inannellata pria,
Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma.
Purgatorio, Canto v.

Dante, the great Italian poet, in his imaginary progress through Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, meets with a variety of his countrymen and countrywomen who accost him, or speak to others, and in brief but intense words, relate, or refer to their story. In Purgatory he sees a female spirit, who says, "I pray thee, when thou returnest to earth, that thou wilt remember me—wilt remember Pia. Sienna was the place of my birth, the Marshes of my death. He knows it who had put upon my hand the spousal ring."]

THE woman who speaks with so much reserve (continues M. Beyle) had in secret undergone the fate of Desdemona, and had it in her power, by a single word, to have revealed her husband's crime to the friends whom she had left upon earth.

Nello della Pietra obtained in marriage the hand of Madonna Pia, sole heiress of the Ptolomei, the richest and most noble family of Sienna. Her beauty, which was the admiration of all Tuscany, gave rise to a jealousy in the breast of her husband, that, envenomed by wrong reports and suspicions continually reviving, led to a frightful catastrophe. It is not easy to determine at this day if his wife was altogether innocent; but Dante has represented her as such. Her husband carried her with him into the marshes of Volterra, celebrated then, as now, for the pestiferous effects of the air. Never would he tell his unhappy wife the reason of her banishment into so dangerous a place. His pride did not deign to pronounce either complaint or accusation. He lived with her alone, in a deserted tower, of which I have been to see the ruins on the sea-shore; here he never broke his disdainful silence, never replied to the questions of his youthful bride, never listened to her entreaties. He waited, unmoved by her, for the air to produce its fatal effects. The vapours of this unwholesome swamp were not long in tarnishing features, the most beautiful, they say, that in that age had appeared upon earth. In a few months she died. Some chroniclers of these remote times report that Nello employed the dagger to hasten her end: she died in the marshes in some horrible manner; but the mode of her death remained a mystery, even to her contemporaries. Nello della Pietra survived, to pass the rest of his days in a silence which was never broken.

Nothing can be conceived more noble or more delicate than the manner in which the ill-fated Pia addresses herself to Dante. She desires to be recalled to the memory of the friends whom she had quitted so young: at the same time, in telling her name, and alluding to her husband, she does not allow herself the smallest complaint against a cruelty unexampled, but thenceforth irreparable; and merely intimates that he knows the history of her death.

This constancy in vengeance and in suffering is to be met with, I believe, only among the people of the South. In Piedmont I found myself the involuntary witness of a fact almost similar; but I was at the time ignorant of the details. I was ordered, with five-and-twenty dragoons, into the woods that border the Sesia, to prevent the contraband traffic. On my arrival in the evening at this wild and solitary place, I distinguished among the trees the ruins of an old castle; I went to it: to my great surprise it was inhabited. I there found a nobleman of the country of a very unpromising aspect; a man six feet in height and

forty years of age: he allowed me a couple of apartments with a very ill grace. Here I entertained myself by getting up some pieces of music with my quarter-master: after the expiration of a week we observed that our host kept guard over a woman whom we called Camilla in jest: we were far from suspecting the dreadful truth. She died at the end of six weeks. I had the melancholy curiosity to see her in her coffin; I bribed a monk who had charge of it, and, towards midnight, under pretext of sprinkling the holy water, he conducted me into the chapel. I there saw one of those fine faces which are beautiful even in the bosom of death: she had a large aquiline nose, of which I shall never forget the beautiful and expressive outline. I quitted this mournful spot; but, five years after, a detachment of my regiment accompanying the Emperor to his coronation as King of Italy, I had the whole story recounted to me. I learned that the jealous husband, the Count of —, had one morning found, hanging to his wife's bedside, an English watch belonging to a young man in the little town where they lived. The same day he took her to the ruined castle in the midst of the forests of the Sesia. Like Nello della Pietra, he uttered not a single word. If she made him any request, he presented to her, sternly, and in silence, the English watch, which he had always about him. In this manner he passed nearly three years with her. She at length fell a victim to despair, in the flower of her age. Her husband attempted to dispatch the owner of the watch with a stiletto, failed, fled to Genoa, embarked there, and no tidings have been heard of him since. His property was confiscated.

"This story," observes Mr. Hazlitt, "is interesting and well told. One such incident, or one page in Dante or in Spenser, is worth all the route between this and Paris; and all the sights in all the post-roads in Europe. Oh, Sienna! If I felt charmed with thy narrow, tenantless streets, or looked delighted through thy arched gateway over the subjected plain, it was that some recollections of Madonna Pia hung upon the beatings of my spirit, and converted a barren waste into the regions of romance."

IV.—THE TRAGEDY OF GUERNSEY.

[The tragical history here given has not so fixed and intense an air with it as the two last, but it is so very dramatic, that if Fate could be supposed to have an eye to such results, we could fancy the circumstances to have taken place, purely in order that they might give a lesson from the stage. In truth, they have been dramatised more than once, and, we believe, more than once told otherwise; but the following is the best account of the story we have met with. It is (with little variation) by the same author as furnished us with the case of Mr. Barnard and the Duke of Marlborough.]

JOHN ANDREW GORDIER, a respectable and wealthy inhabitant of Jersey in the early part of the eighteenth century, had, for several years, paid his addresses to an accomplished and beautiful young woman, a native of the island of Guernsey; and having surmounted the usual difficulties and delays of love, which always increase the value of the pursuit, in pursuit, the happy day for leading his

mistress to the altar at length was fixed. After giving the necessary orders for the reception of his intended wife, Gordier, at the time appointed, in full health and high spirits, sailed for Guernsey. The impatience of a lover on such a voyage need not be described; hours were years, and a narrow channel between the islands ten thousand leagues. The land of promise at length appears, he leaps on the beach, and without waiting for refreshment or his servant, whom he left with his baggage, sets out alone, and on foot, for the house he had so often visited, which was only a few miles from the port. The servant, who soon followed, was surprised to find his master not arrived: repeated messengers were sent to search and enquire, in vain. Having waited in anxious expectation till midnight, the apprehensions of the lady and her family were proportionate to the urgency of their feelings, and the circumstance of the case.

The next morning, at break of day, the appearance of a near relation of the missing man was not calculated to diminish their fears. With evident marks of distress, fatigue, and dejection, he came to inform them that he had passed the whole of the night in minutely examining, and in every direction, the environs of the road by which Gordier generally passed. After days of dreadful suspense, and nights of unavailing anxiety, the corpse of the unfortunate lover was at length discovered in a cavity among the rocks, disfigured with many wounds; but no circumstance occurred on which to ground suspicion, or even to hazard conjecture against the perpetrator of so foul a murder. The regret of both families for a good young man thus cut off in the meridian of life and expectation by cruel assassins, was increased by the mystery and mode of his death. The grief of the young lady not being of that species which relieves itself by show and exclamation, was, for that very reason, the more poignant and heartfelt: she was never seen to shed a tear, but doubled the pity for her fate by an affecting patience. Her virtues and her beauty having attracted general admiration, the family, after a few years, was prevailed on to permit Mr. Galliard, a merchant and native of the island, to become her suitor, hoping that a second lover might gradually withdraw her attention from brooding in hopeless silence over the catastrophe of her first. In submission to the wishes of her parents, but with repeated and energetic declarations that she never would marry, Galliard was occasionally admitted; but the unhappy lady, probably from thinking it not very delicate or feeling in a relation of her murdered lover to address her, found it difficult to suppress a certain antipathy, which she felt whenever he approached. It was possible also, that, although hardly known to herself, she might have entertained a worse suspicion. At all events, the singular but well-authenticated circumstance of her antipathy was often remarked, long before the secret was revealed: it was a more than mental aversion, and was said to bear a near resemblance to that tremulous horror and shivering, which seizes certain persons of keen sensibility and delicate feelings at the sight of some venomous creature, abhorrent to their own nature and likeness. But such was the ardour of passion, or such the fascinating magic of her charms, repulse only increased desire, and Galliard persisted in his unwelcome visits. Sometimes he endeavoured to

prevail on the unfortunate young woman to accept a present from his hands. Her friends remarked that he was particularly urgent to present her with a beautiful trinket, of expensive workmanship and valuable materials, which she pointedly refused, adding, that it would be worse than improper in her to encourage attentions and receive favours from a man who excited in her mind sensations far stronger than indifference, and whose offers no motive of any kind could prevail on her to accept.

But Galliard, by the earnestness of his addresses, by his assiduities, and by exciting pity, the common resource of the artful, had won over the mother of the lady to second his wishes. In her desire to forward his suit, she had taken an opportunity, during the night, to fix the trinket in question on to her daughter's watch-chain, and forbid her, on pain of her displeasure, to remove this token of unaccepted affection.

The health of the lovely mourner suffered in the conflict; and the mother of the murdered man, who had ever regarded her intended daughter-in-law with tenderness and affection, crossed the sea which divided Jersey from Guernsey, to visit her. The sight of one so nearly related to her first, her only love naturally called forth ten thousand melancholy ideas in her mind. She seemed to take pleasure in recounting to the old lady many little incidents which lovers only consider as important. Mrs. Gordier was also foud of inquiring into and listening to every minute particular which related to the last interviews of her son with his mistress.

It was on one of these occasions that their conversation reverted, as usual, to the melancholy topic; and the sad retrospect so powerfully affected the young lady, whose health was already much impaired, that she sunk in convulsions on the floor. During the alarm of the unhappy family, who were conveying her to bed, their terror was considerably increased by observing that the eyes of Mrs. Gordier were fearfully caught by the glittering appendage to the lady's watch; that well-known token of her son's affection, which, with a loud voice and altered countenance, she declared *he had purchased as a gift for his mistress*, previously to his quitting Guernsey. With a dreadful look, in which horror, indignation, wonder, and suspicion were mingled, she repeated the extraordinary circumstance, as well as the agitated state of her mind would permit, to the unhappy young lady, during the interval of a short recovery.

The moment the poor sufferer understood that the jewel she had hitherto so much despised was originally in the possession of Gordier, the intelligence seemed to pour a flood of new horror on her mind; she made a last effort to press the appendage to her heart; her eyes, for a moment, exhibited the wild stare of madness, stung as she was to its highest pitch by the horrible conviction; and crying out, "Oh, murderous villain!" she expired in the arms of the by-standers.

It is hardly necessary further to unfold the circumstances of this mysterious assassination: Gordier, in his way from the port to his mistress's house, had been clearly waylaid by Galliard, murdered and plundered of the trinket, in the hope that after his death he might succeed in the possession of a jewel far more precious.

Galliard, being charged with the crime, boldly denied it, but with evident confusion and equivo-

cation; and while the injured family were sending for the officers of justice, he confirmed all their suspicions by suicide, and by a violent-tempered letter of confession.

V., VI.—TWO STORIES OF REVERSION, CLERICAL AND FISCAL.

[We add the following by way of farces after our tragedy.]

He who has been half his life (quoth our authority) an attendant at levees, on the faith of an election promise, a watering-place squeeze of the hand, or a race-ground oath; or he who, vegetating on a fellowship, with vows long-plighted to some much-loved fair, is waiting, or watching, or wishing for, the death of a hale rector, at fifty-four; may, perhaps, be interested or amused by the following little narrative, the merry catastrophe of which took place at the time recorded.—The incumbent of a valuable living in a western county had for some years awakened the hopes and excited the fears of the members of a certain college, in whom the next presentation was vested; the old gentleman having already outlived two of his proposed successors. The tranquil pleasures of the common-room had very lately been interrupted or animated by a well-authenticated account of the worthy clergyman's being seized with a violent and dangerous disease, sufficient, without medical aid, to hurry him to his grave. The senior fellow, who, on the strength of his contingency, had only the day before declined an advantageous offer, was congratulated on the fairness of his prospects, and the after-dinner conversation passed off without that uninteresting nonchalance for which it was generally remarkable.

The pears, the port wine, and the chestnuts being quickly dispatched, the gentleman alluded to hurried to his room; he ascended the stairs, tripped along the gallery, and stirred his almost extinguished fire with unusual alacrity; then drawing from his portfolio a letter to his mistress, which, for want of knowing exactly what to say, had been for several weeks unfinished, he filled the unoccupied space with renewed protestations of undiminished love; and he spoke with raptures (raptures rather assumed than actually felt, after a sixteen years' courtship) of the near approach of that time when a competent independence would put it into his power to taste that first of earthly blessings, nuptial love, without the alloy of uncertain support. He concluded a letter, more agreeable to the lady than any she had ever received from him, with delineating his future plans, and suggesting a few alterations in the parsonage-house, which, though not a modern building, was substantial, and in excellent repair; thanks to the conscientious and scrupulous care of his predecessor, in a particular, to which, he observed, so many of the clergy were culpably inattentive.—The letter was sent to the post, and after a third rubber at the warden's (who observed that he never saw Mr. * * * so facetious), a poached egg, and a rummer of hot punch, the happy man retired to bed in the calm tranquillity of long-delayed hope, treading on the threshold of immediate gratification.

Patently at first, and then impatiently, waited he several posts, without receiving further intelligence, and filled up the interval as well as he could

in settling his accounts as bursar,* getting in the few bills he owed, and revising his books; which, as the distance was considerable, he resolved to *weed* before he left the university. Considering himself now as a married man, he thought it a piece of necessary attention to his wife to supply the place of the volumes he disposed of by some of the miscellaneous productions of modern literature, more immediately calculated for female perusal.

At the end of three weeks, a space of time as long as any man of common feelings could be expected to abstain from inquiry; after being repeatedly assured by his college associates that the incumbent must be dead, but that the letter announcing it had miscarried, and being *positively certain* of it himself, he took pen in hand, but not knowing any person in the neighbourhood of the living, which he hoped so soon to take possession of, he was for some time at a loss to whom he should venture to write on so important a subject.

In the restlessness of anxious expectation, and irritated by the stimulants of love and money—in a desperate and indecorous moment, he addressed a letter officially to the clerk of the parish, not knowing his name. This epistle commenced with taking it for granted that his principal was dead; but informing him, that the college had received no intelligence of it, a circumstance which they imputed to the miscarriage of a letter; but they begged to know, and if possible by return of post, the day and hour on which he departed: if, contrary to all expectation and probability, he should be still alive, the clerk was in that case desired to send without delay a particular and minute account of the state of his health, the nature of his late complaint, its apparent effects upon his constitution, and any other circumstance he might think at all connected with the life of the incumbent.

On receiving the letter, the ecclesiastical subaltern immediately carried it to the rector's, who, to the infinite satisfaction of his parishioners, had recovered from a most dangerous disease, and was at the moment entertaining a circle of friends at his hospitable board, who celebrated his recovery in bumpers.

After carrying his eye over it in a cursory way, he smiled, read it to the company, and, with their permission, replied to it himself, in the following manner:—

“S—e, November 1, 1736.

“Sir,—My clerk being a very mean scribe, at his request I now answer the several queries in your letter directed to him.

“My disorder was an acute fever, under which I laboured for a month, attended with a delirium during ten days of the time, and originally contracted, as I have good reason for thinking, by my walking four miles in the middle of a very hot day in July.

“From this complaint, I am perfectly recovered by the blessing of God, and the prescriptions of my son, a doctor of physic; and I have officiated both in the church and at funerals in the churchyard, which is about three hundred yards from my house. The report of my relapse was probably occasioned by my having a slight complaint about three weeks ago; but which did not confine me.

“As to the present state of my health, my ap-

* Treasurer of the college.

petite, digestion, and sleep are good, and in some respects, better than before my illness, particularly the steadiness of my hands. I never use spectacles, and I thank God I can read the smallest print by candlelight; nor have I ever had reason to think that the seeds of the gout, the rheumatism, or any chronic disease, are in my constitution.

“Although I entered on my eighty-first year the second of last March, the greatest inconvenience I feel from old age is a little defect in my hearing and memory. These are mercies, which, as they render the remaining dregs of life tolerably comfortable, I desire with all humility and gratitude to acknowledge; and I heartily pray that they may descend, with all other blessings, to my successor, whenever it shall please God to call me. I am, sir, your unknown humble servant,

“R— W—.”

“P. S.—My clerk's name is Robert D—: your letter cost him fourpence to the foot-post who brings it from S—e.”

Such an epistle, from so good and excellent a character, and under such circumstances, could not fail producing unpleasant sensations in the breast of the receiver, who was not without many good qualities, and, except on this one occasion (for which love and port must be his excuse), did not appear to be deficient in feeling and propriety of conduct.

The purpose of this article will be fully and effectually answered, if fellows of colleges and expectants of fat livings, valuable sinecures, and rich reversions, may happily be taught to check the indecorous ardour of eager hope; lest they meet with the rebuff given by an old Nottinghamshire vicar, whose health was more robust, and manners less courteous, than those of the Dorsetshire clergyman.

This testy old gentleman, after recovering from a short illness, was exasperated by insidious, often-repeated, and selfish inquiries after his health; and in the heat of irritation ordered a placard, with the following words, to be affixed to the chapel-door of the college to which the vicarage belonged:—

“To the Fellows of * * * * College.

“Gentlemen,—In answer to the very civil and very intelligible inquiries which you have of late so assiduously made into the state of my health, I have the pleasure to inform you that I never was better in my life; and as I have made up my mind on the folly of dying to please other people, I am resolved to live as long as I am able for my own sake. To prevent your being at any unnecessary trouble and expense in future on the subject, I have directed my apothecary to give you a line, in case there should be any probability of a vacancy; and am your humble servant.

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the old Duke of Newcastle,* and retailed to the public in various forms. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all

* Henry, ninth Earl of Lincoln, and second Duke of Newcastle, some time prime minister,—a flighty politician.

occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments; but it was his passion to lavish promises, which gave occasion for the anecdote about to be related.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance: this object the duke, by certain well-applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him, "That the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and his family bound to render government every assistance in his power, on any future occasion."

"My dear friend, why do you ask for such a trifling employment?" exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it at a word speaking, the moment it is vacant." "But how shall I get admitted to you, my lord; for in London I understand it is a very difficult thing to get a sight of you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country?" "The instant the man dies," replied the premier (used to and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election), "the moment he dies, set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house, by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive,—thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you upstairs directly, and the employment shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighbourhood, where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more attentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen-street.*

The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a per-

son than the king of Spain was expected hourly to depart: an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid: wearied by official business and agitated spirits he retired to rest, having previously given particular instruction to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown upstairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but he left particular orders, that come when you will you are to go up to him directly." "God for ever bless him! a worthy and honest gentleman," cried our applier for the vacant post, smiling and nodding with approbation, at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise; "How punctual his grace is; I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words: I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them." Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burges of ——— was ushered into the duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the king of Spain, "Is he dead?" "Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory. "When did he die?" "The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time, perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the king of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your despatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when instead of a royal courier his eager eye recognised at the bedside the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows with hat in hand, and hoping "My lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favour of his son-in-law at the last election of ———"

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few minutes, but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances, and yielding to the irritation he sank on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, which, like the electrical fluid, was communicated in a moment to the attendants.

* The south-east corner. The house is still standing. It is the one with the passage under the side of it.

VII.—ST. ANDRE THE SURGEON.

NATHANIEL St. André was a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favourite of King George the First, the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope. But the fairness of such professional prospects was suddenly clouded, and his character stamped with an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt, by his listening to, and encouraging the impudent imposture of Mary Tofts, a woman who declared, and endeavoured to make the public believe, that she had been actually delivered of rabbits; a delusion in which Whiston, probably seduced by the credit of St. André, was also involved.

This eccentric divine, on other occasions sufficiently scrupulous, wrote a pamphlet to prove that the monstrous conception literally fulfilled what had been foretold by the prophet Esdras.

To laugh were want of sentiment or grace,
But to be grave exceeds all power of face.

It is not so easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment. Of three opinions which prevailed at the time—that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that he was a man whose ruling passions were excitement and the love of making a sensation, no matter at what expense, the author of this notice strongly inclines to the last.

Professional dexterity, or his skill as a performer on the *viol di gamba*, introduced St. André to Lady Betty Molyneux; he attended her husband in his last illness; and a marriage indecorously hasty between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances never satisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge was true) had received many favours. Their guilt or their innocence, which at a certain period strongly agitated the public mind, must now be determined by a more awful and unerring tribunal. Combined with other unpropitious circumstances, this shocking imputation drove St. André into obscurity. Lady Betty was dismissed from court by Queen Caroline; and an action for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favour of the newly-married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity, or guilt, conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or shunned as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight by a stranger thundering at his door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person who was described as desperately wounded. In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner on such occasions, the taking, on all midnight calls from persons he does not know, his own servant with him. After following his unknown guide

in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote street, and obscure alley, after being conducted and reconducted through passages, galleries, and staircases, heated, hurried, and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands. Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door. The condition of a man who had been compelled to take what he considered as poison, need not be described. Without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hellebore, and sublimate to his disturbed imagination. Of this extraordinary transaction, an account sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André was published in the 'London Gazette,' and a reward of 200*l.* offered by government to any person who would give information that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

One is sometimes tempted to consider this singular narrative as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention; the fable of a man, determined at every risk to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice and common conversation: such characters occur in every age. A companion of St. André, who (in the hope of a legacy which never was bequeathed) endured much of his sarcastic, blunt, and satirical sallies, was heard to declare that he had good reason for believing that the circumstances related by his friend were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, though made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, and meant to torment the surgeon, who had supplanted a friend in the affections of a favourite mistress.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts, unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy or private contempt to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash, in building and planting; but discovered more of whim and caprice than goodness of taste or correctness of design. Life however was strong in him somehow or other, for he lived to be upwards of ninety.

VIII.—MADAME VILLACERFE AND MONSIEUR FESTEAU.

[This story has been related a long time ago by one of our classical authors; but it is worth repeating, partly because it is told with real earnestness and in his own style by the present writer, and partly because he obtained his particulars from a connexion with one of the parties. The catastrophe is one of the most affecting in the world. Nothing can be conceived more frightful than the situation of the lover, both before and after the

death of his mistress. One almost wishes that she had been less amiable and generous, or affected to be so; and thus have given him less occasion to adore her memory and despair over his mistake.]

MADAME VILLACERFE was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose remarkable and tragic death was distinguished by an evenness of temper and greatness of mind not usual in her sex, and equal to the most renowned heroes of antiquity. The short history of this excellent woman is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognised by many of my readers; but she is so striking an example of philosophic suffering, Christian fortitude, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least possible alloy of selfishness or sensuality, that the affecting circumstance cannot, in my opinion, be dwelt on too long or repeated too often.

An early and mutual affection had taken place between this lady and Monsieur Festeau, a surgeon of eminence in Paris, but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (A. D. 1700) so strictly guarded superior rank from intermingling with plebeian blood, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes. The lover would have perished rather than by a rash proceeding degrade the object of his tenderest affections in the eyes of her family and the world; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of her admirer, who in the scale of unprejudiced reason far outweighed a thousand fashionable pretenders to frivolous accomplishments and superficial attainments, resolved

To quit the object of no common choice,
In mild submission to stern duty's voice,
The much-lov'd man with all his claims resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.

After some years passed in what may be called a defeat rather than a struggle of the passions, after a glorious victory of duty and honour, which surely affords a durable and exalted pleasure far beyond the gratification of wild wishes and misguided appetites, Madame Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, was, by the prescription of her physician, ordered to be bled. Festeau, as surgeon to the family, was sent for, and his countenance, as he entered the room, strongly exhibited the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions in a low hesitating voice, he prepared for the operation by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm—an interesting business to a man of fine feelings, who had long laboured under the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness diffused an irresistible softness over her features and lighted up the embers of an affection suppressed but never extinguished. Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor and to change his colour. This circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing with a smile that she confided entirely in Monsieur Festeau, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work,

which was no sooner performed than he cried out—
“I am the most unfortunate man alive! I have opened an artery instead of a vein!”

It is not easy to describe his distraction or her composure. In less than three days the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a bare and little mind, she tenderly requested him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case; ordered her will to be made; and after her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing which convinced Festeau and his associates that less than four-and-twenty hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex, the voice, the looks, the stifled anguish of her lover, as well as of her own feelings, convinced her of the approaches of death—an opinion which her earnest and solemn entreaties—entreaties on her death-bed, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm. A few hours before the awful moment of dissolution, that period which none can escape, and the fear of which bold bad men only affect to despise, she addressed the disconsolate surgeon in the following words:—

“You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing, to all intents and purposes I am removed, from the interests of human life: it is therefore highly incumbent in me to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it. I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you rather as a benefactor who have hastened my entrance into a blessed immortality. But the world may look upon the accident, which on your account alone I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your disadvantage; I have therefore provided in my will against anything you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish representations of mankind.”

This pattern for christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence devoting his fortune to confiscation and his body to exquisite tortures could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its vain pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought and a small share of prudence would have prevented such serious evil and irretrievable calamity. I have said in a former article that love, though not curable by herbs, may be prevented by caution; and as it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entire strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all inter-

course between the young people. The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrophe by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, from whom I tell the story, pointed him out as the most improper man alive for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, and a steady hand and collected mind.

IX.—A PRINCE AGAINST HIS WILL.

[We again give a farce after our tragedy. The hero is not a farcical man himself: he is very much of a gentleman, and was an unwilling contributor to the entertainment, the obstinate comedy of which became ultimately as ludicrous and amusing to himself as it is to his readers. The anecdote is taken from the journey of the Hon. Keppel Craven in the Neapolitan territory.]

THERE are several monasteries in Brindisi: in the church belonging to one of these, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, I was directed to visit and admire a very fine piece of carving in ivory. After I had bestowed my tribute of praise on this piece of workmanship and on the pulpit, which is gilt and richly decorated in very good taste, I was requested by a priest to favour the lady abbess and some of her sisterhood with my presence at the grate, which divides the church from the convent. I complied, and after a short conversation, in the course of which joy at seeing me, respect towards my person, and gratitude to my family, were declared in the most extraordinary terms, I was entreated to go round to the interior gate and accept of some refreshments. I found from my host and the *Sotto Intendente* of the town, who were my companions, that I could not decline accepting this civility. In my way to the gate, the unexpected cordiality of this reception was explained to me by the information that this convent derived its foundation from the illustrious house of Bavaria, and that as the heir-apparent of the kingdom had lately been expected at Brindisi to embark for Greece, it was probable that the abbess had taken the first stranger she had ever seen in her life for the royal personage to whose progenitors the whole community owed such unqualified reverence and gratitude. On my rejoining the good sisters in the outward part of the monastery, into which they invited me to enter, my first care was to undeceive, and to apologise for having accepted of honours due to rank so much superior to my own. Though evidently much disappointed, their kindness did not abate, and the coffee and cakes which they had prepared were distributed to us with great civility by the young pensionaries who received their education in this monastery, and whose beauty and unaffected manners were equally attractive. Having understood that I had the honour of being acquainted with the prince whom they had so anxiously expected, they loaded me with inquiries relative to him, and appeared much satisfied by the manner in which I answered them. After this I took my leave, as it was almost dark.

Having on the following morning completed my tour of the town, and an examination of all it contained worthy of inspection, I determined to set off for Mesagne, only eight miles distant, after dinner, to avoid the heat. During the repast, the same priest who had accosted me in the church the

preceding day made his appearance with a second invitation to call upon the abbess and the nuns before I set off, and accept of some refreshments. I endeavoured to decline the proposal, thinking it might be the means of retarding my departure; but I was assured it would mortify, if not insult, the sisterhood, and as their habitation lay in my way out of the city, I might order my horses to the convent door, and not suffer above ten minutes' delay by my compliance. This I accordingly promised, and proceeded to the monastery, attended by the gentleman in whose house I had been lodged, and the *Sotto Intendente*, who had dined with us. We found the outward gate open, and had scarcely passed the threshold when the abbess and the elder portion of the community rushed from the inner court, and led, I may almost say dragged, me into the cloister, calling upon my astonished companion to follow, as it was a day of exultation for the monastery, and all rules and regulations should be dispensed with. It was evident that the splendour of royalty once again shone on my brow, and that notwithstanding my wish to preserve the strictest incognito, the distinctions and honours due to the blood of Otho of Wittelsbach must, in this instance at least, be rendered to his descendant in spite of his assumed humility. This determination showed itself in a variety of forms with such prolonged perseverance, that the ludicrous effects which it at first produced were soon succeeded by more serious sensations of impatience and annoyance. Before I could utter my first protest against the torrent of tedious distinction which I saw impending over my devoted head, I was surrounded on all sides by the pensionaries, who to the number of thirty presented me with flowers, and squabbled for precedence in the honour of kissing my princely hands. This was by no means the least distressing ceremony I was to undergo, and for an instant I felt the wish of exerting the prerogatives of royalty, either by prohibiting the exercise of this custom, or rendering it more congenial by altering the application of it. I seized the first opportunity of requesting my companion to interfere in behalf of my veracity, when I assured them that I was only an English traveller, which my letters of recommendation, describing my name and condition, could testify. The smiles of good-humoured incredulity played on the lips of my auditors, who replied that they would not dispute my *words*, but should not be deterred by them from giving way to the joy which ought to signalise a day which must ever be recorded in the annals of their establishment. They added that it would be useless for me to contend against the ocular proofs they had obtained of my quality and birth; and when they enumerated among them the air of dignity which I in vain endeavoured to conceal, the visible emotion I experienced on beholding the arms and escutcheons of my ancestors in the church, and my constantly speaking Italian though I affirmed that I was English, I own that I was struck dumb by the contending inclination to laugh or be serious. My host, who was brother to the lady abbess, begged I would exert my complaisance so far as not to resist their wishes, as it would be put to a shorter trial by compliance than opposition, and I therefore yielded, after a second solemn protestation against the distinctions thus forced upon me. These consisted in a minute examination of the

whole monastery, beginning with the belfry, to which I was conducted by the pious sisterhood singing a Latin hymn of exultation. I had scarcely put my head into it when a sudden explosion, for I can give it no other term, took place of all the bells, set in motion by the pensionaries who had preceded us; after which I was successively led to the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly the sacristy, where I was desirous to rest. I looked round to implore the aid and compassion of my force, when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown. Here I again manifested some symptoms of rebellion, but found it necessary to stifle them when the opening of several large cases informed me that a display of all the relics was going to take place. These were numerous, and, as I was informed, chiefly the gifts of my great grandfather when the convent was endowed, though several had been since sent by my less distant progenitors. Bones and skulls of saints, whose names were as new to me as they would be were they enumerated to the readers, passed in rotation before my eyes: these were generally preserved in purple velvet bags embroidered with pearls; and the different vessels and ornaments used in the rites of the Catholic church were of the most costly materials and exquisite workmanship, all of which by turns were offered as presents to me.

Among the relics which were named to me I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last-mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lips. I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation as they were presented to me, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a belief in their verity.

By this time all the stronger emotions I at first had felt had vanished, and a sullen impatience had succeeded, which was not removed by the presence of the vicar, an infirm old personage, who, I believe, had been called from his death-bed to give additional solemnity to the scene, and who joined the holy sisters in the chorus of praises which they lavished on my family and the titles they bestowed on me, among which that of majesty was of the most frequent occurrence. After this devotional exhibition, I was crammed with coffee, rosolio, brandy, and cakes, and my pockets were stuffed full of oranges and lemons, among which I afterwards discovered, to my great consternation, a pair of cotton stockings and two of woollen gloves. After a trial of an hour's duration I was allowed to depart, amidst the blessings of the community: but another ordeal awaited my patience in a visit to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were under the special protection of the vicar, and who would, as he assured me, die of jealousy and mortification if I denied them the same honour which I had conferred on those of the Madonna degli Angeli. Luckily the order was poor; and as I had not the same claims on their gratitude and reverence, I escaped with fewer ceremonies and the loss of much less time. There was nothing remarkable in this monastery except the columns which sur-

round the cloisters: they were amongst the smallest and of a more fantastic construction than any I had ever beheld, and evidently of a very early date.

On leaving this building I found my horses in the street, where they had been waiting a considerable time; and while taking leave of my companions, I began to breathe at the prospect of emancipation from all the painful honours to which I had fallen a victim, and to anticipate the pleasures of a cool evening ride, when my annoyances were renewed by a speech of the commandant's, who, with a solemnity of tone and audibility of voice calculated to produce the deepest impression on a crowd of about five hundred persons assembled round my horses, informed me that he had hitherto spared my feelings and controlled his own by avoiding to intrude upon the privacy which I was desirous of assuming; but at the moment of parting he felt justified in giving vent to a public declaration of the sentiments of respect and veneration which he entertained for my family, and those of gratitude he should ever cherish for the truly dignified condescension with which I had treated him. I was speechless, and scarcely collected enough to listen to the conclusion of his harangue, which informed me that he had communicated a telegraphic account of my arrival to the commandant of the district, and would now transmit a similar notification of my departure to the commander-in-chief, to whom he trusted I would express my satisfaction of his conduct. The last words concluded with a genuflection and a kiss respectfully imprinted on my hand, while I hastily mounted my horse and hurried from this scene of ludicrous torment, which, however, it was decreed should not terminate here; for on looking about me as I quitted the town-gate, I beheld my host and the *Sotto Intendente* on horseback on each side of me, and found that this singular infatuation had extended its power over their minds, and that they were determined to accompany me as far as Mesagne, and thereby leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on my exalted rank.

On reaching the open plain I resolved to make one more effort to liberate my person from the continuation of this novel kind of persecution, which might, for aught I knew, extend itself over the remainder of my journey; and after another solemn protestation against the name and title thus forcibly imposed upon me, I conjured my two satellites by all that was merciful to give up their project of attending me, representing that the day was far advanced, that we could with difficulty reach Mesagne before dark, and that their return might consequently be attended with great inconvenience, if not danger. My host, who I then perceived had too liberally participated in the homage offered me by his sister in the seducing semblance of rosolio and liqueurs, was obstinately bent on non-compliance, and merely answered my earnest remonstrance by a repetition of the words, *Attesa, e inutile*. I concluded therefore that all appeal to him would be fruitless, and confined my renewal of them to his companion, whose involuntary distortions of countenance, and occasional contortion of body, induced me to suspect that the motion of a horse was very uneasy, if not unusual to him. On my observing that he looked pale since we had begun our ride, he owned that he had not been on horseback for several years; that

he was besides in no very robust state of health, and that the paces of the animal he mounted were somewhat rough; but added that he knew his duty too well to allow such trifling inconvenience to deter him from fulfilling it to its utmost extent, and that he therefore should not attend to my injunctions of returning, unless they were delivered in the form of a peremptory command, which issuing from the lips of royalty he would not presume to disobey. For once then I resolved to assume the dictatorial tone of princely authority, and with as grave a countenance as I could put on ordered him to return to Brindisi. He pulled off his hat, kissed my hand, and after expressing his thanks for my considerate condescension, united to many pious wishes for my prosperous journey, he allowed me to continue it, and turned his horse the other way, while I urged mine on at a brisk trot in hopes of reaching Mesagne before night.

X.—CHIDIOCK TITCHBOURNE.

[We are indebted to the third volume of Mr. D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature* for this most affecting narrative, the deep impression of which upon us after our first perusal many years ago has never been effaced; and we find the stamp go sharply again, yet not without sweetness. Blessings on the heart and soul and immortal memory of that beloved woman—far superior to all ordinary strength or fancied callousness, for no such commonplace would or could have supported it—who attended the dying, tortured man in his "agony and bloody sweat"—words that we dare venture to apply even to a nature so far inferior and so mistaken in its heroism,—and who held his burning head and saw him make the sign of the cross; and blessings on the sweetness of humanity surviving in these miserable and deluded yet noble spirits, the Chidiock Titchbournes, and on the letter written by Chidiock to poor "Sweet-cheek" his wife (what a gentle flower of a word to remember and comfort himself with in his last anguish), and on all the mingled greatness and tenderness which, as Mr. D'Israeli truly observes, marks the age of the men of Shakespeare. We hear nothing more of poor "Sweet-cheek," a name that seems to paint her nature, and fortunately promises for her patience. She had need of it, thus losing a young and noble husband.

Mr. D'Israeli did quite right to retain the horrors of the story, horrid though they are: the beauty is greater than the horror; the gold is proved by the fire.]

Miserable intestine struggles, or perhaps when they have ceased, and our hearts are calm (says our author), we perceive the eternal force of nature acting on humanity. Then the heroic virtues and private sufferings of persons engaged in an opposite cause, and acting on different principles from our own, appeal to our sympathy and even excite our admiration. A philosopher, born a Roman Catholic, assuredly could commemorate many a pathetic history of some heroic Huguenot; while we, with the same feeling in our heart, discover a romantic and chivalrous band of Catholics.

Chidiock Titchbourne is a name which appears in the conspiracy of Anthony Babington against Elizabeth, and the history of this accomplished young man may enter into the romance of real

life. Having discovered two interesting domestic documents relative to him, I am desirous of preserving a name and a character which have such claims on our sympathy.

There is an interesting historical novel entitled 'The Jesuit,' whose story is founded on this conspiracy, remarkable for being the production of a lady, without, if I recollect rightly, a single adventure of love. Of the fourteen chapters implicated in this conspiracy, few were of the stamp of men ordinarily engaged in dark assassinations. Hume has told the story with his usual grace: the fuller narrative may be found in Camden; but the tale may yet receive from the character of Chidiock Titchbourne a more interesting close.

Some youths, worthy of ranking with the heroes rather than with the traitors of England, had been practised on by the subtlety of Ballard, a disguised Jesuit of great intrepidity and talents, whom Camden calls "a silken priest in a soldier's habit;" for this versatile intriguer changed into all shapes and took up all names: yet with all the arts of a political Jesuit he found himself entrapped in the nets of that more crafty one, the minister Walsingham. Ballard had opened himself to Babington, a Catholic, a youth of large fortune, the graces of whose person were only inferior to those of his mind.

In his travels his generous temper had been touched by some confidential friends of the Scottish Mary; and the youth, susceptible of ambition, had been recommended to that queen, and an intercourse of letters took place, which seemed as deeply tinged with love as with loyalty. The intimates of Babington were youths of congenial tempers and studies; and in their exalted imaginations they could only view in the imprisoned Mary of Scotland a sovereign, a saint, and a woman. But friendship the most tender, if not the most sublime ever recorded, prevailed among this band of self-devoted victims, and the Damon and Pythias of antiquity were here out-numbered.

But these conspirators were surely more adapted for lovers than for politicians. The most romantic incidents are interwoven in this dark conspiracy. Some of the letters to Mary were conveyed by a secret messenger really in the pay of Walsingham; others were lodged in a concealed place, covered by a loosened stone, in the wall of the queen's prison. All were transcribed by Walsingham before they reached Mary. Even the spies of that singular statesman were the companions or the servants of the arch conspirator Ballard, for the minister seems only to have humoured his taste in assisting him through this extravagant plot. Yet, as if a plot of so loose a texture was not quite perilous, the extraordinary incident of a picture representing the secret conspirators in person was probably considered as the highest stroke of political intrigue. The accomplished Babington had portrayed the conspirators, himself standing in the midst of them, that the imprisoned queen might thus have some kind of personal acquaintance with them. There was at least as much of chivalry as of machiavelism in this conspiracy. This very picture before it was delivered to Mary the subtle Walsingham had copied, to exhibit to Elizabeth the faces of her secret enemies. Houbraeken, in his portrait of Walsingham, has introduced in the vignette the incident of this picture being shown to Elizabeth—a circumstance happily characteristic of the genius of this crafty and vigilant statesman.

Camden tells us that Babington had first inscribed beneath the picture this verse :

Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula ducunt.

"These are my companions, whom the same dangers lead."

But as this verse was considered by some of less heated fancies as much too open and intelligible, they put one more ambiguous :

Quorum hæc alio properantibus ?

"What are these things to men hastening to another purpose?"

This extraordinary collection of personages must have occasioned many alarms to Elizabeth at the approach of any stranger, till the conspiracy was suffered to be sufficiently matured to be ended. Once she perceived in her walks a conspirator, and on that occasion erected her "lion port," reprimanding her captain of the guards loud enough to meet the conspirator's ear, that "he had not a man in his company who wore a sword." "Am not I fairly guarded?" exclaimed Elizabeth.

It is in the progress of the trial that the history and the feelings of these wondrous youths appear. In those times, when the government of the country yet felt itself unsettled, and mercy did not sit in the judgment-seat, even one of the judges could not refrain from being affected at the presence of so gallant a band as the prisoners at the bar: "Oh, Ballard, Ballard!" the judge exclaimed, "what hast thou done? A sort (a company) of brave youths, otherwise endowed with good gifts, by thy inducement hast thou brought to their utter destruction and confusion." The Jesuit himself commands our respect, although we refuse him our esteem: for he felt some compunction at the tragical executions which were to follow, and "wished all the blame might rest on him, could the shedding of his blood be the saving of Babington's life!"

When this romantic band of friends were called on for their defence, the most pathetic instances of domestic affection appeared. One had engaged in this plot solely to try to save his friend, for he had no hopes of it, nor any wish for its success: he had observed to his friend that the haughty and ambitious mind of Anthony Babington would be the destruction of himself and his friends; nevertheless he was willing to die with them. Another, to withdraw if possible one of those noble youths from the conspiracy, although he had broken up housekeeping, said, to employ his own language, "I called back my servants again together, and began to keep house again more freshly than ever I did, only because I was weary to see Tom Salusbury's struggling, and willing to keep him about home." Having attempted to secrete his friend, this gentleman observed, "I am condemned because I suffered Salusbury to escape, when I knew he was one of the conspirators. My case is hard and lamentable: either to betray my friend, whom I love as myself, and to discover Tom Salusbury, the best man in my country, of whom I only made choice, or else to break my allegiance to my sovereign, and to undo myself and my posterity for ever." Whatever the political casuist may determine on this case, the social being carries his own manual in the heart. The principle of the greatest of republics was to suffer nothing to exist in competition with its own ambition, but the Roman history is a history without fathers and brothers. Another of the conspirators replied, "For flying away with my friend, I fulfilled the part of a friend." When the judge observed that to per-

form his friendship he had broken his allegiance to his sovereign, he bowed his head and confessed, "Therein I have offended." Another, asked why he had fled into the woods, where he was discovered among some of the conspirators, proudly (or tenderly) replied, "For company."

When the sentence of condemnation had passed, then broke forth among this noble band that spirit of honour which surely had never been witnessed at the bar among so many criminals. Their great minds seemed to have reconciled them to the most barbarous of deaths; but as their estates as traitors might be forfeited to the queen, their sole anxiety was now for their families and their creditors. One, in the most pathetic terms, recommends to her majesty's protection a beloved wife; another, a destitute sister: but not among the least urgent of their supplications was one that their creditors might not be injured by their untimely end. The statement of their affairs is curious and simple. "If mercy be not to be had," exclaimed one, "I beseech you, my good lords, this: I owe some sums of money, but not very much, and I have more owing to me." Another prayed for a pardon: the judge complimented him that he was one who might have done good service to his country, but declares he cannot obtain it. "Then," said the prisoner, "I beseech that six angels which such an one hath of mine may be delivered to my brother to pay my debts." "How much are thy debts?" demanded the judge. He answered, "The same six angels will discharge it."

That nothing might be wanting to complete the catastrophe of their sad story, our sympathy must accompany them to their tragical end and to their last words. These heroic yet affectionate youths had a trial there intolerable to their social feelings. The terrific process of executing criminals was the remains of feudal barbarism, and has only been abolished very recently. I must not refrain from painting this scene of blood; the duty of an historian must be severer than his taste, and I record in the note a scene of this nature.* The present

* Let not the delicate female start from the revolting scene, nor censure the writer, since that writer is a woman, suppressing her own agony as she supported on her lap the head of the miserable sufferer. This account was drawn up by Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic lady, who amidst the horrid execution could still her own feelings in the attempt to soften those of the victim: she was a heroine with a tender heart.

The subject was one of the executed Jesuits, Hugh Green, who often went by the name of Ferdinand Brooks, according to the custom of these people, who disguised themselves by double names. He suffered in 1642, and this narrative is taken from the curious and scarce folios of Dodd, a Catholic Church History of England.

"The hangman, either through unskilfulness or for want of a sufficient presence of mind, had so ill performed his first duty of hanging him, that when he was cut down he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground viewing the crowd that stood about him. The person who undertook to quarter him was one Barefoot, a barber, who being very timorous when he found he was to attack a living man, it was nearly half an hour before the sufferer was rendered entirely insensible of pain. The mob pulled at the rope and threw the Jesuit on his back: when the barber immediately fell to work, ripped up his belly, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides, the poor gentleman being so present to himself as to make the sign of the cross with one hand. During this operation, Mrs. Elizabeth Willoughby, the writer of this, kneeled at the Jesuit's head, and held it fast beneath her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat: the blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes; and his forehead burnt with so much heat that she assures as she could scarce endure her hand upon it. The barber was still under a great consternation." But I stop my pen amid these circumstantial horrors.

one was full of horrors. Ballard was first executed, and snatched alive from the gallows to be embowelled. Babington looked on with an undaunted countenance, steadily gazing on that variety of tortures which he himself was in a moment to pass through; the others averted their faces, fervently praying. When the executioner began his tremendous office on Babington, the spirit of this haughty man cried out amidst the agony, "*Parce mihi, Domine Jesu!*—Spare me, Lord Jesus!" There were two days of execution: it was on the first that the noblest of these youths suffered; and the pity which such criminals had excited among the spectators evidently weakened the sense of their political crime; the solemnity, not the barbarity, of the punishment affects the populace with right feelings. Elizabeth, an enlightened politician, commanded that on the second day the odious part of the sentence against traitors should not commence till after their death.

One of those *generosi adolescentuli* (youths of generous blood) was Chidiock Titchbourne, of Southampton, the most intimate friend of Babington. He had refused to connect himself with the assassination of Elizabeth; but his reluctant consent was inferred from his silence. His address to the populace breathes all the carelessness of life, in one who knew all its value. Proud of his ancient descent from a family which had existed before the Conquest till now without a stain, he paints the thoughtless happiness of his days with his beloved friend, when any object rather than matters of state engaged their pursuits; the hours of misery were only first known the day he entered into the conspiracy. How feelingly he passes into the domestic scene, amidst his wife, his child, and his sisters, and even his servants! Well might he cry, more in tenderness than reproach, "Friendship hath brought me to this!"

"Countrymen, and my dear friends, you expect I should speak something. I am a bad orator, and my text is worse. It were in vain to enter into the discourse of the whole matter for which I am brought hither, for that it hath been revealed heretofore; let me be a warning to all young gentlemen, especially *generosi adolescentuli*. I had a friend, and a dear friend, of whom I made no small account, whose friendship hath brought me to this: he told me the whole matter, I cannot deny, as they had laid it down to be done; but I always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it, but the regard of my friend caused me to be a man in whom the old proverb was verified. I was silent, and so consented. Before this chanced, we lived together in most flourishing estate. Of whom went report in the Strand, Fleetstreet, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Titchbourne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for, and God knows what less in my head than matters of state. Now give me leave to declare the miseries I sustained after I was acquainted with the action, wherein I may justly compare my state to that of Adam's, who could not abstain one forbidden thing to enjoy all other things the world could afford: the terror of conscience awaited me. After I considered the dangers whereinto I was fallen, I went to Sir John Peters, in Essex, and appointed my horses should meet me at London, intending to go down into the country. I came to London,

and then heard that all was betrayed; whereupon, like Adam, we fled into the wood to hide ourselves. My dear countrymen, my sorrows may be your joy, yet mix your smiles with tears, and pity my case. I am descended from a house, from two hundred years before the Conquest, never stained till this my misfortune. I have a wife and one child—my wife Agnes, my dear wife, and there's my grief, and six sisters left in my hand. My poor servants, I know, their master being taken, were dispersed, for all which I do most heartily grieve. I expected some favour, though I deserved nothing less, that the remainder of my years might have recompensed my former guilt; which seeing I have missed, let me now meditate on the joys I hope to enjoy."

Titchbourne had addressed a letter to his "dear wife Agnes" the night before he suffered, which I discovered among the Harleian MSS.* It overflows with the most natural feeling, and contains some touches of expression, all sweetness and tenderness, which mark the Shaksperian era. The same MS. has also preserved another precious gem, in a small poem, composed at the same time, which indicates his genius, fertile in imagery, and fraught with the melancholy philosophy of a fine and wounded spirit. The unhappy close of the life of such a noble youth, with all the prodigality of his feelings, and the cultivation of his intellect, may still excite that sympathy in the *generosi adolescentuli*, which Chidiock Titchbourne would have felt for them.

A letter written by Chidiock Titchbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive. I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness. Let her pray for her dear husband, and be of good comforte, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poore desolate soules; advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected. Were it possible my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by her, God would reward her; but I do her wrong, I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me, that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave: make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out where-withal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it known to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God and ease of their souls, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, sweet-cheek, what is left to bestow

* Harl. MSS. 36. 50.

on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deserving, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessities for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where, until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell, lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy
most faithful lovinge husband,
"CHIDIOCK TITCHEBOURNE."

Verses made by Chidiock Titchebourne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason, 1586.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green:
My youth is past, and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe,
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade:
I trode the ground, and knew it was my tomb,
And now I die, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run,
And now I live, and now my life is done!"

XL.—ONE OF THE SHORTEST AND SWEETEST OF ALL STORIES.

MR. WALSH, a gentleman of large fortune, who died about fifty years back, bequeathed an estate of four thousand a year to his niece, Mrs. Benn; but from negligence, resentment, or some other cause, neither explained or understood, left his next male heir and near relation unprovided for.

With an addition so important, and at a period which calculates to a nicety gratifications and expenses to keep pace with, or exceed the most enormous rent-roll, the majority of mankind would have sat down passively contented; or if any solicitude interrupted their brilliant dreams, it would have been anxiety to determine in what species of luxurious superfluity the new acquisition should be expended. But Mrs. Benn, a very epicure in the theory of real and substantial luxury, declared that her present income was adequate to all her wishes and all her wants, and reserving only a little Berkshire villa, endeared to her by early habits, and in which she had passed some of the happiest hours of her life, presented, and by legal conveyance made over, this considerable bequest to her neglected cousin, a free and gratuitous gift, neither demanded nor expected, vast in its amount, and worth, at its lowest valuation, A HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS.

XII.—ANOTHER OF THE SAME CAST.

THE law of divorce decreed by the French National Convention had passed but a short time, when there applied to take the benefit of it a young couple, who had been generally considered by their neighbours as patterns of connubial felicity. The young woman was beautiful, rich, and married to a lover without fortune, but a few days after the divorce had taken place they were again united in wedlock: a transaction which, exciting considerable surprise, was thus explained.

Their first union having been what is called a love-match, the lady's guardians, actuated by laudable prudence, had the whole fortune settled on the wife, absolutely independent of her husband, whose moments in the giddy raptures of the honeymoon rolled on with facility and pleasure. But when time and reflection had sobered his senses, he complained that his hands, by the illiberal distribution of his wife's fortune, were tied up from engaging in agricultural, professional, or commercial pursuits, so admirably calculated for giving a zest to all enjoyment, by occupying those intervals of life which are otherwise so apt to stupify our faculties in the listlessness of leisure, or the gloom of inactivity. For such evils this excellent wife saw and provided a remedy. By dissolving their first marriage she became the uncontrolled mistress of her fortune, and gave an effectual proof of her liberality and affection, if not of prudence, by making her husband, on their second marriage, the unfettered master of all she had. The happy husband was thus enabled by love, the great arbiter of destinies, to whom we are indebted for supreme happiness or harassing inquietude, to devote a portion of his fortune to elegant or useful occupation.

XIII.—THE BLACK ASSIZE.

THE Black Assize at Oxford, during the reign of Elizabeth, was so called from the circumstance of judges, jurymen, nobility, gentry, and the majority of the persons present, to the amount of near three hundred, sickening and dying within forty-eight hours after they left the court.

Of the manner in which these unfortunate individuals were seized, the nature, progress, treatment, and technical description of their disease, it is not (says the author of the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book') in my power to speak, though to a medical reader they would afford a subject of curious and useful investigation.

This destructive pestilence, which readers, who do not on every occasion hunt out for mysterious causes, would naturally attribute to malignant contagion, exasperated by the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court, during three hot days in July, was said to be occasioned by noxious effluvia issuing from the ground, but is attributed by Lord Verulam to some infectious disease brought out of the prison: as Sir Robert Bell, the presiding judge and chief baron of the Exchequer, frequently remarked a noisome and offensive smell, and demanded from whence it proceeded, but could obtain no satisfactory answer. This awful and tremendous visitation is accounted for in a singular way by a learned but credulous writer, strongly tinged with the party virulence and superstition of that period. "At this, the Black Assize, Rowland Jenks, a Popish recusant, was

arraigned, and finally, after a long trial, condemned to die, for words seditiously and treasonably spoken against the queen's majesty.

"While the chief baron pronounced in due form, and with accustomed solemnity, sentence of the law on this offender, a pestilent vapour suddenly arose, so almost as to smother the court. Various were the conjectures concerning so rude and filthy an annoyance, but all were distant from the mark. I am, however, enabled to assign the true cause on indisputable evidence. A rare and valuable MS. came accidentally in my possession, collected by an ancient gentleman now at York, and an industrious gatherer together of strange facts, who lived in Oxford at the time of this marvellous calamity.

"This curious observer asserts, that the aforesaid Rowland Jenks being sometimes permitted, by favour of the sheriff, *who was suspected of leaning towards Anti-Christ*, to walk at times abroad, accompanied by an under gaoler, on a certain occasion, by fair words and well-timed presents, prevailed with his keeper to call with him at an apothecary's, to whom he produced a recipe for compounding certain drugs, desiring to have it done with all convenient speed. This person, on viewing the paper, replied that the ingredients were costly in price, powerful in effect, and tedious in preparation; that previous to such mischievous materials going forth, he must be well assured that they would not be applied to any unlawful purpose. The prisoner made answer, that rats and other vermin had gnawed and otherwise defiled the few books he had been indulged with since his imprisonment, and that the recipe in question was for the purpose of destroying these animals. The apothecary desired to retire a few minutes for consideration, during which he copied the formula, and speedily coming back returned it, saying that he would not, on any account, be concerned in handling such dangerous weapons.

"Each particular article of this strange mixture might have been imparted to the public, but they were of a nature so horribly deleterious that I feared their falling into the hands of wicked and designing men; yet it seems that Jenks did in some way or other get his poisonous mess prepared, and against the day of trial had made, infused, or interwoven it into, or with a cotton wick, which on being lighted would burn like a candle.

"The moment sentence was passed, and he knew that death was unavoidable, having provided himself with a tinder-box and steel, he lighted that infernal thread, which was to determine the fate of so many. The dismal effects which ensued are upon record, and too well known to need repeating. Indeed, whoever by chance or by design shall be made acquainted with the materials it was composed of, which I wish may for ever be blotted out and forgotten, will easily believe its virulent and venomous effects."

This singular account is evidently penned by a lover of the marvellous: it will not bear the touchstone of criticism or common sense; and endeavours to go out of the road to account for that, which, as has been well observed, might easily, and frequently does take place, as the common effect of pestilential infection. It may also be asked, how could the supposed perpetrator of the mischief prevent his suffocating vapour from acting with equal fatality to himself, his fellow-prisoners,

on women and on children, numbers of whom were in court, but none at all injured in life, health, or limb. It is also very improbable that a prisoner at the bar, who had just received sentence of death, who was of course an object of general observation, and, from the spirit of the times, of religious detestation, that he should be able, without attracting notice and hindrance, to strike a light and set fire to his wick. Every person present must have perceived from whence the noxious fume arose; nor would it have been necessary for the chief baron repeatedly to ask, as he did, several hours before Jenks was put on his trial, from whence the very disagreeable smell proceeded. The Popish recusant, perhaps, might have performed the part assigned to him with greater ease had he been furnished with phosphorous matches, that invention of modern science, which in the last century would have been accounted little less than magic or witchcraft: an invention by which the philosopher and the chemist have wonderfully forwarded the purposes of nocturnal plunderers and domestic assassins.

The cause of the pestilential affection remains buried in obscurity.

XIV.—A YOUTH, IN CIVILIZED LIFE, WHO LIVED IN TREES AND ROCKS.

[The personal strangeness of appearance produced by the life which the subject of the following account was obliged to lead, together with the interesting countenance which it had left him, and the rapidity with which he used to glide from his wild home into his proper one, appears to us to render the narrative affecting.]

All this portion of the country (says Mr. Keppel Craven, in his 'Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples,' speaking of the neighbourhood of Castellamare) bears a bad name, as offering secure retreats to felons or homicides, who, either suspected of misdeeds or actually convicted of crimes, seek their safety in temporary concealment within its mountainous recesses. This state of existence is sometimes so prolonged as to become not only supportable, but scarcely irksome to the inclinations and feelings. An individual of my acquaintance who inhabited Castellamare, formed, in the course of his frequent excursions in its romantic environs, an acquaintance of some intimacy with a rich inhabitant of Lettere, and was in the habit of frequently dining with him and his numerous family. He usually went by invitation, or at least after giving notice of his intended visit; but one day finding himself at the hour of dinner in the vicinity of the house, he ventured to request that hospitality which he had so frequently before experienced. He was admitted with some symptoms of embarrassment, attributable, as he thought, to the consciousness of being inadequately provided with the means of receiving him, but perceived an addition to the family in the person of a young man, who was with some hesitation introduced as a son, and whose peculiar person, and dejected yet prepossessing countenance, so excited his interest and curiosity, that his sisters, confiding in the regard of the visitor, bade the stranger tell him his history.

Salvator, that was his name, had, from his early infancy, been in the habits of intimacy with a

youth of the same village, who, following the bent of an evil disposition through the path of poverty and vice, had so far advanced in the career of iniquity as to have become, at the age of twenty-four, associated with all descriptions of petty depredators, which can in no language be so well expressed as by the Italian word *malviventi* (evil livers). Salvador, educated as carefully as the affluence and affection of his parents would allow, had vainly endeavoured to reclaim his friend Aniello from his wicked courses, and in the hope of ultimately succeeding had continued to keep up an intercourse of good fellowship with him, and more than once had assisted him with money. One day the latter informed Salvador of a scheme formed by him and his companions of robbing a rich proprietor, who resided in a solitary house adjoining some vineyards belonging to Salvador's father, and his assistance was required to allow this iniquitous band to conceal themselves in one of the buildings used only in the vintage season, where they might remain in ambush until night should enable them to execute their villainous purpose. Salvador not only refused to become accessory to such a crime, but put the intended object of it on his guard against the machinations of the banditti, without, however, naming Aniello, for whom he still retained a feeling of compassion, if not of regard.

His friend, as may be supposed, from that day became his inveterate foe, and vowed to watch every opportunity of being revenged. Some time elapsed, however, before such an occasion presented itself; but one morning that Salvador had arisen with the sun, for the purpose of shooting quails among the ripe grapes, his unrelenting enemy, who had watched and followed him, attempted to satisfy his cowardly vengeance by firing two pistol shots at him from a place of concealment. Discovered, upbraided, and pursued by the other, he suddenly turned upon him, and endeavoured, by an exertion of bodily strength, to wrest from him his fowling-piece. The contest was prolonged and obstinate, ending finally in the fall of the aggressor, who received his death-wound from the hand which had so often relieved his wants. The survivor, under the influence of terror and confusion at the commission of a crime so foreign to his nature, fled precipitately to his paternal roof, where he only rested time enough to relate his misfortune, being persuaded by his alarmed parents to seek safety in concealment. Some labourers, who had indistinctly seen the conclusion of the affray at a distance, ran to the spot, and reached it in time to learn the name of the homicide from the vindictive ruffian, whose discharged pistols, former gifts of Salvador, and still bearing his initials, served, together with the evidence of the gun which he had hastily flung down, to corroborate the facts deposed by the witnesses: the local police was made acquainted with them, and proceeded to the house of the culprit, who had already fled, and thereby justified the accusation brought against him. A sentence was pronounced, and for a considerable time he never ventured to revisit the house of his parents; but as these were as respected as he was beloved, no vigorous researches were instituted, and having never withdrawn himself to any great distance, he by degrees ventured to return occasionally, for a few minutes, to the presence of his family: and

in the course of time paid them a daily visit, regulated by a signal given by his sisters from the back windows of the house, which looked to the steep range of almost inaccessible rocks, covered with wood, that rise above Lettere. In their fastnesses he had now dwelt more than two years, and he described in impressive language the singular existence thus imposed upon him, and to which he had become in a manner as much habituated, as to the exercise of descending and remounting these rugged steepes with a velocity and agility almost incredible.

The individual, who frequently afterwards saw him, described his descent as something to all appearance supernatural. He was, during the day-time, always lurking among the caves, or perched upon the trees, within hearing of the shrill whistle that gave him the summons to approach; and when it was uttered, a few minutes sufficed to bring him down from the highest precipice. He gave an account of the methodical way in which he divided the few and unvaried occupations that broke the monotony of his solitary hours. The changes of the weather or the wind were hailed by him as an interesting incident in his life. The trees, plants, and flowers, growing within the circumscribed precincts of his retreat, had become the objects of his care, and he watched the changes brought upon them with anxious solicitude. The few animated beings, whose movements broke upon the stillness of his solitude, he looked upon as so many acquaintances or visitors. A variety of birds had accustomed themselves to assemble round him at a certain hour, to receive the remnants of the food which he carried up from his father's house. He could enumerate every different sort of butterfly or insect which could be found near his retreat, and had seen the same fox pass at the same hour of each day during the two years of his seclusion. In these pursuits, if so they can be termed, and the perusal of some books, which he always brought away from the house to the mountain, his time had passed, he said, quickly and not painfully. He generally took a daily meal at home, but never spent the night there, considering his rocky hermitage as more secure. This, from its particular position, was inaccessible from the upper masses of the mountains, and presented no approach from below, except through a strip of enclosed vineyard, through the back of the family dwelling.

XV.—THE BRIDAL OF CAMIOLA TURINGA.

[The following story is from the pages of the 'Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples,' an interesting work published some years ago, which deserves to be better known, particularly by all who feel anxious to think as well of their fellow-creatures as possible. It struck us when we read it, both the first and second time (for we have given it two thorough perusals), as furnishing an ample vindication of the character of an excellent woman, who, by one of those freaks of fortune that sometimes occur in history, has been hitherto set down as a proverbial instance of cruel and inordinate passions. Camiola's story has been dramatised by Massinger.]

THE magnanimity of a lady of Messina, called Camiola Turinga, who flourished in the childhood

of Joanna (says our author), has procured her a place among the illustrious women of Boccaccio; and though he has recorded no daring deed of heroism, her history would have furnished an affecting tale to his 'Decameron,' had he contrasted her lofty spirit, not less feminine, though more noble, with the passive meekness of Griselda.

Towards the close of the reign of King Robert, Orlando of Arragon rashly encountering the Neapolitan fleet was made captive and imprisoned in one of the castles of Naples. His brother, Peter, King of Sicily, refused to ransom him, as he had occasioned the loss of the Sicilian armament by his temerity in engaging the Neapolitans, contrary to his express command.

The young and handsome prince, unfriended, and almost forgotten, remained long in prison, and would have been doomed for life to pine away in hopeless captivity had not his wretched fate excited the pity of Camiola Turinga, a wealthy lady of Messina, distinguished for every feminine grace and virtue. Desirous of procuring his liberty without compromising his fair fame, and perhaps actuated by sentiments still more powerful than compassion, she sent a trusty messenger to his dungeon at Naples, to offer to pay his ransom, on condition of his marrying her on his return to Messina. Orlando overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, willingly sent her a contract of marriage: but she had no sooner purchased his liberty, than he denied all knowledge of her, and treated her with scorn.

The slighted maiden carried her cause before the royal tribunal, and Peter of Arragon, convinced of the necessity of governing the Sicilians with justice, as his empire depended solely on the affections of the people, adjudged Orlando to Camiola, as he was, in fact, according to the custom of the times and the laws of war, a slave whom she had purchased with her treasure. In consequence of this decree a day was appointed for their marriage, and Orlando accompanied by a splendid retinue repaired to the house of Camiola, whom he found decked out in the customary magnificence of silks and jewels. But Camiola, instead of proffering the vows of love and obedience which the haughty prince expected to hear, told him she scorned to degrade herself by a union with one who had debased his royal birth and his knighthood by so foul a breach of faith, and that she could now only bestow on him, not her hand, of which he had proved himself unworthy, but the ransom she had paid, which she esteemed a gift worthy a man of mean and sordid soul: herself and her remaining riches she vowed to dedicate to heaven.

No entreaties availed to change her resolution, and Orlando, shunned by his peers as a dishonoured man, too late regretted the bride he had lost, and falling into a profound melancholy died in obscurity and neglect.

XVI.—THE FORTUNES OF CONINGSMARK.

CHARLES JOHN CONINGSMARK was a Swedish Count, supposed, on strong circumstantial evidence, to have procured three assassins to murder Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of good family and large fortune, in the reign of Charles II. This

atrocious deed, to which Coningsmark was stimulated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the Countess of Ogle, a beautiful young woman to whom Mr. Thynne had been contracted, was perpetrated in Pall Mall, near the bottom of St. Alban's-street, as the unfortunate man was returning from the house of his mother-in-law, Lady Northumberland, who lived in St. James's-street. At the hour of eight on a Sunday evening, in a crowded thoroughfare, in the heart of a great metropolis, almost within sight of a royal palace, and notwithstanding a running footman with a blazing flambeau preceded the equipage, the villains having stopped and surrounded the coach, Charles Boratzi, a native of Poland, discharged a blunderbuss, loaded with bullets, at Mr. Thynne, which penetrating and dreadfully lacerating his body, he languished in great agonies a few hours and died. So flagrant, and in England so unusual an enormity as waylaying a man in order to murder him, naturally raised the indignation of the public, and excited the vigilance of the police.

The count was seized a few days after near Gravesend, in disguise, and attempting to procure a passage in an outward-bound ship. His three desperadoes were also soon after taken into custody, and with Coningsmark tried at the Old Bailey, before the Chief Justices Pemberton and North, the Chief Baron Montague, the Recorder, and others.

Three of the assassins after a long trial were clearly convicted of murder, as well by their own confession as by depositions previously taken by the coroner, and other strong evidence; but strange to tell, the original proposer and promoter of all the mischief, the infamous Coningsmark, by far the most criminal, was acquitted; while the three wretched men whom he had corrupted and employed were executed, under circumstances of general hatred and indignation.

The contriver of an act at which the heart revolts, thus escaping punishment, was a national disappointment, and naturally exasperated the friends and family of the deceased. A writer of that period, without producing any corroborating proofs, throws out a rash charge of corruption against the presiding judge (Pemberton) and the jury. Of the latter, many of whom were foreigners, but most of them respectable men (says the author to whom we have been indebted for so many of these romances, and whom the reader may now recognise by his style), I am not prepared to speak; but as to the judge, we must not admit lightly an accusation which would brand with everlasting infamy, a man who had devoted his whole life to a profession in which eminence and promotion are not very easily attained, but which, by toil and perseverance, assisted by lucky incidents, he had procured: nor is it probable that any *douceur* a profligate foreign adventurer could present would have seduced an eminent judge, of moderate enjoyments, to forget his duty and risk his independence, his fame, and his life. I rather impute the guilty count's acquittal to the fraudulent conduct of an interpreter employed to explain the evidence to the foreign part of the jury: he had been long connected with the count's family in some subordinate situation, appeared during the whole trial to interest himself strongly in his behalf, and was several times checked by the counsel on the part of the crown, for coming forward too officiously when not called upon; and was told that he acted

the part of an advocate rather than an interpreter. The Chief Justice Pemberton, I confess, appears to have had a bias in favour of the prisoner; I hope and believe not a corrupt one. It was also remarked that the three condemned were not asked, as is usual in such cases, what they had to say in their defence, why sentence should not be pronounced against them. I have perused the trial with some attention, and confess that there is not the shadow of a doubt on my mind of the count's guilt. In such infernal transactions positive evidence can very rarely be procured, as they are generally carried on in darkness and mystery; but Coningsmark's previous and frequent intercourse with the murderers; his purchasing clothes for one, and weapons for another; the virulent manner in which he had long spoken of Mr. Thynne, and a singular question he directed a person to ask of the Swedish envoy concerning the legality of marrying lady Ogle, in case of Mr. Thynne's falling in a rencontre with him; his perpetually changing lodgings, and going by a feigned name when he came to London to direct the nefarious business; and lastly, his attempting to escape in disguise, and telling the people of the house he lodged in that he was going to Windsor, when he actually went to Gravesend; were proofs, circumstantial, it is true, but sufficiently strong to convince most persons of his guilt. It is impossible to peruse the trial without remarking the great lenity, inclination to mercy, and scrupulous attention in every minute particular paid to these abominable culprits. It appears to have been carried to rather a dangerous extreme with respect to them; and I am of opinion, enabled the count, who was treated with too much respect and delicacy, to make impressions on the jury which ultimately tended to his acquittal.

But all the pains he took, all the guilt he incurred, and the innocent blood he had shed, could not accomplish the purpose he wished. Abhorring his crime, and detesting the perpetrator of it, Lady Ogle would never admit him into her presence, and was afterwards married to the Duke of Somerset, who, although she was a virgin widow, was, in fact, her third husband; the lady having been betrothed in her infancy to Henry, Earl of Ogle, only son of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died in his childhood. After escaping punishment for a crime he had committed, the count, in the midst of a career of unbridled profligacy, and with the conscience of a murderer, was put to death for a crime of which he was innocent.

Wandering, restless, and self-tormented, over various parts of Europe, he visited the court of (I believe at that time) the Duke of Hanover, whose son, the Prince of Zell, was afterwards George I., King of England. In the indiscriminate ardour of vicious passion, and taking advantages of domestic discord, he presumed to cast unhalloved looks on the Princess of Zell, who had for some time lived in a comfortless state of estranged nuptial affection; the prince indulging a culpable latitude in female intercourse, whilst his wife lived almost in a state of seclusion in her own apartments.

But one of the frail court favourites, a most artful creature, afterwards created Duchess of Munster, having lately displeased this unfaithful husband, and being fearful of a reconciliation with

his wife, saw with pleasure, and privately encouraged the insolent pretensions of the count; assuring him that a man of his personal accomplishments and merit could not fail succeeding, after a little perseverance, with a lady so very ill-used.

Having at the same time excited the jealousy of the prince, by apt emissaries and distant suggestions, concerning the marked attentions and known character of Coningsmark (for, generally speaking, husbands, however negligent, are not fond of being made ridiculous) this abominable woman, by means of a bribe, prevailed on a valet of Count Werenhausen, who attended the princess, to go to the count's lodging, and inform him that the Princess of Zell wished to speak with him immediately on an affair of importance. The man of gallantry, flattering himself that the lady's reserve had at length relaxed, hurried to what he considered as an appointment; while the insidious contriver of the meditated mischief, repairing without delay to the prince, and affecting a concern for the honour of his house, told him she could no longer be a silent observer of the flagitious conduct of his wife; that if any doubt remained of her infidelity, his highness had now an opportunity of being an eye witness of his own dishonour; that the favoured lover, at the moment she spoke, was with the princess in her bed-chamber,—the conspirers against this unfortunate lady having chosen an hour when they knew she would be in that place, and the valet being previously instructed to which room he was to conduct the count.

The irritated husband, constitutionally and ungovernably passionate, rushed furiously, sword in hand, to the apartment, and meeting the count at the door, just returning from the princess, who had assured him she had never sent; he, without uttering a word, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the assassin; and after bitterly reproaching his wife, and refusing to listen to any explanation, imprisoned the unhappy woman for the remainder of her life in a solitary castle.

[We have heard the catastrophe of the above story related differently—Coningsmark being said to have been thrown down a trap door, like the more innocent subject in the romance of Kenilworth. Other circumstances have also given rise to different conjectures; but all the relaters are agreed in loading the character of the Swedish count with obloquy. Thynne is the man who has the extraordinary monument in Westminster Abbey, where the assassination is actually sculptured, coach, wig, and all; as if to be murdered was a sort of honour.]

XVII.—LADY ARABELLA STUART.

[Lady Arabella Stuart, a singular and affecting instance of the sacrifice of a human being to state-policy, was the great-grand-daughter of Henry VII., by the marriage of his daughter Margaret with the Scottish house of the Darnleys, Earls of Lennox. By this descent she stood next in blood royal and right of inheritance to her cousin James I., son of Mary Queen of Scots, wife of Lord Darnley, in case that prince had no issue; and hence arose the misfortunes interestingly detailed by Mr. D'Israeli in the fourth volume of his 'Curiosities of Literature.'

"THE Lady Arabella," for by that name (says Mr. D'Israeli), she is usually noticed by her contemporaries, rather than by her maiden name of Stuart, or by her married one of Seymour, as she latterly subscribed herself, was, by her affinity with James I. and our Elizabeth, placed near the throne; too near, it seems, for her happiness and quiet! In their common descent from Margaret, the eldest daughter to Henry VII., she was cousin to the Scottish monarch, but born an Englishwoman, which gave her some advantage in a claim to the throne of England. "Her double relation to royalty," says Mr. Lodge, "was equally obnoxious to the jealousy of Elizabeth and the timidity of James, and they secretly dreaded the supposed danger of her having a legitimate offspring." Yet James himself, then unmarried, proposed for the husband of the Lady Arabella one of her cousins, Lord Esme Stuart, whom he had created Duke of Lennox, and designed for his heir. The first thing we hear of "The Lady Arabella," concerns a marriage: marriages were the incidents of her life; and the fatal event which terminated it was a marriage. Such was the secret spring on which her character and her misfortunes revolved.

This proposed match was desirable to all parties; but there was one greater than them all, who forbade the banns. Elizabeth interfered, she imprisoned the Lady Arabella, and would not deliver her up to the king, of whom she spoke with asperity, and even with contempt.* The greatest infirmity of Elizabeth was her mysterious conduct respecting the succession to the English throne: her jealousy of power, her strange unhappiness in the dread of personal neglect, made her averse to see a successor in her court, or even to hear of a distant one: in a successor she could only view a competitor. Camden tells us that she frequently observed that "most men neglected the setting sun;" and this melancholy presentiment of personal neglect this political coquette not only lived to experience, but even this circumstance of keeping the succession unsettled miserably disturbed the queen on her death-bed. Her ministers, it appears, harassed her when she was lying speechless; a remarkable circumstance, which has hitherto escaped the knowledge of her numerous historians, and which I shall take the opportunity of disclosing in this work.

Elizabeth leaving a point so important always problematical, raised up the very evil she so greatly dreaded; it multiplied the aspirants, while every party humoured itself by selecting its own claimant, and none more busily than the continental powers. One of the most curious is the project of the Pope, who, intending to put aside James I., on account of his religion, formed a chimerical scheme of uniting Arabella with a prince of the house of Savoy: the pretext, for without a pretext no politician moves, was their descent from a bastard of our Edward IV.; the Duke of Parma was, however, married; but the pope, in his infallibility, turned his brother, the

cardinal, into the duke's substitute, by secularizing the churchman. In that case the cardinal would then become king of England in right of this lady! provided he obtained the crown!†

We might conjecture from this circumstance that Arabella was a Catholic, and so Mr. Butler has recently told us; but I know of no other authority than Dodd, the Catholic historian, who has inscribed her name among his party. Parsons, the wily Jesuit, was so doubtful how the lady, when young, stood disposed to Catholicism, that he describes "her religion to be as tender, green, and flexible, as is her age and sex, and to be wrought hereafter, and to be settled according to future events and times." Yet, in 1611, when she was finally sent into confinement, one well-informed of court affairs writes, "that the Lady Arabella hath not been found inclinable to popery."‡

Even Henry IV. of France was not unfriendly to this papistical project of placing an Italian cardinal on the English throne. It had always been the state interest of the French cabinet to favour any scheme which might preserve the realms of England and Scotland as separate kingdoms. The manuscript correspondence of Charles IX. with his ambassador at the court of London, which I have seen, tends solely to this great purpose, and perhaps it was her French and Spanish allies which finally hastened the political martyrdom of the Scottish Mary.

Thus we have discovered two chimerical husbands of the Lady Arabella. The pretensions of this lady to the throne had evidently become an object with speculating politicians; and perhaps it was to withdraw herself from the embarrassments into which she was thrown, that, according to De Thou, she intended to marry a son of the Earl of Northumberland; but to the jealous terrors of Elizabeth an English earl was not an object of less magnitude than a Scotch duke. This is the third shadowy husband.

When James I. ascended the English throne there existed an anti-Scottish party. Hardly had the northern monarch entered into the "Land of Promise," when his southern throne was shaken by a foolish plot, which one writer calls "a state riddle;" it involved Raleigh, and unexpectedly the Lady Arabella. The Scottish monarch was to be got rid of, and Arabella was to be crowned. Some of these silly conspirators having written to her, requesting letters to be addressed to the King of Spain, she laughed at the letter she received, and sent it to the king. Thus, for a second time, was Arabella to have been queen of England. This occurred in 1603, but was followed by no harsh measures from James I.

In the following year, 1604, I have discovered that for the third time the lady was offered a crown! "A great ambassador is coming from the king of Poland, whose chiefferrand is to demand my Lady Arabella in marriage for his master. So may your princess of the blood grow a great queen, and then we shall be safe from the danger of mis-super-

* A circumstance which we discover by a Spanish memorial, when our James I. was negotiating with the cabinet of Madrid. He complains of Elizabeth's treatment of him; that the queen refused to give him his father's estates in England, nor would deliver up his uncle's daughter, Arabella, to be married to the Duke of Lennox, at which time the queen *uso palabras muy asperas y de mucho desprecio contra el dicho Rey de Escocia*; she used harsh words, expressing much contempt of the king.—*Winwood's Mem.* i. 4.

† See a very curious letter, CCXCIX. of Cardinal de Omat, vol. v. The Catholic interest expected to facilitate the conquest of England by joining their armies with those of "Arabelle," and the commentator writes that the English lady had a party, consisting of all those English who had been the judges or the avowed enemies of Mary of Scotland, the mother of James I.

‡ Winwood's Memorials, iii. 281.

scribing letters."* This last passage seems to allude to something. What is meant of the danger of superscribing letters?

If this royal offer were made, it was certainly forbidden. Can we imagine the refusal to have come from the lady, who we shall see seven years afterwards complained that the king had neglected her in not providing her with a suitable match? It was this very time that one of those butterflies, who quiver on the fair flowers of a court, writes that "My Lady Arabella spends her time in lecture (reading), &c., and she will not hear of marriage. Indirectly there were speeches used in the recommendation of Count Maurice, who pretended to be Duke of Gueldres. I dare not attempt her."† Here we find another princely match proposed. Thus far, to the Lady Arabella, crowns and husbands were like a fairy banquet seen at moonlight, opening on her sight, impalpable, and vanishing at the moment of approach.

Arabella, from certain circumstances, was dependant on the king's bounty, which flowed very unequally: often reduced to great personal distress, we find by her letters that "she prayed for present money, though it should not be annually." I have discovered that James at length granted her a pension. The royal favours, however, were probably limited to her good behaviour.‡

From 1604 to 1608 is a period which forms a blank leaf in the story of Arabella. In this last year this unfortunate lady had again fallen out of favour, and as usual, the cause was mysterious, and not known even to the writer. Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, mentions, "The Lady Arabella's business, whatever it was, is ended, and she restored to her formal places and graces. The king gave her a cupboard of plate, better than 200*l.*, for a new year's gift, and 1000 marks to pay her debts, besides some yearly addition to her maintenance, wanting being thought the chiefest cause of her discontentment, though *she be not altogether free from suspicion of being collapsed.*"§ Another mysterious expression which would seem to allude either to politics or religion; but the fact appears by another writer to have been a discovery of a new project of marriage, without the king's consent. This person of her choice is not named; and it was to divert her mind from the too constant object of her thoughts that James, after a severe reprimand, had invited her to partake of the festivities of the court, in that season of revelry and reconciliation.

We now approach that event of the Lady Arabella's life which reads like a romantic fiction; the catastrophe, too, is formed by the Aristotelian

canon; for its misery, its pathos, and its terror, even romantic fiction has not exceeded!

It is probable that the king, from some political motive, had decided that the Lady Arabella should lead a single life; but such wise purposes frequently meet with cross ones; and it happened that no woman was ever more solicited to the conjugal state, or seems to have been so little averse to it. Every noble youth who sighed for distinction ambitioned the notice of the Lady Arabella; and she was so frequently contriving a marriage for herself, that a courtier of that day writing to another, observes, "these affectations of marriage in her do give some advantage to the world, of impairing the reputation of her constant and virtuous disposition."¶

The revels of Christmas had hardly closed when the Lady Arabella forgot that she had been forgiven, and again relapsed into her old infirmity. She renewed a connexion which had commenced in childhood with Mr. William Seymour, the second son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson to the Earl of Hertford. His character has been finely described by Clarendon: he loved his studies and his repose; but when the civil wars broke out he closed his volumes and drew his sword, and was both an active and a skilful general. Charles I. created him Marquis of Hertford, and governor of the prince: he lived to the Restoration, and Charles II. restored him to the dukedom of Somerset.

This treaty of marriage was detected in February 1609, and the parties summoned before the privy council. Seymour was particularly censured for daring to ally himself with the royal blood, although that blood was running in his own veins. In a manuscript letter which I have discovered, Seymour addressed the lords of the privy council. The style is humble, the plea to excuse his intended marriage is, that being but "a younger brother, and sensible of mine own good, unknown to the world, of mean estate, not born to challenge anything by my birthright, and therefore my fortunes to be raised by mine own endeavour,—and as she is a lady of great honour and virtue, and, as I thought, of great means, I did plainly and honestly endeavour lawfully to gain her in marriage." There is nothing romantic in this apology, in which Seymour describes himself as a fortune-hunter! which, however, was probably done to cover his undoubted affection for Arabella, whom he had early known. He says, that "he conceived that this noble lady might, without offence, make the choice of any subject within this kingdom; which conceit was begotten in me upon a general report, after her ladyship's last being called before your lordships,† —that it might be." He tells the story of this ancient wooing—"I boldly intruded myself into her ladyship's chamber in the court, on Candlemas day last, at which time I imparted my desire unto her, which was entertained; but with this caution on either part, that both of us resolved not to proceed to any final conclusion without his majesty's most gracious favour first obtained. And this was our first meeting! After that we had a second meeting, at Mr. Brigg's house in Fleet-street, and then a third at Mr. Baynton's, at both which we

* Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. 119.

† This evidently alludes to the gentleman whose name appears not, which occasioned Arabella to incur the king's displeasure before Christmas: the Lady Arabella, it is quite clear, was resolvedly bent on marrying herself.

* This manuscript letter from William, Earl of Pembroke, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury, is dated from Hampton Court, Oct. 3, 1604. Sloane MSS., 4161.

† Lodge's Illustrations of British History, iii. 286. It is curious to observe that this letter, by W. Fowler, is dated on the same day as the manuscript letter I have just quoted, and is directed to the same Earl of Shrewsbury; so that the Earl must have received in one day, accounts of two different projects of marriage for his niece! This shows how much Arabella engaged the designs of foreigners and natives. Will Fowler was a rhyming and fantastical secretary to the queen of James I.

‡ Two letters of Arabella, on distress of money, are preserved by Ballard. The discovery of a pension I made in Sir Julius Caesar's manuscript, where one is mentioned of 1,600*l.*, to the Lady Arabella. Sloane MSS., 4160. Mr. Lodge has shown that the king once granted her the duty on oats.

§ Winwood's Memorials, vol. iii. 117, 119.

had the like conference and resolution as before." He assures their lordships that both of them had never intended marriage without his majesty's approbation.*

But love laughs at privy-councils and the grave promises made by two frightened lovers. The parties were secretly married, which was discovered about July in the following year. They were then separately confined, the lady at the house of Sir Thomas Parry, at Lambeth, and Seymour in the Tower, for "his contempt in marrying a lady of the royal family without the king's leave."

This, their first confinement, was not rigorous; the lady walked in her garden, and the lover was prisoner at large in the Tower. The writer in the 'Biographia Britannica' observes, "that some intercourse they had by letters, which, after a time was discovered." In this history of love there might be precious documents, and in the library at Long-leat, these love-epistles, or perhaps this volume, may yet lie unread in a corner.† Arabella's epistolary talent was not vulgar: Dr. Montford, in a manuscript letter, describes one of those effusions which Arabella addressed to the king. "This letter was penned by her in the best terms, as she can do right well. It was often read without offence, nay it was even commended by his highness, with the applause of prince and council." One of these amatory letters I have recovered. The circumstance is domestic, being nothing more at first than a very pretty letter on Mr. Seymour having taken cold; but, as every love-letter ought, it is not without a pathetic *crescendo*; the tearing away of hearts so firmly joined, while in her solitary imprisonment, that he lived and was her own, filled her spirit with that consciousness which triumphed even over that sickly frame so nearly subdued to death. The familiar style of James I.'s age may bear comparison with our own. I shall give it entire.

"LADY ARABELLA TO MR. WILLIAM SEYMOUR.

"Sir,—I am exceeding sorry to hear you have not been well. I pray you let me know truly how you do, and what was the cause of it. I am not satisfied with the reason Smith gives for it; but if it be a cold, I will impute it to some sympathy betwixt us, having myself gotten a swollen cheek at the same time with a cold. For God's sake, let not your grief of mind work upon your body. You may see by me what inconveniences it will bring one to; and no fortune, I assure you, daunts me so much as that weakness of body I find in myself; for *si nous vivons l'age d'un veau*, as Marot says, we may, by God's grace be happier than we look for, in being suffered to enjoy ourself with his majesty's favour. But if we be not able to live to it, I, for my part, shall think myself a pattern of misfortune, in enjoying so great a blessing as 'you, so little awhile. No separation but that deprives me of the comfort of you. For wheresoever you be or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine! *Rachel wept and would not be comforted, because her children were no more.* And that, indeed, is the remediless sorrow, and none else! And, therefore, God bless us from that, and I will hope well of the rest,

* Harl. MSS., 7003.

† It is on record that at Long-leat, the seat of the Marquis of Bath, certain papers of Arabella are preserved. I leave to the noble owner the pleasure of the research.

though I see no apparent hope. But I am sure God's book mentioneth many of his children in as great distress, that have done well after, even in this world! I do assure you nothing the state can do with me can trouble me so much as this news of your being ill doth; and you see when I am troubled, I trouble you with tedious kindness; for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me this good while so much as how you do. But, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being

"Your faithful loving wife,
"ARB. S."*

In examining the manuscripts of this lady, the defect of dates must be supplied by our sagacity. The following "petition," as she calls it, addressed to the king in defence of her secret marriage, must have been written at this time. She remonstrates with the king for what she calls his neglect of her; and while she fears to be violently separated from her husband, she asserts her cause with a firm and noble spirit, which was afterwards too severely tried!

"TO THE KING.

"May it please your most excellent Majesty.—I do most heartily lament my hard fortune that I should offend your majesty the least, especially in that whereby I have long desired to merit of your majesty, as appeared before your majesty was my sovereign. And though your majesty's neglect of me, my good liking of this gentleman that is my husband, and my fortune, drew me to a contract before I acquainted your majesty, I humbly beseech your majesty to consider how impossible it was for me to imagine it would be offensive to your majesty, having *few days before given me your royal consent to bestow myself on any subject of your majesty's* (which likewise your majesty had done long since). Besides, never having been prohibited any, or spoken to for any, in this land by your majesty, these seven years that I have lived in your majesty's house, I could not conceive that your majesty regarded my marriage at all; whereas if your majesty had vouchsafed to tell me your mind, and accept the freewill offering of my obedience, I would not have offended your majesty, of whose gracious goodness I presume so much, that if it were now as convenient in a worldly respect, as malice make it seem, to separate us whom God hath joined, your majesty would not do evil that good might come thereof, nor make me that have the honour to be so near your majesty in blood, the first precedent that ever was, though our princes may have left some as little imitable for so good and gracious a king as your majesty, as David's dealing with your Uriah. But I assure myself, if it please your majesty in your own wisdom to consider thoroughly of my cause, there will no solid reason appear to debar me of justice and your princely favour, which I will endeavour to deserve whilst I breathe."

It is indorsed, "A copy of my petition to the king's majesty." In another she implores that "If the necessity of my state and fortune, together with my weakness, have caused me to do somewhat not pleasing to your majesty, let it all be

* Harl. MSS., 7003.

covered with the shadow of your royal benignity." Again, in another petition, she writes:—

"Touching the offence for which I am now punished, I most humbly beseech your majesty, in your most princely wisdom and judgment, to consider in what a miserable state I had been, if I had taken any other course than I did; for my own conscience witnessing before God that I was then the wife of him that now I am, I could never have matched any other man, but have lived all the days of my life as a harlot, which your majesty would have abhorred in any (how otherwise unfortunate soever) to have any drop of your majesty's blood in them."

I find a letter of Lady Jane Drummond, in reply to this or another petition, which Lady Drummond had given the queen to present to his majesty. It was to learn the cause of Arabella's confinement. The pithy expression of James I. is characteristic of the monarch; and the solemn forebodings of Lady Drummond, who appears to have been a lady of excellent judgment, showed, by the fate of Arabella, how they were true.

"LADY JANE DRUMMOND TO LADY ARABELLA.

"Answering her prayer, to know the cause of her confinement.

"This day her majesty hath seen your ladyship's letter. Her majesty says that when she gave your ladyship's petition to his majesty, he did take it well enough, but gave no other answer than that *ye had eaten of the forbidden tree*. This was all her majesty commanded me to say to your ladyship in this purpose; but withal did remember her kindly to your ladyship, and sent you this little token, in witness of the continuance of her majesty's favour to your ladyship. Now, where your ladyship desires me to deal openly and freely with you, I protest I can say nothing on knowledge, for I never spoke to any of that purpose but to the queen; *but the wisdom of this state, with the example how some of your quality in the like case has been used, makes me fear that ye shall not find so easy end to your troubles as ye expect or I wish.*"

In return, Lady Arabella expresses her grateful thanks—presents her majesty with "this piece of my work, to accept in remembrance of the poor prisoner that wrought them, in hopes her royal hands will vouchsafe to wear them, which till I have the honour to kiss, I shall live in a great deal of sorrow. Her case," she adds, "could be compared to no other she ever heard of, resembling no other." Arabella, like the Queen of Scots, beguiled the hours of imprisonment by works of embroidery; for in sending a present of this kind to Sir Andrew Sinclair to be presented to the queen, she thanks him for "vouchsafing to descend to those petty offices to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation."

The secret correspondence of Arabella and Seymour was discovered, and was followed by a sad scene. It must have been now that the king resolved to consign this unhappy lady to the strictest care of the Bishop of Durham. Lady Arabella was so subdued at this distant separation, that she gave way to all the wildness of despair; she fell suddenly ill, and could not travel but in a litter, and with a physician. In her way to Durham, she was so greatly disquieted in the first few miles

of her uneasy and troublesome journey, that they could proceed no further than to Highgate. The physician returned to town to report her state, and declared that she was assuredly very weak, her pulse dull, and melancholy, and very irregular; her countenance very heavy, pale, and wan; and though free from fever, he declared her in no case fit for travel. The king observed, "It is enough to make any sound man sick to be carried in a bed in that manner she is; much more for her *whose impatient and unquiet spirit heapeth upon herself far greater indisposition of body than otherwise she would have.*" His resolution, however, was, that "she should proceed to Durham, if he were king!" "We answered," replied the doctor, "that we made no doubt of her obedience." "Obedience is that required," replied the king, "which being performed, I will do more for her than she expected."*

The king, however, with his usual indulgence, appears to have consented that Lady Arabella should remain for a month at Highgate, in confinement, till she had sufficiently recovered to proceed to Durham; where the bishop posted, unaccompanied by his charge, to await her reception, and to the great relief of the friends of the lady, who hoped she was still within the reach of their cares, or of the royal favour.

A second month's delay was granted, in consequence of that letter which we have before noticed as so impressive and so elegant, that it was commended by the king, and applauded by Prince Henry and his council.

But the day of her departure hastened, and the Lady Arabella betrayed no symptom of her first despair. She openly declared her resignation to her fate, and showed her obedient willingness by being even over-careful in little preparations to make easy a long journey. Such tender grief had won over the hearts of her keepers, who could but sympathise with a princess whose love, holy and wedded too, was crossed only by the tyranny of statesmen. But Arabella had not within that tranquillity with which she had lulled her keepers. She and Seymour had concerted a flight, as bold in its plot, and as beautifully wild, as any recorded in romantic story. The day preceding her departure, Arabella found it not difficult to persuade a female attendant to consent that she would suffer her to pay a last visit to her husband, and to wait for her return at an appointed hour. More solicitous for the happiness of lovers than for the repose of kings, this attendant, in utter simplicity, or with generous sympathy, assisted the Lady Arabella in dressing her in one of the most elaborate disguises. "She drew a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trowsers over her petticoats; put on a man's doublet or coat; a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets; a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side." Thus accoutred, the Lady Arabella stole out with a gentleman about three o'clock in the afternoon. She had only proceeded a mile and a half, when they stopped at a poor inn, where one of her confederates was waiting with horses, yet she was so sick and faint, that the ostler, who held her stirrup, observed, that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She recruited her spirits by

* These particulars I derive from the manuscript letters among the papers of Arabella Stuart. Har. MSS., 7003.

riding; the blood mantled in her face; and at six o'clock our sick lover reached Blackwall, where a boat and servants were waiting. The watermen were at first ordered to Woolwich; there they were desired to push on to Gravesend; then to Tilbury, where, complaining of fatigue, they landed to refresh; but, tempted by their fright, they reached Lee. At the break of morn, they discovered a French vessel riding there to receive the lady; but as Seymour had not yet arrived, Arabella was desirous to lie at anchor for her lord, conscious that he would not fail to his appointment. If he indeed had been prevented in his escape, she herself cared not to preserve the freedom she now possessed; but her attendants, aware of the danger of being overtaken by a king's ship, overruled her wishes, and hoisted sail, which occasioned so fatal a termination to this romantic adventure. Seymour, indeed, had escaped from the Tower; he had left his servant watching at the door, to warn all visitors not to disturb his master, who lay ill of a raging tooth-ache, while Seymour in disguise stole away alone, following a cart which had just brought wood to his apartment. He passed the warders; he reached the wharf, and found his confidential man waiting with a boat; and he arrived at Lee. The time pressed; the waves were rising; Arabella was not there; but in the distance he descried a vessel. Hiring a fisherman to take him on board, to his grief, on hailing it, he discovered that it was not the French vessel charged with his Arabella. In despair and confusion he found another ship from Newcastle, which for a good sum altered its course, and landed him in Flanders. In the meanwhile the escape of Arabella was first known to government, and the hot alarm which spread may seem ludicrous to us. The political consequences attached to the union, and the flight of these two doves from their cotes, shook with consternation the grey owls of the cabinet, more particularly the Scotch party, who, in their terror, paralleled it with the gunpowder treason; and some political danger must have impended, at least in their imagination, for Prince Henry partook of this cabinet panic.

Confusion and alarm prevailed at court; couriers were despatched swifter than the winds wafted the unhappy Arabella, and all was hurry in the sea-ports. They sent to the Tower to warn the lieutenant to be doubly vigilant over Seymour, who, to his surprise, discovered that his prisoner had ceased to be so for several hours. James at first was for issuing a proclamation in a style so angry and vindictive, that it required the moderation of Cecil to preserve the dignity while he concealed the terror of his majesty. By the admiral's detail of his impetuous movements, he seemed in pursuit of an enemy's fleet; for the courier is urged, and the post-masters are roused by a superscription, which warned them of the eventful despatch: "Haste, haste, post haste! Haste for your life! your life!"* The family of the Seymours were in a state of distraction; and a letter from Mr. Francis Seymour to his grandfather the Earl of Hertford,

residing then at his seat far remote from the capital, to acquaint him of the escape of his brother and the lady, still bears to posterity a remarkable evidence of the trepidations and consternation of the old earl: it arrived in the middle of the night, accompanied by a summons to attend the privy council. In the perusal of a letter written in a small hand, and filling more than two folio pages, such was his agitation, that in holding the taper he must have burnt what he probably had not heard; the letter is scorched, and the flame has perforated it in so critical a part, that the poor old earl journeyed to town in a state of uncertainty and confusion. Nor was his terror so unreasonable as it seems. Treason had been a political calamity with the Seymours. Their progenitor, the Duke of Somerset, the protector, had found that "all his honours," as Frankland strangely expresses it, "had helped him too forward to hop headless." Henry, Elizabeth, and James, says the same writer, considered that it was needful, as indeed in all sovereignties, that those who were near the crown "should be narrowly looked into for marriage."

But we have left the Lady Arabella alone and mournful on the seas, not praying for favourable gales to convey her away, but still imploring her attendants to linger for her Seymour; still straining her eyes to the point of the horizon for some speck which might give a hope of the approach of the boat freighted with all her love. Alas! never more was Arabella to cast a single look on her lover and her husband! She was overtaken by a pink in the king's service, in Calais roads; and now she declared that she cared not to be brought back again to her imprisonment, should Seymour escape, whose safety was dearest to her!

The life of the unhappy, the melancholy, and the distracted Arabella Stuart, is now to close in an imprisonment, which lasted only four years; for her constitutional delicacy, her rooted sorrow, and the violence of her feelings, sunk beneath the hopelessness of her situation, and a secret resolution in her mind to refuse the aid of her physicians, and to wear away the faster if she could, the feeble remains of life. But who shall paint the emotions of a mind which so much grief, and so much love, and distraction itself equally possessed?

What passed in that dreadful imprisonment cannot perhaps be recovered for authentic history; but enough is known; that her mind grew impaired, that she finally lost her reason, and if the duration of her imprisonment was short, it was only terminated by her death. Some loose effusions, often began and never ended, written and erased, incoherent and rational, yet remain in the fragments of her papers. In a letter she proposed addressing to Viscount Fenton, to implore for her his majesty's favour again, she says, "Good my lord, consider the fault cannot be uncommitted; neither can any more be required of any earthly creature but confession and most humble submission." In a paragraph she had written, but crossed out, it seems that a present of her work had been refused by the king, and that she had no one about her whom she might trust.

"Help will come too late; and be assured that neither physician nor other, but whom I think good, shall come about me while I live, till I have his majesty's favour, without which I desire not to live. And if you remember of old, I dare die, so

* "This emphatic injunction," observed a friend, "would be effective when the messenger could read; but in a letter written by the Earl of Essex about the year 1597, to the Lord High Admiral at Plymouth, I have seen added to the words, 'haste, hast, hast for lyfe!' the expressive symbol of a galloper prepared with a halter, which could not be well misunderstood by the most illiterate of Mercuries.

I be not guilty of my own death, and oppress others with my ruin too, if there be no other way, as God forbid, to whom I commit you; and rest as assuredly as heretofore, if you will be the same to me,

"Your lordship's faithful friend,
"A. S."

That she had frequently meditated on suicide appears by another letter—"I could not be so unchristian as to be the cause of my own death. Consider what the world would conceive if I should be violently enforced to do it."

One fragment we may save as an evidence of her utter wretchedness.

"In all humility, the most wretched and unfortunate creature that ever lived, prostrates itself at the feet of the most merciful king that ever was, desiring nothing but mercy and favour, not being more afflicted for anything than for the loss of that which hath binne this long time the onely comfort it had in the world, and which, if it weare to do again, I would not adventure the losse for any other worldly comfort; mercy it is I desire, and that for God's sake!"

Such is the history of the Lady Arabella, who from some circumstance not sufficiently opened to us, was an important personage, designed by others, at least, to play a high character in the political drama. Thrice selected as a queen; but the consciousness of royalty was only left in her veins while she lived in the poverty of dependence. Many gallant spirits aspired after her hand, but when her heart secretly selected one beloved, it was for ever deprived of domestic happiness! She is said not to have been beautiful, and to have been beautiful; and her very portrait, ambiguous as her life, is neither one nor the other. She is said to have been a poetess, and not a single verse substantiates her claim to the laurel. She is said not to have been remarkable for her intellectual accomplishments, yet I have found a Latin letter of her composition in her manuscripts. The materials of her life are so scanty that it cannot be written, and yet we have sufficient reason to believe that it would be as pathetic as it would be extraordinary, could we narrate its involved incidents, and paint forth her delirious feelings. Acquainted rather with her conduct than with her character, for us the Lady Arabella has no palpable historical existence; and we perceive rather her shadow than herself! A writer of romance might render her one of those interesting personages whose griefs have been deepened by their royalty, and whose adventures touched with the warm hues of love and distraction, closed at the bars of her prison gate; a sad example of a female victim to the state!

"Through one dim lattice, fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw,
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew!"

Seymour, who was afterwards permitted to return, distinguished himself by his loyalty through three successive reigns, and retained his romantic passion for the lady of his first affections; for he called the daughter he had by his second lady, by the ever-beloved name of ARABELLA STUART.

XVIII.—ORATOR HENLEY.

[Every generation has had its "most impudent man alive,"—a designation invented, we believe, in favour of Bishop Warburton, whose genius, however, was perhaps nearly on a par with his pretensions. Very different was the case with the clever but shameless, and therefore foolish, though clever man, who is the subject of the following account, and who became the quack he was for want of heart,—the secret of most apparent inconsistencies between cleverness and folly in the same individual.]

JOHN HENLEY was a native of Melton Mowbray in the county of Leicester, where he officiated several years as curate, and conducted a grammar-school: but feeling, or fancying, that a genius like his ought not to be cramped in so obscure a situation, "having been long convinced that many gross errors and impostures prevailed in the various institutions and establishments of mankind, and being ambitious of restoring ancient eloquence," but, as his enemies assert, to avoid the scandal and embarrassments of an amour, he repaired to the metropolis, and for a short time performed clerical functions in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury-square, with a prospect of succeeding to the lectureship of the parish, which soon became vacant.

Several candidates offering for the situation, a warm contest ensued; and after Mr. Henley's probation sermon, which he thought would ensure him an easy victory, we may judge of the disappointment of this disciple of Demosthenes and Cicero, when he was told by a person, deputed from the congregation, that "they had nothing to object against his language or his doctrine, but that he threw himself about too much in the pulpit, and that another person was chosen."

Losing his temper as well as his election, he rushed into an adjoining room, where the principal parishioners were assembled, and thus addressed them, in all the vehemence of outrageous passion:—"Blockheads, are you qualified to decide on the degree of action necessary for a preacher of God's word? Were you able to read, or had you sufficient sense, you sorry knaves, to understand the most renowned orator of antiquity, he would tell you that the great, almost the only requisite, for a public speaker, was action, action, action; but I despise and defy you; *provoco ad populum*, the public shall decide between us!" With these words he quitted the place for ever, but, in order "to shame the fools," printed his discourse.

Thus disappointed in his hopes of preferment, in the regular routine of his profession, he became, "if the expression is allowable" (says our authority), a quack divine, a character for which he was eminently qualified, possessing a strong voice, fluent language, an imposing, magisterial air, theatric gesture, and a countenance which no violation of propriety, reproach, or self-correction, was ever known to embarrass or discompose.

He immediately advertised that he should hold forth publicly two days in the week, and hired for this purpose a large room, in or near Newport market, which he called the Oratory; but previous to the commencement of his "Academical Discourses," he chose to write a letter to Whiston, the celebrated mathematician and dissenter, in which he desired to know whether he should incur any

legal penalties by officiating as a Separatist from the Church of England.

Whiston did not encourage Henley's project, and a correspondence took place, which ending in virulence and ill-language, occasioned the latter, a few years after, to send the following laconic note to his adversary:—

"To MR. WILLIAM WHISTON.

"Take notice, that I give you warning not to enter my room at Newport market, at your peril.

"JOHN HENLEY."

As tickets of admission for those *who subscribed to his lectures*, medals were issued with the rising sun for a device; and a motto expressive of the man, as well as of the motives by which he was impelled: "*Inveniam viam aut faciam*" (I will find a way or make one). He also published what may be termed a syllabus of his lectures, containing a long list of the various subjects he meant to handle, religious and political, in which it was easy to see that he had selected whatever he thought likely to excite public curiosity.

By these and other means, particularly by his singular advertisements, which were generally accompanied by some sarcastic stanza on public men and measures, he generally filled his room. Sometimes one of his old Bloomsbury friends caught the speaker's eye; on which occasions Henley could not suppress the ebullitions of vanity and resentment: he would suddenly arrest his discourse, and address the unfortunate interloper in words to the following effect:—"You see, sir, all the world is not exactly of your opinion; there are, you perceive, *a few sensible people* who think me not wholly unqualified for the office I have undertaken."

His abashed and confounded adversaries, thus attacked (in a public company, a most awkward species of address), were glad to retire, and in some instances were pushed out of the room.

On the Sabbath day he generally read part of the liturgy of the Church of England, and sometimes used extempore prayer.

That the efforts of the Oratory might be assisted by its handmaid the press, Mr. Henley soon commenced author: the subject he chose proved that he entertained no mean opinion of his own abilities. To render some of his pamphlets more impressive or more attractive, he published them in a black letter type. The following were the titles of a few of his publications:—"The Origin of Evil;" "The Means of forming a Correct Taste;" "A Comparative View of Ancient and Modern Languages;" "Thoughts on the Scriptural Narrative of a Confusion of Tongues;" "A Defence of Christianity."

He was also supposed to contribute to the 'Hyp-Doctor,' a periodical paper published at that time; and is said to have received from Sir Robert Walpole a present of 100*l.*, as a reward for his services in that paper. Sir Robert was never reckoned any great judge of literary merit. Henley was also author of a pamphlet occasioned by his obtruding himself into a religious controversy on baptism, entitled 'Samuel sleeping in the Wilderness.'

As his popularity increased, the place where he amused or instructed his friends was found not sufficiently capacious, and he procured a larger

and more commodious receptacle, near a Catholic chapel in Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

In a fit of humorous caprice, or in the hope of enticing some of the frequenters of that place of worship to visit him, he called his new room, in some of his advertisements, the little Catholic Chapel. If any Catholics happened to look in after mass, he was studious of paying them particular attention and respect, and would, in some way or other, introduce a recommendation of universal philanthropy and religious toleration. On one of these occasions he uttered the following apostrophe:—"After all this outcry about the devil, the pope, and the pretender, who and what is this bugbear, this monster, this pope, whom we so much dread? He is only a man like ourselves, the ecclesiastical sovereign of Rome, the father and head of the Catholic church." When the lecture concluded he was seen to advance towards a leading man among the Catholics, and shaking him heartily by the hand, welcomed him in the following words:—"God bless you—I love you all: we are all Christians alike, from the same stock, divided only by a few *non-essentials*."

Whether this mode of proceeding was dictated by the liberal spirit of philosophical indifference, by Christian charity, by any latent Papistical propensity, or for the mere purpose of inviting customers of all persuasions to his shop, may be easily determined by considering the character of Henley. Having acquired or assumed the name of Orator Henley, it became the fashion in certain circles to hear his lectures: he attracted the notice and excited the resentment of Pope, who lashed him severely in his 'Dunciad.' Much of the poet's satire is well applied, except where he describes him as a zany, and a talker of nonsense. This certainly is not a character or just description of Henley, who was impudent, insolent, and conceited: a vain-glorious boaster, determined at all events, and at all risks, to excite the attention of the public; but he exhibited at times a quaint shrewdness, a farcical humour, and occasionally a depth of reflection, far beyond the reach of a fool. He was rather what the Methodists once called their great episcopal assailant (Bishop Lavington), "a theological and political buffoon."

A complete series of his singular advertisements, mottoes, medals, and pamphlets, with a panegyric on him, in the form of a life, by Welstead, was at one time collected and in the possession of an antiquary.

By coarse irony, vulgar railery, and a certain humorous quaintness of expression, he often raised the laugh against opponents superior to him in learning and argument. Henley once incurred the hostility of the government, and was several days in the custody of a king's messenger. On this occasion Lord Chesterfield, the secretary of state, amused himself and his associates in office, by sporting with the hopes and fears of our restorer of ancient eloquence. During his examination before the privy council Henley asked leave to be seated, on account of a real or pretended rheumatism, and occasioning considerable merriment by his eccentric answers, himself joining heartily and loudly in the laughs he excited. The noble lord having expostulated with him on the impropriety of ridiculing the exertions of the country, at the moment a rebellion raged in the heart of the kingdom, he replied, "I thought there

was no harm in cracking a joke on a red herring;" alluding to Archbishop Herring, who had proposed, or actually commenced arming the clergy!

A number of disrespectful and unwarrantable expressions he had applied to persons high in office, and to their conduct, being repeated to him, his only reply was, "My lords, I *must* live." "I see no reason for that, Mr. Henley," replied Lord Chesterfield. The council seemed pleased at the retort; but Henley immediately answered, "That is a good thing, but unfortunately it has been said before."

After being reprimanded for his improper conduct, he was in a few days dismissed, as an impudent but entertaining fellow.

The following was circulated by Henley as an advertisement, or by way of handbill, in October 1726:—

"Having been threatened by various letters, that if I do not drop the Oratory a minute account of my life and character shall be published, I take this method of informing those who propose undertaking it, that they must be speedy, or their market will be spoiled, as I am writing it myself.

"JOHN HENLEY."

XIX.—GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, THE LITERARY IMPOSTOR.

GEORGE PSALMANAZAR, a man of learning, of unknown origin, and subsequently one of the writers employed in compiling the 'Universal History,' a task which he appears to have executed with sufficient skill and fidelity, actually took the pains to invent a language, which he wrote and spoke to the satisfaction of curious inquirers, alleging it to be that of the island of Formosa, where he pretended to have been born.

This adventurer, who attracted in his time no small attention, was first noticed by a Colonel Lauder, in the garrison of Sluys, at which place, a wanderer from his parents and country, and under the pressure of extreme poverty, he had enlisted as a private soldier; but he industriously and artfully circulated a strange story that he was a native of the above island, converted from idolatry by certain missionaries of the Society of Jesus, and that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of the Japanese, whose hatred used to be described as particularly virulent against Christianity in all its forms.

The singularity of this relation, and the apparent simplicity of the stranger's manners, induced the colonel, and Innes, his regimental chaplain, an unprincipled profligate, to take him under their protection. Psalmanazar accompanied them to England, and was soon after introduced to the Bishop of London, who listened to his account with pity and implicit faith, became his patron, contributed generously towards his support, and rewarded with considerable preferment the chaplain Innes, who was aware of, and had early detected the cheat, but considered it as a convenient step to patronage.

The artful conduct of the stranger, in producing and speaking a language, alphabet, and grammar, purely of his own invention, and of his eating raw meat, roots, and herbs, soon rendered him an object of public notice, and occasioned much curious disquisition between many characters of the first

rank in church and state. The keen-eyed scepticism of the Doctors Halley, Mead, and Woodward, rescued them, however, from the charge of blind credulity, in which many of their respectable contemporaries were involved: these gentlemen had cried down Psalmanazar as an arrant rogue from the beginning.

The most sanguine hopes of the impostor, could he have silenced the accusation of his own heart, appear to have been crowned with success, and he derived liberal contributions from the pity, the curiosity, or the folly of mankind, who considered it their duty, as christians and as men, to protect an unfortunate fugitive who had suffered in the cause of truth.

Psalmanazar drew up, in Latin, an account of the island of Formosa, a consistent and entertaining work, which was translated and hurried through the press, had a rapid sale, and is quoted without suspicion by Buffon; whilst his adherence to certain singularities in his manners and diet, gathered from popular opinion, or from books, considerably strengthened the imposition; for the carrying on of which he was eminently qualified, by possessing a command of countenance, temper, and recollection, which no perplexity, rough usage, or cross-examination, could ruffle or derange.

His memory was, at the same time, so correctly tenacious, that after the exercise of habit in verbal arrangement, on being desired to translate a long list of English words into the Formosan language, they were marked down without his knowledge; and his credit was considerably corroborated by his correctly fixing the same terms to the same words three, six, or even twelve months afterwards. In this manner his imposture had been first discovered by Innes; but this disgrace to his cloth suppressed what he knew, and joined in the fraud, from sinister motives.

By favour of the Bishop of Oxford, who proved a warm advocate in his cause, Psalmanazar was enabled to improve himself in his studies, and convenient apartments were provided for him in one of the colleges of that university. To impress his neighbours at this place with proper ideas of his intense and unceasing application, it was his custom to keep lighted candles in his room during the night, and to sleep in an easy chair, that his bed-maker finding his bed untumbled (and not failing to repeat the circumstance), might not suppose he indulged in so unphilosophical and illiterate a refreshment as going to bed; he would also occasionally lament the noise and interruptions of certain young men in an adjoining apartment, who preferred the joys of wine and good fellowship to solitude and midnight studies.

On his return to London he drew up, at the desire of his ecclesiastic friends, a version of the Church Catechism in what he called his native tongue, which was examined by the learned, found regular and grammatical, and pronounced a real language, and no counterfeit. By these and other conciliating arts the supplies of his patrons continued liberal, and he was enabled to lead an idle, and in some instances, when he was thrown off his guard, an extravagant life. The person of our Formosan was far from being attractive, but his qualities, it is said, were thought otherwise by some fashionable ladies, one of whom is reported to have exclaimed, "I positively shall never be easy till I have been introduced to this strange

man with a hard name, who has fled from Japan, and eats raw meat."

But many of his friends were offended by such conduct, and the critics, and among others Dr. Douglas, "the scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks," could not rest till their doubts and incredulity were justified. They pointed out various absurdities and many contradictions in his narrative, as well as in his declarations: he was gradually lowered in the general esteem; his benefactors silently withdrew their support; the fraud was at length understood; the favour of the public converted by a natural process into resentment; and those who had originally given warning against the imposture, did not forget to increase the confusion of their opponents by ridicule and sarcasm.

The situation of Psalmanazar thus became critical. Detected, and almost deserted, his subsistence was precarious; but having displayed in his assumed character considerable abilities, and having cultivated an extensive acquaintance with a class of men who have been pronounced the best patrons of literary adventure, he was employed by the booksellers in a periodic publication, and lastly in a Universal History, a considerable portion of the ancient part of which was committed to his care.

By degrees he became quiet, untalked of, and comparatively respectable, and he privately confessed his imposture. He could never be prevailed on to disclose his real name and country (supposed to be the south of France); he was afraid, he said, of disgracing his family; but the imposition he confessed thoroughly, adding to his confession all the marks of remorse. His repentance was sincere, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, who used to say that the sorrows of Psalmanazar, in speaking of his deception, were heartfelt, strong, and energetic, like those of Peter after the denial of his Saviour, when he went out and wept bitterly. It was no common grief, arising from blasted hopes, but a real hatred of himself for the crime he had committed, and a dread of that punishment which he thought he deserved. His frame on these occasions was shaken and convulsed, his face drowned in tears, and his utterance choked with sobs: a spectacle which no feeling man could behold without emotion, or consider as produced by any thing short of real anguish.

[Upon the whole Psalmanazar appears to have been a clever, weak, and not bad-hearted man, whose vanity supported him in his falsehood till he got tired of it, and who then took extreme pity on himself, and so was drowned in tears. The best point about him, and which shows his nature to have been good in the main, was his being able to sit down quietly and earn an honest living.]

XX.—ADVENTURE OF EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI.

[This account, which was first published, if we remember, by Mrs. Graham, in her 'Six Months Residence near Rome,' has been repeated by Mr. M'Farlane in the 'History of Banditti;' but we are not aware that it has hitherto appeared in any publication which gives it so cheap an introduction to thousands as one like our own. The undoubted authenticity of the terrors so naturally painted by

the poor apothecary, produces the last degree of interest by uniting certainty with surprise, and a domestic familiarity with the remoteness of wild stories. The narrative is given in a letter from the person principally concerned.]

"Castel Madama, August 30, 1819.

"I SEND you the detailed account you requested of the misfortune which befel me on the 17th current. Early on the morning of that day the factor (bailiff or farm-agent) of the Cavaliere Settimio Biachi, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance as a surgeon being necessary both to Signor Gregorio Celestini, and to the nun-sister Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback, accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli. I passed through all the parish of San Gregorio and that of Tivoli, as far as the second arch of the antique aqueducts which cross the road two miles from that town, to a spot commonly called the narrows of Tivoli, without accident. And here I must observe, that it is impossible for the road, from its natural position, to be better adapted for banditti, or more terrible to travellers. After passing the bridge *Degli Archi*, on the way to Tivoli, it is bounded on the left by a steep hill, covered with thick underwood, which reaches to the very edge of the road; the other side is a continued precipice of great height, and quite perpendicular to the plain, through which the Anio runs below. The breadth of this road is very little more than sufficient for a carriage, so that it is not possible to perceive the danger which may easily be concealed in the thicket above, nor to fly from it on either side when it bursts out upon one, and therefore one must inevitably become the victim of lawless violence.

"I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men rushed from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way, and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them, not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

"The first question they asked me was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama; meaning, I fancy, the vice-prince, who had passed a little before. To this I answered that I was not the prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them I spoke truth I showed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments, but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met at short distances four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey.

"In the meadow by the last aqueduct the horses which I and Bartolomeo had ridden were turned loose, and after passing the ravine called *del Val-catore*, we began to pass the steepest part of the mountain with such speed, that, together with the alarm I felt, made me pant so violently that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. The factor, Marasca, then talked a good deal to the brigands, shewed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed my mind that I was betrayed by him.

"The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet case by me, said that he had reflected upon my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli, to attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought me pen, ink, and paper, and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that thirteen assassins and the fear of death could inspire me. While I was writing, he sent two of his men to take a man who was ploughing a little lower down. He belonged to San Gregorio; but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they were come, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini, and in order to enforce it I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted, as a token. This countryman, who was as civil as he was wary, prudent, and fit for the business, accepted the commission which I gave him, and after having afforded me some encouragement, without however offending the brigands, he gave me some bread which he had with him, and set off for Tivoli, the chief desiring him to take one of the horses we had left below, that he might make more speed. The ploughman from San Gregorio was sent with him, but not quite to Tivoli, and only to await at a given spot the return of the peasant of Castel Madama.

"We were remaining in the same state of expectation of the return of the messenger, when in about three hours time we saw in the distance a man on horseback coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Tivoli. He abused one of his companions, who had broken his spy-glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length having made the best observations he could, he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoner to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march, finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but, as he

still delayed, the chief came to me, and said, perhaps it might happen to me as it did to a certain inhabitant of Veletri, who had been taken by this very party, that entered his house in disguise and carried him off to the woods: and because his ransom was long in coming they killed him, and when the money came the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a forerunner of my own speedy death.

"However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone I saw the factor Marasca walking carelessly about among the brigands, looking at their arms, and making angry gestures, but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me: it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head, just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him; so he rose and cried, 'I have a wife and children: for God's sake spare my life;' and thus saying he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him, a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger, still stained with blood, into his sheath; then turning to me, he announced the death of the factor in these very words:—'Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; such as you are not sbirri; then he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur, and if the force had come up he might have been dangerous.' And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid lest troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, 'How shall we dispose of our prisoners? we must either kill them or send them home;' but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me. I, remembering that I had a little money about me, which might amount altogether to thirty pauls (three crowns), gave them frankly to him, to gain his good will. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy.

"After this it came on to rain heavily; it was already twenty-one o'clock (about four in the afternoon, English time), and I was wet to the skin. Before the rain was quite over we heard some voices from the top of the hill above us, on the left hand; then a strict silence was kept, that we might discover if they were the voices of the messengers from Tivoli, or some party of the troops, of whom they seemed much afraid. I endeavoured to convince them that it was probably the messenger. They then called out, 'Come down!' But no one came, nor did we ever find out who it was, so we remained where we were.

"After another short interval we heard another voice also from above on the left, and then we said, 'Surely this must be the messenger.' But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them, and thus prepared to stand on the defensive, they cried out, 'Come forward!' In a few moments the men appeared among the trees, one of them the peasant of Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini, at Tivoli; the other the ploughman of San Gregorio, his companion.

"As they were recognised, they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered, 'It would be a fine thing indeed if I, who am almost dead with fatigue, after climbing these mountains with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money: it was all that could be got together in the town.' Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters. Being answered that there were two, he gave them me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns he counted them, and finding them exact said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble. His companion also received a small present.

"The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get anything, released them all from this spot. I, therefore, and the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoners, and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief said that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama, and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me, and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw, who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of the mountain, where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before: and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times, but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

"The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of San Sieria about midnight: there we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief in a feigned voice answered 'Yes,' and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down from the ass. It

appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said, that if he were near enough he would have stuck his knife into him. Piqued that the shepherd was afraid of them, he said, 'Did one ever hear of a shepherd being afraid of the brigands?' When the man at length came down they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage, said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken, and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheepskin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a threshing floor. This was the only time I saw them drink anything but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, lest it should be drugged, and that they always made whoever brought it drink a good deal of it, and if in two hours no bad symptom appeared they used the wine.

"After this we went to the sheepfold, which we reached about the fifth hour, and where we found a quantity of boiled meat, which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio, and determined to make me write another letter; and accordingly brought me all that was requisite for writing, and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama that if they did not send eight hundred crowns the following day, they would put me to death; or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the abovenamed sum. I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also by word of mouth, if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire that they might be sent to Tivoli and sold for whatever they might fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with my effects to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but the man, with his usual coolness, said it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during night: on which the chief told him he might remain in the sheep-cote all night, and set out at daylight. 'But take notice,' said he, 'if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit.' The peasant tried to persuade them that perhaps it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief said that they had no time to waste, and that if he did not return next day by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini.

"After they had given their orders, they left the countryman at the sheepfold to wait for daylight before he set out for Castel Madama, which was about three miles from it. The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine tall timber trees,

where the road was comparatively smooth, except where a fallen tree here and there lay across it. At this time I was overcome by fear in consequence of the new threats I had heard to kill me next day if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth hour, for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected at Castel Madama; I therefore recommended myself to God, and begged him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and taking me by the arm he assisted me to walk, and said, 'Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that to-morrow you shall go home free, however small the sum he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself.' At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurance of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from heaven; and without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness.

"When we again reached the thicket and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep, and I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great coat, and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two sentinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the sentinels came, and gave notice of day-break. 'Come again then when it is lighter,' said the chief, and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious, but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl foreboded evil; and in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect upon me. I started, and said, 'What bird was that?' They answered, 'A hawk.' 'Thank God!' I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings I cannot forget the stings and torments of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but after the death of poor Marasca I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose and walked on for about an hour, when we came to a little open space in the midst of the thicket, where the brigands began to eat their cold meat, inviting me to join them; but I only took a little new cheese, without bread. After they had breakfasted they lay down to sleep, the second chief giving me his great coat to wrap myself in, as the ground was damp. While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour they all arose, and filed off one by one guard to a higher place, leaving a single sentinel to me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution; but he very soon said to me, 'Be cheerful, for to-night you will be at home,' which gave me some comfort: but as I could not entirely trust them, I had

still an internal fear, which, however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards we were called to join the rest, our station being now on the mountain commonly called Monte Picione, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Mentorella. There we remained the rest of the day, only going out of the way once on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen; but we soon returned.

"Then the second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the president of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in putting them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks without having any fixed home; that if by any misfortune seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss, for criminals who would be glad to take refuge among them were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying, that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon, without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses without fear of treachery, but otherwise they would not trust to nor treat with any one; and added that this was the reason for which they had not concluded any thing with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows.

"One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, Marincia Carcapola di Pistero, now in the prison of St. Michael in Rome. Another said to me, 'Have patience, Signor Cherubini, we made a blunder when we took you: we intended to have had the prince, who according to our information should have passed by at that very time.' In fact, he was to have travelled that road, and just before I passed, not the prince, but the person commonly called so, the vice-prince or agent, Signor Filippo Gazoni, had gone by; but fortunately for him they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found that they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna della Carmine* round his neck, and said to me, 'Suffer patiently for the love of God.' Then the chief came to me, and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and showed it me: I found that he had broken the glass and the minute hand. He said if I had any money he would sell it me; but I gave it him back, saying nothing but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief,

* The Virgin Mary.

taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to return to the sheepfold which we had left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; and if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours; and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and after an hour and a half he came back with the countryman and another shepherd who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns; they also brought a few shirts of homespun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat and a little wine to recruit me; but I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine, the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare.

"On the way homewards the two men of Castel Madama informed me that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent the day before with the first letter to Castel Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day at the hour and to the place appointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns sent from Castel Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen, who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished half by Castel Madama and half by Tivoli.

"I went on towards Castel Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town I found a number of people of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night in the midst of such public congratulations and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle. I had hardly arrived, when the arch-priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung to call the people to the parish church. On the first sound all the people flocked thither with me to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God, and to our protector Saint Michael the archangel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church to offer up supplications to the Lord to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to show.

"I cannot conclude without saying that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father; for at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and to sell their goods in so short a time

and with such profusion for my sake. The same epocha will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signors Cartoni and Celestini, both Romans, who with such openness of heart exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes; and I am always

"Your affectionate friend,
"EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI."

XXI.—HENRIETTA OF BOURBON;

OTHERWISE STYLED MADEMOISELLE DE MONT-
PENSIER.

[We take the account of this lady and her unusual marriage from Miss Hays's 'Female Biography,' a work of considerable judgment and impartiality, not unworthy the attention of the most accomplished of the writer's sex. The reader will be amused at the close of the narrative with the portrait which the princess has drawn of herself. There are many such portraits in French memoirs, and many too almost as remarkable for their candour as for the subtle contrivances which self-love naturally resorts to, for the purpose of making amends for its confessions.]

MADEMOISELLE DE MONTPENSIER, daughter of Gaston, Duke of Orleans (brother to Lewis XIII.), and of Marie de Bourbon Montpensier, was born in Paris, 1627. Her parents leaving France during her childhood, she was committed to the charge of her grandmother, the queen-regent, who appointed as her governess Madame de St. George, a woman of distinguished learning. To a taste for literature Mademoiselle added a singular passion for military exercises. During the civil dissensions in France, in the disputes of the Fronde, the town of Orleans, belonging to the duke her father, was on the point of submitting to the party of the king. Mademoiselle on this intelligence immediately quitted Paris, and marching in person at the head of a small number of troops, forced the inhabitants to open their gates and join the parliament, whose cause her father had espoused. Mademoiselle had probably been provoked to oppose the court in resentment for a recent mortification: suspected of a secret matrimonial negotiation with the archduke, she had been publicly reprimanded by her grandmother in the council chamber, whence she retired full of indignation, and meditating vengeance for the affront she had received.

Having returned to Paris after her martial exploit, she passed thence to Etampes; where having reviewed the parliament troops and those of the Prince of Condé, she gave battle to Marshal Turenne, who commanded the royal army. In this engagement, perhaps too unequal, she suffered a defeat. Disconcerted by this blow, she negotiated for assistance with Spain; and advancing at the head of 6000 Spaniards, encamped close to *La Porte St. Antoine*, one of the gates of Paris, defended by the forces of the king. At the head of her troops Mademoiselle ascended the Bastille, and seizing the cannon placed on the ramparts, turned them against the enemy, whom having driven back, she entered the city in triumph.

Cardinal Mazarin, who knew the ambition of Mademoiselle to espouse a sovereign prince, said on this occasion in his bad French, "*Elle a tue son*

marie—she has killed her husband :” a prediction which he took care should be verified.

Our heroine was at length obliged to resign her laurels, and submit to a stronger power. Banished by the king to her estate at St. Fargeau, she passed some years in discontent, disgraced at court, and involved in a contention with her father respecting her mother's property, a part of which she had been entitled to on her coming of age. These differences being at length accommodated, she returned to court, and was well received. Disappointed in her hope of marrying the archduke, she rejected the kings of Portugal and of England, with several other princes, who solicited her alliance. At the age of forty-five she became attached to Mons. de Lauzun, captain of the King's Garde de Corps, whom she was desirous to espouse, and obtained the consent of Louis XIV. to the marriage. Mademoiselle and her lover received the compliments of all France on this occasion. The contract was drawn up, and magnificent preparations made for the nuptials, when the king, on the representations of the princes of the blood, who considered this alliance as humiliating, was induced to retract his consent, and to refuse his signature to the contract.

Mademoiselle was sensibly affected by the dissolution of the engagement and the failure of her hopes, while De Lauzun, who lost a princely fortune, loudly complained. It was the opinion of many that the lovers had concluded a secret marriage, when a short time after De Lauzun was precipitated from the favour of the king and thrown into prison, where he remained ten years. His liberty was then obtained through the intercession and sacrifices of Mademoiselle, who purchased his freedom by the surrender of a large part of her estates to the Duke du Maine, natural son of Louis XIV. and of Mad. de Montespan. Mons. de Lauzun ill repaid his benefactress for her constancy and generosity. He assumed on his liberation the authority of a husband, and treated the princess with tyranny and hauteur. The affection of Mademoiselle for this ungenerous man enabled her for some time to endure his imperious manners, till with the insolence and ingratitude of a vulgar mind he exceeded the limits of forbearance, and converted her attachment into disgust. Returning one day from the chace, “Henriette de Bourbon,” exclaimed he, angrily, “come and draw off my boots.” The unfortunate Henrietta remonstrating on the impropriety and cruelty of his conduct, he made an effort to strike her with his foot. This insult was not to be borne : Mademoiselle, resuming with the pride and spirit which belonged to her character the privileges of her birth and rank, insisted on his withdrawing from her presence, and forbade him to see her again.

Justified by her birth, her fortunes, her connexions, and her talents, in the most aspiring views, the life of Henrietta of Bourbon exhibited a series of vexations, disappointments, and mortifications. She died in 1693, leaving memoirs of her own life and times in six volumes, with other writings, principally on subjects of religion and morals, composed at an advanced period of life. Her portrait and character are drawn, in the fashion of the times, by her own pen, with apparent truth and modesty.

“I could wish,” said she, “that I had been more indebted to nature and less to art. I am sensible

that my defects are not few, and I purpose to speak of myself with a sincerity which, I trust, with my friends will in some degree palliate them. It would hurt me to be pitied, therefore I ask it not ; raillery would be more agreeable to me, of which envy is often the source, and which is seldom used but against persons of merit. Called upon by my friends to draw my own character, I will begin with my exterior. My shape is good and easy, my aspect open, my neck rather handsome ; good hands and arms, but not fine. My legs are straight, and my feet well made. My hair a fine ash colour, my face long, my nose large and aquiline ; my mouth neither large nor small, but well proportioned, with lips of a good colour. My teeth, though not fine, are far from bad. My eyes are light blue, clear, and sparkling. My air stately, but not haughty. I dress negligently, but not slovenly, which I abhor ; whether in dishabille or magnificently apparelled, I preserve the same air of consequence. Negligence of dress does not misbecome me ; and I may venture to say I disfigure the ornaments I put on less than they embellish me. I am civil and familiar, but not more so than is consistent with commanding respect. I talk a great deal without using a foolish, vulgar, or uncouth expression. By never speaking on any subject I do not well understand I avoid the error of great talkers, who, overrating their own abilities, are apt to despise those of others. I confess I love praise, and seek eagerly occasions to acquire it : on this subject, perhaps, I am the most vulnerable to raillery. There is nothing on which I pique myself so much as on constancy in friendship : when I am so fortunate as to find persons who merit my esteem, I am a real and steady friend. Nothing can equal my fidelity towards those I have professed to love : would to God I had found in others the same sentiment. From this disposition I bear impatiently the levity of my acquaintance. To repose confidence in me gains above all things upon my regard : I consider confidence as the highest mark of esteem, and I am secret to excess. I am a dangerous enemy ; I resent warmly, and do not easily pardon. This vindictive temper, joined to my influence and high station, has made my enemies tremble ; but I possess also a noble and an upright mind, incapable of base or criminal actions. I am of a melancholy turn of mind, and prefer solid and serious books to lighter compositions, which soon weary me. My judgment of the merit of an author is perhaps not less just than that of those who boast more learning. I love the conversation of men of sense, and can endure without lassitude those who are less entertaining, since my rank imposes on them some constraint. Though not always amused, I am seldom offended. I discern and esteem all persons of merit, of whatever profession, but I greatly prefer military men. On the subject of war I converse with pleasure, for with great personal courage I have much ambition. My resolutions are suddenly taken and firmly kept. I feel so much indifference for some things in the world, so much contempt for others, and entertain so good an opinion of myself, that I would choose rather to pass the remainder of my life in solitude than impose the least constraint on my humour, however advantageous it might be to my fortune. I love best to be alone. I have no great complaisance, though I expect a great deal. I love to provoke and irritate, though sometimes I can oblige.

I am not fond of diversions, neither do I trouble myself to procure them for others. Of all instruments of music I prefer the violin. I did love dancing and danced well. I hate cards, love games of exercise, am a proficient in all kinds of needlework, and am fond of riding on horseback. I am more sensible to grief than to joy, possibly from having had more acquaintance with the former: but it is difficult to distinguish with which I am affected, for, though no comedian, I am too much mistress of my looks and actions to discover to those about me more than I choose they should know. I am at all times self-possessed: the vexations and chagrin which I have suffered would have killed any other than myself, but God has been merciful and good in endowing me with sufficient strength to sustain the misery which he has allotted to me; nothing fatigues, defects, or discourages me. Though I sincerely wish to be so, I am not devout: though indifferent to the world, I do not, I fear, sufficiently despise it wholly to detach myself from it, since I have not enrolled myself among the number of those who, by quitting it, prove their contempt. Self-love is not requisite to become devout. I am naturally distrustful and suspicious. I love order even in the minutest article. I know not whether I am liberal, but I know well that I love magnificence and pomp, and give generously to men of merit and to those whom I regard; but as on these occasions I am guided by my fancy, I know not whether the term liberal would be properly applied to me: however, I feel a pleasure in doing every thing of this kind in the handsomest manner. I have no inclination for gallantry, nor do I possess any great tenderness of soul: I am less sensible to love than to friendship. I like to know what passes in the world without the trouble of mixing with it. I have a great memory, and form a tolerably good judgment of most things. No one will, I hope, be so rash as to attribute to a defect of judgment the misfortunes I have suffered: were fortune guided by judgment or justice, she would certainly have treated me better."

[This lady's confessions, though not free from contradiction, have an air of ingenuousness. Her love of "pomp and magnificence" was probably her real character; her indifference and contempt for the world the offspring of disappointment.]

XXII.—HISTORY OF THE LATE MR. COMBE.

[Though a moment's reflection tells us that 'Romances of Real Life' must be daily occurring round about us, yet we are hardly the less surprised to find them true, especially in those ranks of life where we are accustomed to expect the reasonableness and regularity that seem the natural consequences of an educated understanding. We are even, perhaps for the latter reason, more astonished at eccentric departures from conventional life, and changes from gentility to vagabondism, than at the more tragical results of bad and violent passions, the wilfulness of which defies speculation, or throws us into general reflections on the mysteries of one's common nature; whereas there seems no reason at first sight why a man, bred up in the comfort and convenience of refined intercourse, should think it worth his while to depart from it, and play the part of a madman on so poor

and unaccommodating a scale. A reason, however, there is: it is to be found, if it be not actual madness, in an over-lively state of the blood, acting upon a strong egotism and a vivid though weak imagination—one that has a quick sense of the novelty and sufficiency of the moment, at the expense of all the future moments of life. Persons of this temperament and turn of mind, unless they stop short while young, never end in anything superior to cleverness; and it manifests an unusual portion of natural goodness in them, if they ever show themselves capable of the industry and regular conduct of Mr. Combe, even in old age.

The present curious account of this gentleman, which could not have been better written, is given by Mr. Campbell in one of the notes to his life of Mrs. Siddons. The narrative runs well to the last, and the surprise at the close of it is truly dramatic.]

MR. COMBE'S history (says Mr. Campbell) is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days than for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an alderman of the city of London; and as he was sent first to Eton College, and afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Northington; but his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and, it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the Coterie, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors: among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. One evening, Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colours, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the Coterie, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer for several minutes with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. "I have been thinking," said Lord Lyttleton, "what I can compare you to in your gaudy colouring, and you give me no idea but that of a drunken peacock." The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw the contents of a glass of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment; but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female till Mr. Combe came forward, and by his resolute behaviour obliged the offender to withdraw. His spirited conduct on this occasion gained him much credit among the circles of fashion; but his grace's diminishing finances are long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and at another time, in a similar exigency, he went into the French service.

From a more cogent motive than plety he afterwards entered into a French monastery, and lived there till the term of his noviciate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with any of his old acquaintance. A wealthy divine, who had known him in the best London society, recognised him when a waiter at Swansea actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and staring at him exclaimed, "You cannot be Combe?" "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire entitled 'The Diaboliad.' Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was not a gentleman.

After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduity of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lytton, entitled 'Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' and 'Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman,' that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving, and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued for about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. "If I compounded with my creditors," said Mr. Combe, "I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters."

When he was near the age of seventy, he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of drawings representing an old clergyman and schoolmaster, who felt, or fancied himself in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in search of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of 'The Adventures of Dr. Syntax,' induced

Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successful publications, 'The Dance of Life,' and 'The Dance of Death,' in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs.

It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works, that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddon's reading-master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was limping painfully along the high-street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. "Heavens!" said the astonished histrion; "is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?" "Fiddlesticks!" answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, "a philosopher can bear anything." The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman passing through the public-house had observed him reading, and looking over his shoulder, saw with surprise a copy of Horace. "What!" said he, "my friend, can you read that book in the original?" "If I cannot," replied Combe, "a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education." His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potations, and clubbed their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and after concluding the enumeration, he said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am." While expectation was all agog, he added, "*I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.*" He then bowed, and left the stage.

XXIII.—A GAMESTER, WITH A WIFE TOO GOOD FOR HIM.

[This rare, because pleasing passage, in the domestic history of a gamester (we do not mean the having a wife too good for him—which must be the case with all gamesters whose wives are good for any thing—but the agreeable surprise which she had prepared for him against his downfall) is related by Goldsmith in his life of Beau Nash. It looks like a page out of one of Fielding's novels. We have only to imagine Booth grown less civil, and Amelia remaining what she was, and the incident would have perfectly suited her.]

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He

knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart: he began by degrees to bet at the table for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably: it was determined therefore to let him pursue fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony, upon this occasion, was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it? The company were silent: he then demanded fifty; still no answer: he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty: finding the company still without answering, he cried out, "By G—d it shall never go for less!" and dashed it against the floor; at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. "But, my dear Jemmy," says his wife, "perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you." This account seemed only to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried, "There you lie, my dear; his estate is not settled upon me." "I beg your pardon," said she, "I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so." "No," returned he, "as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table." "What all?" replied the lady. "Yes, every farthing," returned he; "and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay." Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, "No, my dear,"

cried she, "you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing: your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future." Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

XXIV.—STORY OF MADEMOISELLE DE TOURNON,

RELATED BY MARGARET, QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

[This story, which, if we are not mistaken, has been worked up into a novel by Madame de Genlis, is taken from a translation of the autobiographical memoirs of the celebrated Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, who seems to have been beloved by everybody but her husband, Henry IV., who divorced her. Her majesty, who was sister of Kings Charles IX. and Henry III., and much used by them for court purposes, on account of her wit and persuasiveness, is relating a journey which she had been advised to make into the Netherlands, in company with the Princess de la Roche sur Yon; and we have retained in our extract the circumstances immediately preceding and following the young lady's story, as a sort of frame and contrast to the picture, and a specimen of those gay court enjoyments which encircled whatever happened in those times, however tragical.]

THE Bishop of Liege, who is the sovereign of the city and country (says the royal autobiographer), received me with all the cordiality and respect that could be expected from a person of his dignity and great accomplishments. He was, indeed, a nobleman endowed with singular prudence and virtue, agreeable in his person and conversation, gracious and magnificent in his carriage and behaviour; to which I may add that he spoke the French language perfectly well.

He was constantly attended by his chapter, with several of his canons, who are all sons of dukes, counts, or great German lords. The bishopric is itself a sovereign state, which brings in a considerable revenue, and includes a number of fine cities. The bishop is chosen from amongst the canons, who must be of noble descent, and resident one year. The city is larger than Lyons, and much resembles it, having the Meuse running through it. The houses in which the canons reside have the appearance of noble palaces. The streets of the city are regular and spacious, the houses of the citizens well built, the squares large and ornamented with curious fountains: the churches appear as if raised entirely of marble, of which there are considerable quarries in the neighbourhood, and are all of them ornamented with beautiful clocks and exhibitions of moving figures.

The bishop received me as I landed from the boat, and conducted me to his magnificent residence, ornamented with delicious fountains and gardens, set off with galleries all painted superbly, gilt, and enriched with marble beyond description.

The spring which affords the waters of Spa being distant no more than three or four leagues from the city of Liege, and there being only a village, consisting of three or four small houses on the spot, the Princess of Roche sur Yon was advised by her physicians to stay at Liege, and have the waters brought to her, which they assured her would have equal efficacy, if taken up after sunset and before sunrise, as if drank at the spring. I was well pleased that she resolved to follow the advice of her doctors, as we were more comfortably lodged, and had an agreeable society; for besides *his grace* (so the bishop is styled, as a king is addressed *his majesty*, and a prince *his highness*), the news of my arrival being spread about, many lords and ladies came to visit me. Amongst these was the Countess d'Aremberg, who had the honour to accompany Queen Elizabeth to Mezières, to which place she came to marry King Charles, my brother, a lady very high in the estimation of the empress, the emperor, and all the princes in Christendom. With her came her sister the Landgravine, Madame d'Aremberg her daughter, Mons. d'Aremberg her son, a gallant and accomplished nobleman, the perfect image of his father, who brought Spanish succours to King Charles, my brother, and returned with great honour and additional reputation. This meeting, so honourable to me, and so much to my satisfaction, was damped by the grief and concern occasioned by the loss of Mademoiselle de Tournon, whose story being of a singular nature, I shall now relate to you, agreeable to the promise I made in my last letter.

Madame de Tournon, lady of my bedchamber, had several daughters, the eldest of whom married Mons. de Balenson, governor for the king of Spain in the county of Burgundy. This daughter, upon her marriage, had solicited her mother to admit of her taking her sister, the young lady whose story I am now about to relate, to live with her, as she was going to a country strange to her, and wherein she had no relations. To this her mother consented; and the young lady being universally admired for her modesty and graceful accomplishments, for which she certainly deserved admiration, attracted the notice of the Marquis de Varenbon. The marquis was the brother of M. de Balenson, and was intended for the church; but, being violently enamoured of Mademoiselle de Tournon (whom, as he lived in the same house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing), he now begged his brother's permission to marry, not having yet taken orders. The young lady's family, to whom he had likewise communicated his wish, readily gave their consent; but his brother refused his, strongly advising him to change his resolution, and put on the gown.

Thus were matters situated when her mother, Madame de Tournon, thinking she had cause to be offended, ordered her daughter to leave the house of her sister, Madame de Balenson, and come to her. The mother, a woman of violent spirit, not considering that her daughter was grown up and merited a mild treatment, was continually scolding the poor young lady, so that she was for ever with tears in her eyes. Still there was nothing to blame in the young lady's conduct; but such was the severity of the mother's disposition, the daughter, as you may well suppose, wished to be from under the mother's tyrannical government, and was accordingly delighted with the thoughts of attending

me in the journey to Flanders, hoping, as it happened, that she should meet the Marquis de Varenbon somewhere on the road; and that, as he had now abandoned all thoughts of the church, he would renew his proposal of marriage, and take her from her mother.

I have before mentioned that the Marquis de Varenbon and the younger Balenson joined us at Namur. Young Balenson, who was far from being so agreeable as his brother, addressed himself to the young lady, but the marquis during the whole time we stayed at Namur paid not the least attention to her, and seemed as if he had never been acquainted with her.

The resentment, grief, and disappointment occasioned by a behaviour so slighting and unnatural was necessarily stifled in her breast, as decorum, and her sex's pride obliged her to appear as if she disregarded it; but when, after taking leave, all of them left the boat, the anguish of her mind which she had hitherto suppressed could no longer be restrained, and labouring for vent it stopped her respiration, and forced from her those lamentable outcries which I have already spoken of. Her youth combated for eight days with this uncommon disorder, but at the expiration of that time she died, to the great grief of her mother as well as myself; I say of her mother, for though she was so rigidly severe over her daughter, she tenderly loved her.

The funeral of this unfortunate young lady was solemnized with all proper ceremonies, and conducted in the most honourable manner, as she was descended from a great family allied to the queen my mother. When the day of interment arrived, four of my gentlemen were appointed bearers, one of whom was named La Boessiere. This man had entertained a secret passion for her, which he never durst declare, on account of the inferiority of his family and station. He was now destined to bear the remains of *her* dead for whom he had long been dying, and was now as near dying for her loss as he had before been for her love.

The melancholy procession was marching slowly along when it was met by the Marquis de Varenbon, who had been the sole occasion of it. We had not left Namur long when the marquis reflected upon his cruel behaviour towards the unhappy young lady; and his passion (wonderful to relate!) being revived by the absence of her who inspired it, though scarcely alive while she was present, he had resolved to come and ask her of her mother in marriage. He made no doubt perhaps of success, as he seldom failed in enterprises of love—witness the great lady he has since obtained for a wife, in opposition to the will of her family. He might besides have flattered himself that he should easily have gained a pardon from her by whom he was beloved, according to the Italian proverb, *Che la forza d'amore non riguarda al delitto*—"Lovers are not criminal in the estimation of one another." Accordingly, the marquis solicited Don John to be despatched to me on some errand, and arrived, as I said before, at the very instant the corpse of this ill-fated young lady was bearing to the grave. He was stopped by the crowd occasioned by this solemn procession: he contemplates it for some time: he observes a long train of persons in mourning, and remarks the coffin to be covered with a white pall, and that there are chaplets of flowers laid upon the coffin:

he inquires whose funeral it is. The answer he receives is, that it is the funeral of a young lady. Unfortunately for him, this reply fails to satisfy his curiosity. He makes up to one who led the procession, and eagerly asks the name of the young lady they are proceeding to bury? When oh! fatal answer! Love, willing to revenge the victim of his ingratitude and neglect, suggests a reply which had nearly deprived him of life. He no sooner heard the name of Mademoiselle de Tournon pronounced, than he fell from his horse in a swoon. He is taken up for dead and conveyed to the nearest house, where he lay for a time insensible; his soul, no doubt, leaving his body to obtain pardon from her whom he had hastened to a premature grave, and then to return to taste the bitterness of death a second time.

Having performed the last offices to the remains of this poor young lady, I was unwilling to discompose the gaiety of the society assembled here on my account, by any show of grief. Accordingly, I joined the bishop, or, as he is called, his grace, and his canons, in their entertainments at different houses, or in gardens, of which the city and its neighbourhood afforded a variety. I was every morning attended by a numerous company to the garden, in which I drank the waters, the exercise of walking being recommended to be used with them. As the physician who advised me to take them was my own brother, they did not fail of their effect with me; and for these six or seven years which are gone over my head since I drank them, I have been free from any complaint of erysipelas on my arm. From this garden we usually proceeded to the place where we were invited to dinner; after dinner we were amused with a ball; from the ball we went to some convent, where we heard vespers; from vespers to supper; and that over, we had another ball, or music on the river.

XXV.—A SERIOUS JOKE SERIOUSLY RETURNED.

[From the 'Familiar Letters of James Howell, Esq.,' the first popular writer of that kind in the language. He was the son of a clergyman in Caermarthenshire, was born about 1596, and was in employment under Charles I. and II.]

WHEN the Duke of Alva was in Brussels, about the beginning of the tumults in the Netherlands, he had sat down before Hulst in Flanders; and there was a provost-marshal in his army who was a favourite of his; and this provost had put some to death by secret commission from the duke. There was one Captain Bolea in the army, who was an intimate friend of the provost's; and one evening late he went to the captain's tent, and brought with him a confessor and an executioner, as it was his custom. He told the captain he was come to execute his excellency's commission and martial law upon him. The captain started up suddenly, his hair standing upright, and being struck with amazement, asked him, "Wherein have I offended the duke?" The provost answered, "Sir, I am not to expostulate the business with you, but to execute my commission; therefore I pray prepare yourself, for there are your ghostly father and executioner." So he fell on his knees before the priest, and having done,

and the hangman going to put the halter about his neck the provost threw it away, and breaking into a laughter, told him "There was no such thing, and that he had done this to try his courage, how he would bear the terror of death." The captain, looking ghastly at him, said, "Then, sir, get you out of my tent, for you have done me a very ill office." The next morning the said captain Bolea, though a young man about thirty, had his hair all turned gray, to the admiration of all the world, and the Duke of Alva himself, who questioned him about it; but he would confess nothing. The next year the duke was recalled, and in his journey to the court of Spain he was to pass by Saragossa; and this captain Bolea and the provost went along with him, as his domestics. The duke being to repose some days at Saragossa, the young old captain Bolea told him, "That there was a thing in that town worthy to be seen by his excellency, which was a *casa de loco*, a bedlam-house, such an one as there was not the like in Christendom." "Well," said the duke, "go and tell the warden I will be there to-morrow in the afternoon." The captain having obtained this, went to the warden, and told him the duke's intention, and that the chief occasion that moved him to it was, that he had an unruly provost about him, who was subject oftentimes to fits of frenzy; and because he wished him well he had tried divers means to cure him, but all would not do, therefore he would try whether keeping him close in bedlam for some days would do him any good. The next day the duke came with a ruffling train of captains after him, amongst whom was the said provost very shining and fine: being entered into the house, about the duke's person, captain Bolea told the warden, pointing at the provost, "That's the man:" the warden took him aside into a dark lobby where he had placed some of his men, who muffled him in his cloak, seized upon his sword, and hurried him into a dungeon. The provost had lain there two nights and a day; and afterwards it happened that a gentleman, coming out of curiosity to see the house, peeped into a small grate where the provost was. The provost conjured him, as he was a christian, to go and tell the Duke of Alva his provost was there confined, nor could he imagine why. The gentleman did his errand; and the duke being astonished sent for the warden with his prisoner: the warden brought the provost in cuerpo, full of straws and feathers, madman-like, before the duke; who at the sight of him burst into laughter, and asked the warden why he had made him prisoner. "Sir," said the warden, "it was by virtue of your excellency's commission, brought me by Captain Bolea," who stepped forth and told the duke, "Sir, you have asked me oft how these hairs of mine grew so suddenly gray: I have not revealed it to any soul breathing; but now I'll tell your excellency;" and so related the passage in Flanders; and added, "I have been ever since beating my brains to know how to get an equal revenge of him, for making me old before my time." The duke was so pleased with the story, and the wittiness of the revenge, that he made them both friends; and the gentleman who told me this passage, said that the said Captain Bolea is now alive, and could not be less than ninety years of age.

XXVI.—A RECLUSE IN THE THICK OF LONDON.

[This simple and affecting account of a human being, so constituted as to be driven from society by a single shock to his feelings, is taken from the notes to the excellent edition of the 'Tatler' published in 1789. Mr. Welby's resolution probably originated in a variety of motives. He was shocked by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow-creatures, perhaps also something of a personal fear of them, and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook. We see that he lived in the most sparing manner, eating little else than gruel and salads. But great was the proportion of beauty mixed up with his character, and even of strength, though it retreated into this timid shape. He was a blighted human fruit, of the most noble and delicate order; and one wishes that instead of the old servant he could have had some affectionate companion, to live with and love him, and repay him for the large sympathies he retained with his species. But he had his consolation. He was a reader; and the same romantic turn of mind which put him into his solitude, as well as the temperance which enabled him to grow old in it, probably secured him a child-like delight in his books to the last.]

THE noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esq., was a native of Lincolnshire, and inherited a clear estate of more than 1000*l.* a year. He was regularly bred at the university, studied for some time at one of the inns of court, and in the course of his travels spent several years abroad. On his return, this very accomplished gentleman settled on his paternal estate, lived with great hospitality, matched to his liking, and had a beautiful and virtuous daughter, who was wedded with his entire approbation to a Sir Christopher Hilliard, in Yorkshire. He had now lived to the age of forty, respected by the rich, prayed for by the poor, honoured and beloved by all, when one day a younger brother with whom he had some difference in opinion, meeting him in the field, snapped a pistol at him, which happily flashed in the pan. Thinking that this was done only to fright him, he coolly disarmed the ruffian, and putting the weapon carelessly into his pocket thoughtfully returned home; but on after examination, the discovery of bullets in the pistol had such an effect upon his mind that he instantly conceived an extraordinary resolution of retiring entirely from the world, in which he persisted inflexibly till the end of his life. He took a very fair house in the lower end of Grub-street, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid, he retired into his lodging room; and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear. Out of these chambers, from the time of his first entry into them, he never issued till he was carried thence forty-four years after, on men's shoulders; neither in all that time did his son-in-law, daughter, or grandchild, brother, sister, or kinsman, young or old, rich or poor, of what degree or condition

soever, look upon his face, save the ancient maid, whose name was Elizabeth. She only made his fire, prepared his bed, provided his diet, and dressed his chambers. She saw him but seldom, never but in cases of extraordinary necessity, and died not above six days before him. In all the time of his retirement he never tasted fish or flesh; his chief food was oatmeal gruel; now and then, in summer, he had a salad of some choice cool herbs; and for dainties, when he would feast himself upon a high day, he would eat the yolk of a hen's egg, but no part of the white: what bread he did eat he cut out of the middle of the loaf, but the crust he never tasted; his constant drink was four-shilling beer, and no other, for he never tasted wine or strong water. Now and then, when his stomach served, he did eat some kind of suckets; and now and then drank red cow's milk, which his maid Elizabeth fetched him out of the fields hot from the cow. Nevertheless, he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. Every book that was printed was bought for him, and conveyed to him; but such as related to controversy he always laid aside and never read. In Christmas holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves which reached to his elbows, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; when, giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away, and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon these days, without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever. When any clamoured impudently at his gate, they were not, therefore, immediately relieved; but when, from his private chamber, which had a prospect into the street, he spied any sick, weak, or lame, he would presently send after them to comfort, cherish, and strengthen them, and not a trifle to serve them for the present, but so much as would relieve them many days after. He would moreover inquire what neighbours were industrious in their callings, and who had great charge of children, and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families; to such he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities. He died at his house in Grub-street, after an anchoretical confinement of forty-four years, October 29, 1636, aged eighty-four. At his death, his hair and beard were so overgrown, that he appeared rather like a hermit of the wilderness than the inhabitant of one of the first cities of the world.

XXVII., XXVIII., XXIX.—THREE STORIES OF HUMAN VIRTUE.

[We have put these interesting narratives together, because they are short, and because they strike the same harmonious note—consideration for others. The second and third in particular (and we have attended to the rights of climax, and put the noblest last) are among the best instances

of virtue, properly so called; that is to say, of moral force—strength of purpose beneficently exercised. We make no apology for the homeliness of the scene in which the heroine makes her appearance: rather ought we to apologise to her memory for thinking of apology; but sophistications are sometimes forced upon the mind of a journalist. Virtue can no more be sullied than the sunbeams, let her descend where she may; and as the divine poet says, in one of his variations upon a favourite sentiment,

"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands."

The stories are taken from the work to which we have been so often indebted, and which has long been out of print, 'The Lounger's commonplace Book.']

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED.

SIR AUSTIN NICHOLAS was a judge under the protectorate of Cromwell, concerning whom the following circumstances are related.—Having, while a boy at school, committed an offence for which as soon as it was known flogging would be the inevitable punishment, his agitation, from a strong sense of shame or a peculiar delicacy of constitution, was so violent, that his schoolfellow Wake, an intimate associate, and father of the archbishop, remarked it with concern. Possessing stronger nerves and sensibility less exquisite, he told him that the discipline of the rod was a mere trifle, and insisted on taking on himself the fault, for which, after a mutual struggle of friendship and generosity, he suffered a severe whipping.

A fortuitous chain of events, which often disperses school intimates and college chums into opposite quarters of the globe, guided Nicholas through politics and law to a seat in the Court of Common Pleas, and confirmed him a friend to the powers that are. Wake, on the contrary, was a firm royalist and cavalier, whose zeal and activity rendering him highly obnoxious to his opponents, he was seized, tried for his life, and condemned at Salisbury by his old acquaintance, Nicholas; who, after a separation of six-and-twenty years, did not recollect Mr. Wake till he came to pass the fatal sentence, when the name catching his eye, a sudden conviction, strengthened by a few leading questions, flashed on his mind that the prisoner at the bar whom he had just sentenced to an ignominious death, was no other than the fond friend of his juvenile hours, those hours which, whatever be the colours of our fate we always contemplate with a sacred, a serious, and interesting pleasure. I need not describe the state of a mind in which civil discord had not wholly obliterated gratitude and sympathy: he beheld with the most poignant emotion the forlorn situation of that faithful firm associate of his youth, who had undergone for him disgrace and stripes; he saw on every side the hell-hounds of war, and the mastiffs of the law waiting with eager impatience to drag the man he once loved to untimely death: he hurried from the bench precipitately to conceal his feelings, and burst into tears.

But friendship, like other virtues, required the speedy and effectual proof of exertion, or it would have been counteracted by the din of arms or the malevolence of party fury. After much opposition from the roundheads, whom Mr. Wake's behaviour had exasperated, a respite was granted; and Ni-

colas, unwilling to risk a life he highly valued by the uncertainty of letters and the dilatory tardiness of messengers, hurried immediately to London. He rushed to the Protector, and would not quit him till, sorely against Oliver's will, he had obtained a pardon for his friend, against whom, from personal enmity or misrepresentation, Cromwell was peculiarly inveterate.

The fortunate royalist, from inattention, a magnanimous or an affected contempt of death, was a stranger to the name and person of his judge, and knew not the powerful interposition in his favour. Nicholas also had reserved the precious, the important secret in his own breast till certain of success, lest, by vainly exciting hope, he should only add new pains to misfortune. Returning without delay to Salisbury, he flew to the prison, gradually disclosed his name and office to Wake, and producing a pardon, the friends sunk into each other's arms—Nicholas overpowered by the bliss of conferring life and comfort on one for whom he had early experienced the most disinterested friendship; Wake unexpectedly snatched from death by discovering perhaps the first friend he ever loved, in a party whom he had always considered as usurpers of lawful authority, as the wolves and tigers of his country.

THE DUTCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

CORNELIUS VOLTEMAD, a Dutchman, and an inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, had an intrepid philanthropy which impelled him to risk, and (as it unfortunately proved) to lose his own life in consequence of heroic efforts to save the lives of others. This generous purpose in a great degree he effected in the year 1773, when a Dutch ship was driven on shore in a storm near Table Bay, not far from the South River fort. Returning from a ride, the state of the vessel and the cries of the crew strongly interested him in their behalf. Though unable to swim, he provided himself with a rope, and being mounted on a powerful horse remarkably muscular in its form, plunged with the noble animal into the sea, which rolled in waves sufficiently tremendous to daunt a man of common fortitude. This worthy man, with his spirited horse, approached the ship's side near enough to enable the sailors to lay hold of the end of a cord, which he threw out to them; by this method, and their grasping the horse's tail, he was happy enough, after returning several times, to convey fourteen persons on shore.

But in the warmth of his benevolence he appears not to have sufficiently attended to the prodigious and exhausting efforts of his horse, who, in combating with the boisterous billows and his accumulated burdens, was almost spent with fatigue and debilitated by the quantity of sea water, which in its present agitated state could not be prevented from rushing in great quantities down his throat. In swimming with a heavy load, the appearance of a horse is singular; his forehead and nostrils are the only parts to be seen: in this perilous state the least check in his mouth is generally considered as fatal, and it was supposed that some of the half-drowned sailors, in the ardour of self-preservation, pulled the bridle inadvertently; for the noble creature, far superior to the majority of bipeds who harass and torment his species, suddenly disappeared with his master, sunk, and rose no more.

This affecting circumstance induced the Dutch East India Company to erect a monument to Voltmad's memory. They likewise ordered that such descendants or relations as he left should be speedily provided for. Before this intelligence reached the Cape, his nephew, a corporal in the service, had solicited to succeed him in a little employment he held in the menagerie, but being refused, retired in chagrin to a distant settlement, where he died before news of the Directors' recommendations could reach him. While we lament Voltmad's fate, and the ungrateful treatment his relation experienced from the people at the Cape, a circumstance arises in our minds which tends to render this misfortune still more aggravating. In his bold and successful attempt to reach the ship, if this benevolent man, instead of embarrassing himself with a hazardous burden fatal to them all, had only brought the end of a long rope with him on shore, it might have been fixed to a cable, which with proper help might have been dragged on shore, and the whole ship's company saved without involving their benefactor and a noble animal in destruction.

HEROISM OF A MAID SERVANT.

CATHERINE VASSENT, the daughter of a French peasant, exhibited at the age of seventeen, and in the humble capacity of a menial, a proof of intrepid persevering sympathy which ranks her with the noblest of her sex.

A common sewer of considerable depth having been opened at Noyon for the purpose of repair, four men passing by late in the evening unfortunately fell in, no precautions having been taken to prevent so probable an accident. It was almost midnight before their situation was known; and besides the difficulty of procuring assistance at that unseasonable hour, every one present was intimidated from exposing himself to similar danger by attempting to rescue these unfortunate wretches, who appeared already in a state of suffocation from the mephitic vapour.

Fearless or ignorant of danger, and irresistibly impelled by the cries of their wives and children, who surrounded the spot, Catherine Vassent, a servant of the town, insisted on being lowered without delay into the noxious opening, and fastening a cord with which she had furnished herself previous to her descent round two of their bodies, assisted by those above, she restored them to life and their families: but, in descending a second time, her breath began to fail, and after effectually securing a cord to the body of a third man, she had sufficient presence of mind, although in a fainting condition, to fix the rope firmly to her own hair, which hung in long and luxuriant curls round a full but well-formed neck. Her neighbours, who felt no inclination to imitate her heroism, had willingly contributed such assistance as they could afford compatible with safety, and in pulling up as they thought the third man's body, were equally concerned and surprised to see the almost lifeless body of Catherine suspended by her hair, and swinging on the same cord. Fresh air, with *eau-de-vie*, soon restored this excellent girl; and I know not whether most to admire her generous fortitude in a third time exploring the pestilential cavern, which had almost proved fatal to her, or to execrate the dastardly meanness and selfish cowardice of the bystanders for not sharing

the glorious danger. In consequence of the delay produced by her indisposition, the fourth man was drawn up a lifeless and irrecoverable corpse.

Such conduct did not pass unnoticed: a procession of the corporation, and a solemn *Te Deum* were celebrated on the occasion; Catherine received the public thanks of the Duke of Orleans, the Bishop of Noyon, the town magistrates, and an emblematic medal, with considerable pecuniary contributions, and a civic crown: to these were added the congratulations of her own heart, that inestimable reward of a benevolent mind.

XXX.—A PERSEVERING IMPOSTOR.

[We had doubts whether the following story, from an old magazine, had "dignity" enough for our *Romances of Real Life*: but a falsehood, however shabby, persevered in through the very solemnities of a death-bed, and investing itself with imaginary glories as it sets, even of name and estate, acquires a sort of astounding importance, however mixed with the trivial and absurd. The poor wretch who thus strangely died had at least something of an imagination, and he could not bear to part with the flatteries of it, even in the shape of the greater simper whom he had deceived.]

A good likely sort of man, that had been many years footman to Mr. Wickham, a rich gentleman at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, came to London, and took lodging at a bakehouse over against Arundel-street, in the Strand. The baker being asked by his lodger what countryman he was, replied, "that he was of Banbury." The other, mighty glad to meet with his countryman, was wonderfully fond of the baker, adding, "that since he was of Banbury he must needs know Mr. Wickham, or have heard his name." The baker, who indeed was very well acquainted with that gentleman's family, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was very glad to hear news of it, but was perfectly overjoyed when he heard that the man he was talking with was Mr. Wickham himself. This produces great respect on the side of the baker, and new testimonies of friendship from the sham Wickham. The family must be called up that Mr. Wickham might see them, and they must drink a glass together to their friends at Banbury, and take a pipe. The baker did not in the least doubt his having got Mr. Wickham for his lodger, but yet he could not help wondering that he should see neither footman nor portman-teau. He therefore made bold to ask him "How a man of his estate came to be unattended?" The pretended Wickham, making a sign to him to speak softly, told him "That his servants were in a place where he could easily find them when he wanted them, but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a merchant of London who owed him a great sum of money, and was going to break; that he desired to be incognito, for fear he should miss his stroke, and so he begged he would never mention his name." The next day Mr. Wickham went abroad to take his measures with a comrade of his own stamp, about playing their parts in concert. It was concluded between them that this latter should go for Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privately from time to time to see his master, and attend upon him. That very night the servant

came, and Mr. Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, was in a great rage with him for letting him be without money, linen, or any other conveniences, by his negligence in not carrying his box to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of three days. This was said aloud while the baker was in the next room, on purpose that he might hear it. This poor deluded man hereupon runs immediately to his drawers, carries Mr. Wickham the best linen he had in the house, begs him to honour him so much as to wear it, and at the same time lays down fifty guineas upon his table that he might do him the favour to accept them also. Wickham at first refused them, but with much ado was prevailed upon. As soon as he had got this money, he made up a livery of the same colour as the true Mr. Wickham's, gave it to another pretended footman, and brought a box full of goods as coming from the Banbury waggon. The baker, more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, and consequently with one of the richest and noblest men in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of his profound respect and zealous affection. To be short, Wickham made a shift to get of him a hundred and fifty guineas besides the first fifty, for all which he gave him his note. Three weeks after the beginning of this adventure, as the rogue was at a tavern, he was seized with a violent headache, with a burning fever, and great pains in all parts of his body. As soon as he found himself ill he went home to his lodging to bed, where he was waited upon by one of his pretended footmen, and assisted in every thing by the good baker, who advanced whatever money was wanted, and passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and everybody else. Meanwhile Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day was given over. The baker, grieved to the heart at the melancholy condition of his noble friend, thought himself bound to tell him, though with much regret, what the doctors thought of him. Wickham received the news as calmly as if he had been the best christian in the world, and fully prepared for death: he desired a minister might be sent for, and received the communion the same day. Never was more resignation to the will of God; never more piety, more zeal, or more confidence in the merits of Christ. Next day the distemper and the danger increasing very much, the impostor told the baker that it was not enough to have taken care of his soul; he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and desired that he might make his will while he was yet sound in mind. A scrivener was therefore immediately sent for, and his will made and signed in all the forms before several witnesses. Wickham by this disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, race-horses of such and such colours, packs of hounds, ready money, &c., and a house with all appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; five hundred guineas to their eldest son; eight hundred guineas to the four daughters; two hundred to the parson that had comforted him in his sickness; two hundred to each of the doctors, and one hundred to the apothecary; fifty guineas and mourning to each of his footmen; fifty to embalm him; fifty for his coffin; two hundred to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of his interment; a hundred guineas for gloves,

hat-bands, scarfs, and gold rings; such a diamond to such a friend, and such an emerald to the other: nothing more noble, nothing more generous. This done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and his whole family with benedictions, and told him that immediately after his decease he had nothing to do but to go to the lawyer mentioned in his will, who was acquainted with all his affairs, and would give him full instructions how to proceed. Presently after this my gentleman falls into convulsions and dies. The baker at first thought of nothing but burying him with all the pomp imaginable, according to the will: he hung all the rooms in his house, the staircase, and the entry, with mourning; he gave orders for making the rings, clothes, coffin, &c.: he sent for the embalmer. In a word, he omitted nothing that was ordered by the deceased to be done. Wickham was not to be interred till the fourth day after his death, and everything was got ready by the second. The baker having got this hurry off his hands, had now time to look for the lawyer before he laid him in the ground. After having put the body into a rich coffin covered with velvet and plates of silver, and settled everything else, he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and to take possession of his new estate; he therefore went and communicated this whole affair to the lawyer. This gentleman was indeed acquainted with the true Mr. Wickham, had all his papers in his hands, and often received letters from him. He was strangely surprised to hear of the sickness and death of Mr. Wickham, from whom he had heard the very day before; and we may easily imagine the poor baker was much more surprised when he found that in all likelihood he was bit. It is not hard to conceive the discourse that passed between these two. To conclude, the baker was thoroughly convinced by several circumstances too tedious to relate here, that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health, and that the man he took for him was the greatest villain and most complete hypocrite that ever lived. Upon this he immediately turned the rogue's body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of what it cost him. All the tradesmen that had been employed towards the burial had compassion on the baker, and took their things again, though not without some loss to him. They dug a hole in a corner of St. Clement's churchyard, where they threw in his body with as little ceremony as possible. I was an eye-witness of most of the things which I have here related, and shall leave the reader to make his own reflections upon them. I have been assured from several hands that the baker has since had his loss pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest man had been so openhearted.

XXXI.—TRAGEDY IN THE FAMILY OF KYTE.

[If this frightful piece of domestic history had been brought upon the modern stage, the dramatist, in consequence of the hero's setting his house on fire, would probably have called it (not with thorough applicability, but that does not signify to a good play-bill) the "Sardanapalus of Private Life." It is impossible of course to pronounce complete

judgments on the parties concerned in this or any other tragedy: to judge all, it is necessary to know all. But the writer tells us that if Lady Kyte had begun with a little less anger, it is probable that no tragedy would have taken place. Loving-kindness does not always effect what it wishes; but it is the only sure card to play, whether to do away evil or to lessen it; and that man must be stupid or a monster, who would not adore above all other women the wife that, with a real love for his person, should have treated him kindly in a matter like this.]

SIR WILLIAM KYTE was a baronet of very considerable fortune and of ancient family, and on his return from his travels had so amiable a character, and was reckoned what the world calls so fine a gentleman, that he was thought a very desirable match for a worthy nobleman's daughter in the neighbourhood, of great beauty, merit, and a suitable fortune. Sir William and his lady lived very happily together for several years, and had four or five fine children, when he was unfortunately nominated at a contested election to represent the borough of Warwick, in which county the bulk of his estate lay, and where he at that time resided. After the election, as some sort of recompense to a zealous partisan of Sir William, Lady Kyte took an innkeeper's daughter for her own maid: she was a tall, genteel girl, with a fine complexion, and seemingly very modest and innocent. Molly Jones, for that was her name, attracted Sir William's attention; and after some time the servants began to entertain some suspicions that she was too highly in her master's favour: the housekeeper in particular soon perceived that there was too much foundation for their suspicions, and knowing that the butler had made overtures to Molly, she informed him of the circumstance, and his jealousy having rendered him vigilant he soon discovered the whole affair, and found that it had proceeded much farther than was at first apprehended. The housekeeper made use of the butler's name, as well as his intelligence to her lady; and this threw everything into confusion. Lady Kyte's passion soon got the better of her discretion; for if, instead of reproaching Sir William for his infidelity, she had dissembled her resentment till his first fondness for this new object had abated, she might probably have reclaimed her husband, who, notwithstanding this temporary defection, was known to have a sincere regard and esteem for his lady. The affair being now publicly known in the family, and all restraints of shame or fear of discovery being quite removed, things were soon carried to extremity between Sir William and his lady, and a separation became unavoidable. Sir William left lady Kyte with the two younger children, in possession of the mansion-house in Warwickshire; and retired himself, with his mistress and his two eldest sons, to a large farm-house on the side of the Cotswold hills. The situation was fine, plenty of wood and water, and commanded an extensive view of the vale of Evesham: this tempted him to build a handsome box there, with very extensive gardens, planted and laid out in the luxurious taste of the age; and not content with this, before the body of the house was quite finished, Sir William added two large side fronts, for no better reason than that his mistress happened to say, "What is a Kite without wings?" The expense of finishing this

place, which amounted at least to 10,000*l.*, was the first cause of Sir William encumbering his estate; and the difficulties in which he was involved making him uneasy, he, as is too often the case, had recourse to his bottle for relief. He kept what is called a hospitable table, and being seldom without company, this brought on a constant course of dissipation and want of economy, by which means his affairs in the course of a few years became almost desperate.

There was taken into the family about this time a fresh-coloured country girl, in the capacity of a dairy-maid, with no other beauty than what arises from the bloom of youth; and as people who once give way to their passions know no bounds, Sir William, in the decline of life, conceived an amorous regard for this girl, who was scarce twenty: this event produced still further confusion in the family. Mrs. Jones soon observed this growing passion in Sir William, and either from resentment, or the apprehension, or perhaps the real experience of ill usage, thought proper to retire to Cambden, a neighbouring market-town, where she was reduced to keep a little sewing-school for bread. Young Mr. Kyte, whether shocked at this unparalleled infatuation of his father, or, as was commonly said, finding himself exposed to the continual insults of his female favourite, sought an asylum and spent most of his time with a nobleman, a friend of his, in Warwickshire. Sir William, though he had now a prospect of being successful in this humble amour, and of indulging it without molestation, yet began at length to see the delusive nature of all vicious pursuits; and though he endeavoured to keep up his spirits, or rather to drown all thought by constant intoxication, in his sober intervals he became a victim to gloomy reflections: he had injured a valuable wife, which he could not now reflect upon without some remorse; he had wronged his innocent children, whom he could not think upon without the tenderest sentiments of compassion. His son, who had been a sort of companion to him for several years, had now left him through his ill usage, and as Mrs. Jones had for some time been useful to him, he was shocked at being deserted even by the woman for whose sake he had brought this distress upon his family; and he found himself almost alone in that magnificent but fatal mansion, the erecting and adorning of which had been the principal cause of ruining his fortune. Tormented by these contending passions, he had for a week raised himself by constant inebriation to a degree of phrensy, and behaved in so frantic a manner that even his new favourite could bear it no longer, and had eloped from him. On the day on which he executed his fatal resolution, he sent for his son and for his new mistress, with what intention can be only conjectured, but luckily neither of them obeyed the summons. Early in the evening, it being in the month of October, the butler had lighted two candles as usual and set them upon the marble table in the hall. Sir William came down and took them up himself, as he frequently did: after some time, however, one of the housemaids ran down stairs in a great fright, and said "The lobby was all in a cloud of smoke." The servants, and a tradesman that was in the house upon business, ran immediately up, and forcing open the door whence the smoke seemed to proceed they found that Sir William had set fire to a large heap of fine

linen, piled up in the middle of the room, which had been given by some old lady, a relation, as a legacy to his eldest son. While the attention of the servants was entirely taken up with extinguishing the flames in this room, Sir William had made his escape into an adjoining chamber, where was a cotton-bed, and which was wainscotted with deal, as most finished rooms then were: when they had broken open this door, the flames burst out upon them with such fury that they were all glad to make their escape out of the house, the principal part of which sumptuous pile was in a few hours burned to the ground, and no other remains of Sir William were found next morning than the hipbone, and the vertebrae or bones of the back, with two or three keys, and a gold watch which he had in his pocket. Such was the dreadful consequence of a licentious passion not checked in its infancy.

XXXII., XXXIII., XXXIV.—THREE TRAGEDIES OF CIVIL WAR.

[We need not disclaim any antipathy to parties among our ancestors, much less to the erring or non-erring individuals of whom they were composed, when we draw upon the sympathies of our readers with the sufferings occasioned by mistakes on all sides. Even in the fiercest and most unrelenting exercise of the human will may sometimes be discerned the perversion of a thwarted desire for sympathy; and its worst evidences are not unaccompanied with something which finds an excuse for it in imperfections of education or *parentage* (we mean, of course, in the moral and physical sense, and not in the conventional). Let us be thankful when the moral storms of the world turn manifestly to good; and let us hope as much of the rest, and trust that its new lights will show us how they may be dispensed with by and by. There may be discoveries (we trust they are now making) which will render moral as well as physical electricity harmless, and enable what is called the "anger of heaven," to be known only in its beneficence of operation.

The following passages are taken from a little volume full of the Tory pepper and mustard of lampoon, entitled the 'Jacobite Minstrelsy of Scotland.' We had long wished to meet again with the history of the affecting incident which moved Shenstone to write his ballad of 'Jemmy Dawson,' and here we found it, and seized upon it for our readers. We shall put the prose first, and the poetry afterwards, like a dirge over its grave. By the way, nobody thinks the worse of Shenstone's hero for being called "Jemmy;" though when Mr. Wordsworth re-published his Lyrical Ballads, he absolutely thought himself obliged to leave out half the first line of one of them, because he had addressed his brother in it, as he was wont, by the title of "Dear brother Jem!" So reasonable is custom at one time, and so ridiculous at another, upon the same point!]

EXECUTION OF CAPTAIN DAWSON.

SHENSTONE's ballad is commemorative of the melancholy and peculiarly hard fate of a youthful victim, who was sacrificed to the harsh and unrelenting policy of the government, at the period of its triumph in 1746. He was the son of a gentleman of Lancashire of the name of Dawson, and

while pursuing his studies at Cambridge he heard the news of the insurrection in Scotland, and the progress of the insurgents. At that moment he had committed some youthful excesses which induced him to run away from his college, and either from caprice or enthusiasm he proceeded to the north, and joined the Prince's army, which had just entered England. He was made an officer in Colonel Townly's Manchester regiment, and afterwards surrendered with it at Carlisle. Eighteen of that corps were the first victims selected for trial, and among these was young Dawson. They were all found guilty, and nine were ordered for immediate execution, as having been most actively and conspicuously guilty. Kennington Common was the place appointed for the last scene of their punishment, and as the spectacle was to be attended with all the horrid barbarities inflicted by the British law of treason, a vast mob from London and the surrounding country assembled to witness it. The prisoners beheld the gallows, the block, and the fire into which their hearts were to be thrown, without any dismay, and seemed to brave their fate on the scaffold with the same courage that had prompted them formerly to risk their lives in the field of battle. They also justified their principles to the last, for, with the ropes about their necks, they delivered written declarations to the sheriff that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be afterwards avenged. After being suspended for three minutes from the gallows, their bodies were stripped naked and cut down in order to undergo the operation of beheading and embowelling. Colonel Townly was the first that was laid upon the block, but the executioner observing the body to retain some signs of life he struck it violently on the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it quite insensible to the remaining part of the punishment. This not having the desired effect, he cut the unfortunate gentleman's throat. The shocking ceremony of taking out the heart and throwing the bowels into the fire, was then gone through, after which the head was separated from the body with a cleaver, and both were put into a coffin. The rest of the bodies were thus treated in succession; and, on throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of young Dawson, the executioner cried, "God save King George!" and the spectators responded with a shout. Although the rabble had hooted the unhappy gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials, it was remarked that at the execution their fate excited considerable pity, mingled with admiration of their courage. Two circumstances contributed to increase the public sympathy on this occasion, and caused it to be more generally expressed. The first was, the appearance at the place of execution of a youthful brother of one of the culprits of the name of Deacon, himself a culprit and under sentence of death for the same crime; but who had been permitted to attend this last scene of his brother's life in a coach, along with a guard. The other, was the fact of a young and beautiful female to whom Mr. Dawson had been betrothed, actually attending to witness his execution, as commemorated in the ballad. This singular fact is narrated, as follows, in most of the journals of that period.

"A young lady of good family and handsome fortune had for some time extremely loved, and

been equally beloved by Mr. James Dawson, one of those unfortunate gentlemen who suffered at Kennington Common for high treason; and had he been acquitted, or after condemnation found the royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage.

"Not all the persuasions of her kindred could prevent her from going to the place of execution; she was determined to see the last hour of a person so dear to her; and accordingly followed the sledges in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagancies her friends had apprehended. But when all was over, and she found that he was no more, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying out, 'My dear, I follow thee—I follow thee. Sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!' fell on the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking.

"That excess of grief, which the force of her resolution had kept smothered within her breast, it is thought put a stop to the vital motion, and suffocated at once all the animal spirits."

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,—
Oh, had he never seen that day.

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave their keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheeks
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said,
"Oh! Dawson, monarch of my heart,
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
Oh, George! without a prayer for thee,
My orisons would never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lip the giver's name.

"But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel fate's decree."

O, then her mourning coach was call'd;
The sledge moved slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her fav'rite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and steadfast eyes she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly loved so long;
And stifed was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly closed;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head reposed.

And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its King forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
"Yet, yet," she cried, "I follow thee."

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, Oh heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us, weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And sighing forth his name—expired!

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

CRUELTY TOWARDS A WHIG.

"ONE morning, in those evil days, a man of the name of John Brown, having performed the worship of God in his family, was going with a spade, in his hand to make ready some peat-ground. The mist being very dark he knew not where he was, till the bloody Claverhouse compassed him with three troops of his horse, brought him to his house and there examined him, who, though he was a man of stammering speech, yet answered both distinctly and solidly, which made Claverhouse examine those whom he had taken to be his guides through the muirs, if they had heard him preach? They answered, 'No, no, he was never a preacher.' To which he replied, 'If he has never preached, meikle has he prayed in his time.' He then said to John, 'Go to your prayers, for you shall immediately die.' When he was praying, Claverhouse interrupted him three times. One time that he interrupted him, he was praying that the Lord would spare a remnant, and not make a full end in the day of his anger. Claverhouse said, 'I gave you time to pray, and you are begun to preach.' He turned on his knees, and said, 'Sir, you know neither the nature of prayer nor preaching, that call this preaching;' and then continued without confusion! His wife standing by, with her children

in her arms that she had brought forth to him, and another child of his first wife's, he came to her and said, 'Now, Marion, the day is come that I told you would come when I first spoke to you of marrying me.' She said, 'Indeed, John, I can willingly part with you.' Then he said, 'This is all I desire; I have no more to do but to die.' He kissed his wife and bairns, and wished purchased and promised blessings to be poured upon them, and gave them his blessing. Claverhouse ordered six soldiers to shoot him; the most part of the bullets came upon his head, which scattered his brains upon the ground. Then said Claverhouse to the hapless widow, 'What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?' To which she answered, 'I thought ever much of him, and now as much as ever.' He said, 'It were justice to lay thee beside him.' She replied, 'If ye were permitted, I doubt not your cruelty would go that length; but how will ye make answer for this morning's work?' 'To men,' said he, 'I can be answerable; and, for God, I will take him in mine own hand.' Claverhouse mounted his horse, and left her with the corpse of her dead husband lying there: she set the bairn on the ground, and gathered his brains, and tied up his head, and straightened his body, and covered him with her plaid, and sat down and wept over him. It being a very desert place where never victual grew, and far from neighbours, it was some time before any friends came to her: the first that came was a very fit hand, that old singular christian woman in the Cumberhead, named Elizabeth Menzies, three miles distant, who had been tried with the violent death of her husband at Pentland, afterwards of two worthy sons, Thomas Weir who was killed at Drumclog, and David Steele who was suddenly shot afterwards when taken. The said Marion Weir, sitting upon her husband's grave, told me, that before *that* she could see no blood but she was in danger to faint, and yet she was helped to be a witness to all this without either fainting or confusion, except when the shots were let off her eyes were dazzled. His corpse was buried at the end of the house where he was slain."—*Peden's Life*.

CRUELTY TOWARDS A JACOBITE.

IN the rising of 1745 a party of Cumberland's dragoons was running through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they stopped at a lone widow's house and demanded refreshment. Her son, a youth of sixteen, dressed up a dish of long kale and butter for them, and the good woman brought her new milk, that she told them was all her stock. One of the party enquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived. "Indeed," said she, "the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing, are a' my *maiden*." Without another word being spoken, the heartless trooper then rose, and with his sabre killed the cow and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman and her son were thus in a moment thrown destitute upon the world. She herself soon died of a broken heart, and the disconsolate youth wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war which followed some years after, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, some of the soldiery were one day making merry with their wine, and recounting their exploits: a dragoon roared out—"I once starved a Scotch witch at Nithsdale; I killed her cow, and

destroyed her greens; but," added he, "she could live for all that, on her God, she said!" "And don't you rue it?" cried a young soldier, starting up at the moment. "Don't you rue it?" "Rue it! rue what?" said the other: "why should I rue aught like that?" "Then, by heaven, you shall rue it," exclaimed the youth, unsheathing his sword; "that woman was my mother. Draw, you brutal villain, draw!" They fought on the instant. The youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, "Wretched man! had you but rued it, you should only have been punished by your God!"

[We shall conclude these tragical stories, by way of relief, with an exquisite off-hand lampoon (at least it has all the air of being such) upon Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George II., a prince whom people of all parties are now agreed in thinking no very great worthy, nor superior to what a lively woman has here written upon him; for if we understand Horace Walpole rightly, who says the verses were found among her papers, they were the production of the Honourable Miss Rollo, probably the daughter of the fourth Lord Rollo, who was implicated in the rebellion. Frederick was familiarly termed *Feckie* and *Fed*.

"Here lies Prince Fed,
Gone down among the dead.
Had it been his father,
We had much rather;
Had it been his mother,
Better than any other;
Had it been her sister,
Few would have miss'd her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Ten times better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fed,
There's no more to be said."

XXXV.—ESCAPE OF THE EARL OF NITHSDALE FROM THE TOWER.

[This is another story of the Scotch rebellion against the succession of the House of Hanover, and is taken from the same book that furnished us with the three previous romances. As an interesting subject is apt to make us wish to know more of it, or to refresh our memories if we knew it before, we thought the reader would not dislike to see another specimen of the stirring adventures of that period. The Countess of Nithsdale, whose courageous affection saved the life of her husband, has had a sister heroine in our own times in the person of the Countess Lavalette, who, though she succeeded also as far as her husband was concerned, appears to have had an ultra-sensibility of temperament which risked more of her own peace, and thus enhanced the merit of the daring, for she is understood to have lost her senses in consequence of the alarm she underwent. The other day, meeting with one of those delightful old editions of the 'Spectator,' the plain and sober type of which renders them so much pleasanter to read than the modern sharply cut letters and glaring paper, we rejoiced to open it upon a vignette representing the famous vacation of the town of Hensberg, when the Emperor Conrad III., who besieged it, gave permission to the female inhabitants to quit

the place, taking with them as much as they could carry. Accordingly, they issued forth, each carrying her husband, which so affected the emperor that he shed tears, pardoned the town, and took the Duke of Bavaria, who commanded it, into favour. Our present subject reminded us of the vignette, and the vignette induced us to read the paper containing the story over again, which so much gratified us that it has made us devote one of our specimens of celebrated authors to it this week. We hope nobody will complain of the commonness of the admirable work from which it is taken, nor fancy that we do it to "fill up," which most assuredly we do not. We are more perplexed with abundance of materials, than the want of them. But commonly as the 'Spectator' is to be met with, the circle of readers has been so largely and suddenly extended of late years, that there are doubtless many persons capable of enjoying it, who are better acquainted with it by name than by its contents; and to such as know it well we can only say that we hope they are as glad to see a choice bit of it again as we are, and to perceive the new beauties which are ever developing themselves to one's eyes as we advance in life and become more capable of appreciating the wit and knowledge of these fine writers. But to our romance.]

THE Earl of Nithsdale (says our authority) was one of those who surrendered at Preston. He was afterwards tried and sentenced to decapitation; but by the extraordinary ability and admirable dexterity of his countess he escaped out of the Tower, on the evening before his intended execution, and died at Rome, 1744. The subjoined narrative of the manner in which his escape was effected is so full of interest that the reader can hardly be displeased at its length, more particularly as it exhibits a memorable instance of that heroic intrepidity to which the female heart can rouse itself on trying occasions, when man, notwithstanding his boasted superiority, is but too apt to give way to despondency and despair. The tenderness of conjugal affection and the thousand apprehensions or anxieties that beset it in adversity, the long pressure of misfortune, and the dread of impending calamity, tend uniformly to overwhelm the spirits and distract the mind from any settled purpose; but it is possible that those sentiments may be absorbed in a more energetic feeling, in a courage sustained by the conflicting influence of hope and desperation. Yet, even thus prepared, the mind may be inadequate to the attainment of a long and perilous enterprise; and in the present case, we have the testimony of Lady Nithsdale herself, that she would have sunk at the prospect of so many and such fearful obstacles, had she not relied with firmness on the aid of Providence. The detail of her narrative will show how greatly this reliance contributed to strengthen and regulate the tone of her resolution, not only in every vicissitude of expectation and disappointment, but in what is more trying than either, the sickening intervals of suspense and doubt.

Extract of a letter from Lady Nithsdale to her sister, Lady Lucy Herbert, abbess of the Augustine Nuns at Bruges:—

"On the 22nd of February, which fell on a Thursday, a petition was to be presented to the House of Lords. * * * The subject of the debate was whether the king had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parlia-

ment. * * * * As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where, affecting an air of joy and satisfaction, I told all the guards I passed by that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners. I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the house in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the lords and his majesty, though it was but trifling; for I thought that if I were too liberal on the occasion they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good humour and services for the next day, which was the eve of the execution. The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having too many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and I acquainted her with my design of attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned; and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent for Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I looked upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolution to her. She was of a tall and slender make; so I begged her to put under her own riding-hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child, so that she was not only of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment on my first opening my design to them had made them consent without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan, for I was only allowed to take in one at a time. She brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills when she left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for that purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and in going I begged her to send me my maid to dress me; adding that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I dispatched her safe, and went partly down stairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as was very natural for a woman to do when she was going to bid her last farewell to a friend on the eve of his execution. I had indeed desired her to do it, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of hers to disguise his with. I also bought an artificial head-dress of the same coloured hair as hers, and I painted his face with white and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not had time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly with my company, and were not

so strictly on the watch as they usually had been; and the more so, as they were persuaded from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her. I then took her by the hand, and led her out of my lord's chamber, and in passing through the next room, in which there were several people, with all the concern imaginable I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and fetch me my waiting-maid, she certainly cannot reflect how late it is; she forgets that I am to present a petition to night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late. Hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly; and the sentinel officiously opened the door. When I had seen her out, I returned back to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care Mrs. Mills did not go out crying as she came in, that my lord might the better pass for the lady who came in crying and affected; and the more so because he had the same dress she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord in all my petticoats, I perceived that it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us; so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, and he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the piteous and most afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had vexed me by her delay. Then said I, 'My dear Mrs. Betty, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you. You know my lodging, and if you ever made dispatch in your life do it at present: I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the doors, and I went down stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible dispatch. As soon as he had cleared the door I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinels should take notice of his walk; but I still continued to press him to make all the dispatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment when he saw us threw him into such consternation that he was almost out of himself; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything, lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to find Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself of his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security, they conducted him to it.

"In the meanwhile, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady one message, I was obliged to return up stairs, and go back to my lord's room in some feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathise with my distress. When I was in the room I talked to him as if he had been really present, and answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I

could imitate it: I walked up and down, as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said; but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord a formal farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifle; that I saw no other remedy than to go in person; that, if the Tower were still open when I had finished my business, I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower; and I flattered myself I should bring favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened on the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being shut. I said to the servant as I passed by, who was ignorant of the whole transaction, that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down stairs and called a coach. As there were several on the stand, I drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. Mackenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case the attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I hoped; but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach, and sent for a sedan-chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me—having taken my precautions against all events—and asked if she were at home; and they answered that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up stairs, as she had company with her, and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below stairs, and that they would send her grace's woman to me. I had discharged the chair, lest I might be pursued and watched. When the maid came in, I told her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who, they told me, had company with her; and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was now judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all: however, that I should never be unmindful of my particular obligations to her grace, which I would return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then desired one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distress. When I arrived she left her company to deny herself, not being able to see me under the affliction which she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted—so there was no remedy. She came to me; and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance as I entered the room. I ran up to her in the transport of my joy. She appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened; and has since confessed to me that she

apprehended my trouble had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to retire to some place of security, for that the king was highly displeased, and even enraged at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair; for I always discharged them immediately, lest I might be pursued. Her grace said that she would go to court, to see how the news of my lord's escape was received. When the news was brought to the king, he flew into an excess of passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without some confederacy. He instantly dispatched two persons to the Tower to see that the other prisoners were still secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon one, some upon another: the duchess was the only one at court who knew it.

"When I left the duchess, I went to a house which Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me, that when she had seen him secure she went in search of Mr. Mills, who by that time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to her house, where she had found him; and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman directly opposite to the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves upon the bed, that we might not be heard walking up and down. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mr. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. We did not communicate the affair to his excellency; but one of his servants concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which occasion the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down with the retinue, without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Mitchell (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkably short that the captain threw out this reflection, that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Mitchell might have easily returned without being suspected of being concerned in my lord's escape; but my lord seemed inclined to have him continue with him, which he did, and has at present a good place under our young master.

"This is as exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you, to the best of my memory, and you may rely on the truth of it. I am, with the strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately.—WINIFRED NITHESDALE."

The original MS. of this letter is in the possession of Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Terregles, a descendant of the noble house of Nithesdale. As a proof of the interest which the public took in the extraordinary adventure which it details, the following memorandum may be quoted:—"William Maxwell, Earl of Nithesdale, made his escape from the Tower, February 23rd, 1715, dressed in a woman's cloak and hood, which were for some time after called *Nithesdales*."

XXXVI.—HISTORY OF ARNOLD DU TILB.

ARNOLD DU TILB, a native of Sagias, a village near the city of Rieux, in the Upper Languedoc, lived about the middle of the sixteenth century, and was the object of a criminal prosecution, extraordinary in its nature, perplexing and difficult to decide.

At Artigues, a country hamlet only a few miles from the place of Du Tilb's residence, lived a little farmer whose name was Martin Guerre, married to a modest, handsome young woman born in that neighbourhood, but himself of the Spanish province of Biscay: they had a son, and, for their situation in life, possessed tolerable property.

Ten years after their marriage, in consequence of a dispute with his father-in-law, Martin suddenly quitted his family; and charmed with the licentious freedom of a roving life, or cooled in his affection towards his wife, although she had conducted herself with exemplary propriety, had not been seen or heard of for eight years.

It was during this long absence (to lovers as well as husbands a dangerous interval) that Arnold du Tilb, the subject of our present article, who had formerly seen and admired the wife of Martin Guerre, meditated a most perfidious and cruel stratagem.

In age and appearance he greatly resembled the absent man: like him, too, Du Tilb having for many years quitted his country, was generally considered as dead; and having made himself acquainted with all the circumstances, connexions, and general habits of Guerre, as well by collateral inquiries as by actual association with him during two campaigns as a private soldier, he boldly presented himself to the wife and family as her long-lost husband.

The risk he incurred and the difficulties he encountered were considerable: a thousand little circumstances which it is easy to imagine but unnecessary to describe, must daily and hourly have led him to the brink of destruction; indeed, it is not easy to conceive how he could succeed, unless the unhappy dupe of his delusion had been herself a promoter of the deceit, which does not appear to have been the case.

The stranger at once and without hesitation was received with transports of joy by the wife and all the family, which at that time consisted of four of her husband's sisters and an uncle. One of them remarking that his clothes were somewhat out of repair, he replied, "Yes," and in a careless and apparently unpremeditated way desired that a pair of taffety breeches might be brought him. His wife, not immediately recollecting where she had put them, he added, "I am not surprised you have forgot, for I have not worn them since the christening of my son: they are in a drawer at the bottom of the large chest in the next room." In this place they were found and immediately brought to him.

The supposed Martin's return was welcomed by the neighbours in the old French way, with song and dance; and he enjoyed the privileges and pleasures, he shared the emoluments and cares of a husband, and a few days after his arrival repaired to Rieux to transact some necessary law business, which had been deferred in consequence of his absence: the fond couple lived apparently happy for three years, in which time two children were added to their family.

But their tranquillity was gradually interrupted by the uncle, whose suspicions of imposture were first excited by a traveller passing through the village: this person hearing the name of Martin Guerre accidentally mentioned, declared that eighteen months before he had seen and conversed with an invalid of that name in a distant province of France, who informed him that he had a wife and children in Languedoc, but that it was not his design to return during the life of his uncle.

The stranger being sent for and privately questioned, repeated in a clear and consistent manner what he had before communicated, confirmed the apprehensions of the uncle that the real Martin Guerre was still absent, and added, that since quitting his wife he had lost one of his legs in the battle of St. Quintin.

The family, alarmed by this account, now saw or thought they saw many little circumstances, which had before escaped their notice, but all tending to prove that the man with whom Mad. Guerre cohabited, and by whom she had had two children, was not in fact her lawful husband.

But they found it extremely difficult to convince the deluded female of her mistake; and she loudly and with tears insisted that her present domestic companion was her first love, her real and original husband: it was not till after several months that the unhappy woman was at length prevailed on to prosecute the impostor.

He was taken into custody and imprisoned by the order of the criminal judge of Rieux, and a time fixed for examining the evidence and hearing what Du Tilb had to offer in his defence.

On the day appointed, the offender was brought into court, followed by a number of people whose curiosity was naturally excited: the deposition of the traveller concerning the absent Martin Guerre was first read; the uncle, the sisters, and many of the inhabitants of Sagias were next closely questioned on their oath. Some declared that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre, others as positively insisted that he was the identical person, corroborating their testimony by many collateral circumstances; but the greater number averred without scruple that the resemblance between the two, if two there were, was so great, that it was not in their power to distinguish them: the weight of evidence was thought by many to preponderate in favour of the prisoner.

The judge demanding of him what he had to say in his defence, he answered without embarrassment, that the whole was a conspiracy of the uncle and a certain part of the family, who taking advantage of the easy temper and weak understanding of his wife, had contrived the story in order to be rid of him and to get possession of his property, which he valued at eight thousand livres.

The uncle, he observed, had for some time taken a dislike to him, had frequently assaulted him, and in one instance would have killed him by the stroke of an iron bar on his head, had he not fortunately parried the blow.

The remark of the prisoner on the weakness of his wife's understanding served to diminish the surprise of the court at her being so easily duped, nor indeed could they blame any relation for endeavouring in any manner they were able to expel the violator of the wife and property of their kinsman.

Du Tilb then proceeded to inform the court of

the reasons which first induced him to quit his house and family; related minutely where, how, and with whom he had passed his time; that he had served in the French army seven years, and on his regiment being disbanded had entered into the Spanish service, from which, being impatient to see his wife, and sorely repenting that he had ever quitted her, at a considerable expense he procured his discharge and made the best of his way to Artigues. At this place, notwithstanding his long absence and the loss of his hair, he was directly and universally recognised by his old acquaintance, and received with transports of joy by his wife and sisters, and particularly by his uncle, although that unnatural and cruel relation had now thought proper to stir up the present prosecution against him.

The prisoner, in consequence of certain leading questions from the judge, gave a minute description of the situation and peculiar circumstances of the place in Biscay where he said he was born (still insisting that he was Martin Guerre), mentioning the names, ages, and occupations of the relations he had left there, the year, the day, and the month of his marriage, also the persons who were present at the ceremony, as well as those who dined with them; which, on referring to collateral evidence, were found to tally.

On the other hand, forty-five reputable and credible witnesses, who were well acquainted with Martin Guerre and Arnold du Tilb, swore that the prisoner was not and could not be Martin: one of these, Carbon Barreau, maternal uncle of Du Tilb, acknowledged his nephew with tears, and observing that he was fettered like a malefactor, bitterly lamented the disgrace it would bring upon his family.

These persons also insisted that Martin Guerre was tall, of a slender make, and as persons of that form frequently are, awkward and sloping in his gait; that he had a remarkable way of protruding and hanging down his under lip; that his nose was flat, and that several scars were to be seen on his left eyebrow and other parts of his face.

On the contrary, they observed that Du Tilb was a middle-sized, well-set man, upright, with thick legs, a well-formed nose, and without anything remarkable about his mouth or lips: they agreed that his countenance exhibited the same scars as that of Martin.

The shoemaker who had for many years furnished Guerre with shoes, being called, deposed that his foot reached the twelfth size, but that the prisoner's was rather short of the ninth: it further appeared that he formerly had, from his early youth, been dexterous at cudgeling and wrestling, of which the impostor was wholly ignorant.

As a strong circumstance against the person accused, it was added, that his manner of speaking, and the sort of language he used, though at times artfully interlarded with patois and unintelligible gibberish, was very different from that which used to be spoken by the real Martin Guerre, who, being a Biscayan, spoke not wholly Spanish, wholly French, nor wholly Gascon, but a curious mixture of each, a sort of language called the Basque.

Lastly, and what seemed to make an impression on the court, the prosecutors referred to the internal evidences of the offender's character, which they proved had been from his childhood vicious and incorrigible in the extreme: they produced

satisfactory proofs of his being hardened in all manner of wickedness and uncleanness, a common swearer and blasphemer, a notorious profligate, every way capable of the crime laid to his charge.

The accusation lay heavy upon the prisoner, a pause ensued for deliberation, and the court, fatigued by a long and patient examination of a host of witnesses, took refreshment; the town-house being still crowded by persons impatient to give their testimony in behalf of the prisoner, whom they considered and pitied as an injured man.

The first parties next examined astonished the judge and staggered the whole court. They were the four sisters of Martin Guerre, all reputed to be women of sound understanding and of character unblemished: they positively swore that the man in custody was "their dear brother Martin." Two of their husbands, and thirty-five persons born or brought up in the neighbourhood, corroborated their assertions. Among others, Catherine Boere, who carried Martin and his wife the medianoche, or as an Englishman would call it the sack-posset, after they were put to bed on their wedding-night, declared, as she hoped for everlasting salvation, that the prisoner and the man she saw in bed with the bride was the same person.

The majority of these last witnesses also deposed that Martin Guerre had two scars in his face, and that the nail of his forefinger on the left hand in consequence of a wound received in his childhood grew across the top of his finger; that he had three warts on the back of his right hand towards the knuckles, and another on his little finger. The judge ordered the culprit to stretch forth both his hands, which were found to agree with this description.

It further appeared, that on his first arrival at Artigues the prisoner addressed most of the inhabitants by name, and recalled to the memory of those who had forgotten him several circumstances with respect to the village, on the subject of births, marriages, and deaths, which had happened ten, fifteen, and twenty years before; he also spoke to his wife (as he still insisted she was) of certain circumstances of a very peculiar nature.

He who could give an assumed character so strong a resemblance to reality, and so dexterously clothe falsehood in the robes of truth, was no common impostor. Like other great villains, he must have been a man of abilities.

To add to the perplexities of this business, the wife being called, her pretended husband solemnly addressed and called on her, as she valued peace of mind here and everlasting happiness hereafter, to speak truth without fear or affection; that he would submit to instant death, without repining, if she would swear that he was not her real husband. The woman replied, that she would by no means take an oath on the occasion: at the same time she would not give credit to anything he could say.

The evidence on both sides being closed and the defence of the prisoner having been heard, the judge pronounced Arnold du Tilb guilty, and sentenced him to suffer death; but the culprit appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, who not long after ordered a copy of the proceedings and the convict to be forthwith transmitted to them.

The parliament, at that period a court of justice as well as registry of royal edicts, wisely deter-

mined to take no decisive step in the business till they had endeavoured to get sight of and secure the man with the wooden leg, as described by the traveller, the uncle strenuously insisting that he and no other was his long-lost nephew.

A commission was called to examine the papers and call for new evidence, if necessary; descriptions of the person and circumstances of Martin Guerre, the absent husband, were also circulated throughout the kingdom. At length, after several months had elapsed, and considerable pains had been taken, the absconder was fortunately discovered in a distant province, conveyed to Toulouse and ordered into close custody, with particular directions that he should have no intercourse with any person whatever, even at his meals, but in the presence of one of the commissioners, who ordered an additional lock to the door of the room in which he was confined, and themselves kept the key.

A day was fixed for a solemn and final re-hearing, and a list of such witnesses as would be required to appear before the parliament was in the meantime sent to Rieux, for the purpose of preventing the trouble and expense of conveying to Toulouse so large a number of persons as had crowded the court and streets of Rieux.

The parliament assembled at an early hour, the former proceedings were read, the prisoner still persisted in asserting his innocence, and complained of the hardship and injuries he had suffered.

The real Martin Guerre now walked into court on his wooden leg, and Du Tilb being asked if he knew him, undauntedly answered "No." The injured husband reproaching the impostor for the perfidiousness of his conduct, in basely taking advantage of the frankness of an old companion and depriving him of his wife and property, Du Tilb retorted the charge on his accuser.

The prisoner was thought a curious instance of audacity, contrasted with simplicity of heart and unassuming manner: an impudent and flagitious adventurer, who had for several years enjoyed the wife and property of another, in the face of his country endeavouring to persuade the injured man out of his name and personal identity. It was further observed, that the gesture, deportment, air, and mode of speaking of the prisoner were cool, consistent, and steady; while those who appeared in the cause of truth were embarrassed, hesitating, confused, and on certain points contradictory in their evidence.

The wife, the four sisters, and the uncle had not yet seen the real Martin Guerre: they were now called into court. The first who entered was the eldest sister, who the moment she caught sight of the man with the wooden leg, ran and embraced him, exclaiming with tears, "Oh, my dear brother, I now see and acknowledge the error and misfortune into which this abominable traitor hath betrayed us."

The rest of the family, as they approached, confessed in a similar way how much they had been deceived; and the long-lost Martin, mingling his tears with theirs received their embraces, and heard their penitential apologies with every appearance of tenderness and affection.

But towards his wife he deported himself very differently: she had not yet ventured to come near him, but stood at the entrance of the court trem-

bling and dismayed. One of the sisters taking her arm conducted her to Martin; but he viewed her with sternness and aversion, and in reply to the excuses and advances she made and the intercession of his sisters in her behalf, "that she was herself innocent, but seduced by the arts of a villain," he observed, "Her tears and her sorrow are useless: I shall never love her again: it is in vain that you attempt to justify her, from the circumstance of so many others having been deceived; a wife has always ways of knowing a husband unknown to all the world. In such a case as this it is impossible that a woman can have been imposed on, if she had not entertained a secret wish to be unfaithful. I shall for ever regard her as the cause of all my misfortunes, and impute solely to her the whole of my wretchedness and disgrace."

The judge, reminding the angry husband that if he had remained at home nothing of what had happened could have ever taken place, recommended lenity and forgiveness.

Du Tilb was pronounced guilty of fraud, adultery, sacrilege, rape, and theft, and condemned to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand: to demand pardon of God, the king, the nation, and the family whom he had so cruelly deceived. It was further ordered that he should be hanged before the dwelling-house of Martin Guerre, and that his body should be burned to ashes. His effects were adjudged to be the property of the children begotten by him on Martin's wife.

The criminal was taken back to Artigues, and as the day of execution approached was observed to lose his firmness. After a long interview with the curé he at last confessed his crime, acknowledging that he was first tempted to commit it by being frequently mistaken for and addressed by the name of Martin Guerre. He denied having made use of charms or of magic, *as many suspected*, very properly observing that the same supernatural art which could enable him to carry on his deception, would also have put it in his power to escape punishment.

He was executed according to his sentence, first addressing a few words to Martin Guerre's wife, and died offering up prayers to the Almighty to pardon his sins through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

[This singular narrative is authenticated by the respectable evidence of Gayot de Pitavel, and related in good Latin by the worthy De Thou.]

XXXVII.—FIVE STORIES OF THIEVERY.

[We take these from one of those celebrated old *book-stall books* which were written hundreds of years ago, when men only published because they were in earnest, and which therefore are interesting in their very errors and old wives' fables. It is a folio, on all sorts of curious subjects, printed in a honest old type, and is a translation (through a French medium) from the Latin of Camerarius, a German scholar and essayist, famous in his day, but who has come to nothing with posterity for a certain insufficiency of discrimination between good and bad, between what is worthy of implicit acceptance and what to be

received with an accompaniment of doubt and a greater nicety of criticism.

As we do not vouch for the truth of all the stories, but have reason to do so for at least one of them, the first, (which we have read often in authentic books,) we have not divided them as usual under heads of their own, but have lumped all together. The concluding one will remind Chaucer's readers of his exquisite story of 'The Three Thieves.']

THERE is a certain French booke (quoth our author) set fourth in our time, entituled 'An Introduction to the Treatise of the Conformitie of ancient Wonders with Moderne,' &c., in which many notable pilferings are related, and some of them (to my seeming) almost incredible, as well for the bold parts as the cunning tricks of the theeves. I will here set down some of them, as they are found there. In the time of King Francis, the first of that name, a certaine theefe, appalled like a gentleman, as he was diuing into a great pouch which John Cardinall of Lorraine had hanging by his side, was espied of the king, being at masse, and standing right ouer against the cardinall. The theefe perceiuing himselfe spied, held vp his finger to the king, making a sign that he should say nothing and he should see good sport. The king, glad of such meriment and that he should haue cause to laugh, let him alone, and within a while, after comming to the cardinall, tooke occasion, in talking with him, to make the cardinall goe to his pouch, who missing what he had put therein, begins to wonder: but the king, who had seen the play, was as merrie on the other side. But after the king had well laughed, he would gladlie that the cardinall should haue had againe what was taken from him, as indeed he made account that the meaning of the taker was; but whereas the king thought he was an honest gentleman and of some account, in that he showed himselfe so resolute, and held his countenance so well, experience showed that he was a most cunning thiefe, gentlemanlike, that meant not to iest, but, making as if he iested, was in good earnest. Then the cardinall turned all the laughter against the king, who using his wonted oth, swore by the faith of a gentleman, that it was the first time that ever a theefe had made him his companion.

The other theeuish trick was plaid in the presence of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. He upon a day commanding a remooue, while euerie man was busied in putting up his stuffe, there entred a good fellow into the hall where the emperor then was, being meanely accompanied and readie to take horse. This theefe hauing made a great reuerence, presently went about the taking downe of the hangings, making great hast, as if he had much business to doe; and though it was not his profession to set up and take downe hangings, yet he went about it so nimbly, that he whose charge it was to take them downe comming to doe it, found that somebodie had already eased him of that labour, and (which was worse) of carrying them away.

But the boldnesse of an Italian theefe was as great, who plaid this part at Rome in the time of Pope Paul the Third. A certaine cardinall hauing made a great feast in his house, and the silver vessels being lockt vp in a trunk that stood in a

chamber next to the hall where the feast had beene, whilst many were sitting and walking in this chamber wayting for their masters, there came a man in with a torch carried before him, bearing the countenance of the steward and hauing a jacket on, who praied those that sate on the trunke to rise vp from it, because he was to use the same; which they hauing done, he made it be taken vp by certain porters that followed him in, and went cleane away with it: and this was done while the steward and all the seruants of the house were at supper.

In the same chapter there be other strange and notable tales of diuers theeueries; but it sufficeth to have pickt out these three, which I take for the most memorabile among them. I will here add a fourth, which seemeth incredible, and excelleth all the rest for valour and boldnesse. Sabellicus setteth it downe with all the circumstances, and it is thus:—A certaine Candiot, called Stamat, being at Venice when the treasure was showed in kinnesse to the Duke of Ferrara, entred into the chappell so boldly, that he was taken for one of the duke's domestical seruants, and wondering at so much wealth, instead of contenting himself with the sight, he resolved from thenceforwarde to commit some notable peece of theeuerie. Saint Mark's church, guilded with pure gold very neere all ouer, is built at the bottom round about, within and without, with peeces or tables of marble. This Grecian theefe, marueilous cunning and nimble, deuised to take out finely by night one of the tables or stones of marble against that place of the church where the altar stands, called "the children's altar," thereby to make himself an entrance to the treasure; and hauing laboured a night, because the wall could not in that time bee wrought through, he laid the stone handsomely into his place again, and fitted it so well as no man could perceiue any shew of opening it at all. As for the stones and rubbish that he tooke out of the wall, he carried it all away so nimbly and so cleanly, and all before day, that he was neuer discovered. Hauing wrought this many nights, hee got at length to the treasure, and began to carie away much riches of diuers kinde. I did once see this treasure, and woundred at it, being admitted amongst the traine of the ambassador of Fredericke the Emperor. For besides an infinite number of precious stones set in worke, I saw there twelue crownes, and as many brest-plates of golde, set with an innumerable sort of jems, whose brightnesse would haue dazzled the eyes both of the bodie and of the minde; moreouer, pots of aggat and other stones of price, the ears exceedingly high esteemed because of their value: also shrines, candlesticks, and manie other implements for altars, which were not only of pure gold, but also garnished with so many stones of worth, that the gold was nothing in comparison thereof. I speak not of the vnlicorne's horne, which is infinitely estimated, nor the duke's crowne, nor the other peeces of exquisit worke, which this Greek had carried away all by leaseure. But (as it is commonly said) adulterie and theft were neuer long time hid; and because this fault could not be so soon discovered, it so fell out that the authore thereof laid it open, and the theefe bewraied himself. He had a compeer in the citie, a gentleman of the same iale of Candie, called Zacharias Grio, an honest man, and of a good conscience.

Stamat one day taking him aside neere to the altar, and drawing a promise from him that hee should keepe secret that which he should tell him, discouered from the beginning to the end all that he had done, and then carries him to his house, where he shows him the inestimable riches he had stollen. The gentleman, being vertuous and conscionable, stood amazed at the sight, and quaking at the horror of the offence began to reele, and could no longer stand. Whereupon Stamat (as they say), like a desperat villaine, was about to haue killed him in the place; and as his will of doing it increased, Grio, mistrusting him, stayed the blow by saying, that the extreame joy which he conceiued in seeing so many precious things, of which he neuer thought to haue had any part, had made him (as it were) beside himself. Stamat, content with that excuse, let him alone. Of the other side, Grio receiued in gift of him a precious stone, and of exceeding great value, and is the same that is now worn in the forepart of the duke's crowne. So making as if he had some weightie matter to despatch, forth he goes of the house, and hies him to the palace, where hauing obtained access to the duke, he reuealeth all the matter, saying withall that there needed expedition, otherwise Stamat might rouse himself, looke about him, disguise himself, shift lodging, or saue himself otherwayes with the best of his bootie. To giue the more credit to his words he drew forth of his bosome the precious stone that had been giuen him; which seene, some were sent away with all speed to the house, who laid hold of Stamat, and all that he had stollen, amounting to the value of two millions of gold, nothing thereof being (as yet) remoued. So he was hanged between two pillars; and the informer (besides a rich recompense which he had at that time receiued) had a yearly pension out of the public treasure for so long time as he liued.

Petrus Iustinianus reciteth the same story after Sabellicus, and withal setteth downe another of our time that fell out in the same citie of Venice. A Neapolitan found meanes, with counterfeit keyes, to vnlock the common treasurer's chamber, and the yron chests that were therein, full of the common treasure, and carried away eight thousand crowns. But in a few days hee was taken, and by sentence of the Tenne, after hee had his right hand cut off, was hanged at an high gibbet set vp of purpose in the place called the Realto, neere to which the roberie had been done.

To the aforesaid description of the treasure of Venice set downe by Sabellicus, I thinke not amiss to annexe that which Phillip de Commynes, a witnesse worthie to bee credited, reporteth to haue himselfe seene. "There is at Venice," saith he, "Saint Mark's church, one of the fairest and best furnisht that a man shall see; in it lies the treasure so much spoken of all the world ouer; the same consisteth of certaine verie rich ornaments of that church, of pearles in number fourteen, not polished; twelue golden crownes, with which, in times past, they used to decke and set forth twelue women. But on a day as they were solemnizing that pompe, it happened that certain theeves took and carried away those women with their crownes, who, being afterwards rescued and recouered, their husbands gave and dedicated these crowns to Saint Mark, and built a chappell, into which the lords of the councill enter once euerie yeare, namely, the day

of the recoverie of the women." In a little Italian booke, setting out the memorable things of Venice, wee read that among the riches of this treasure there is also the Duke's Cap, made not long ago, which is estimated at above two hundred thousand crowns. This treasure hath been made vp into such a heape, partly by the spoile of Constantinople, at such time as the French and the Venetians overcame it, and of other cities conquered, and partly by presents given to that commonwealth by diuers princes. There be some that tell an old fable, that this treasure was brought to Venice by foure riche merchants, two of which thinking it unfit the treasure should haue so many owners, resolved to poison the other two, which two (not knowing the determination of their companions) purposed the same likewise of their part, so that they were poisoned all foure, and died without heires: whereupon the Seigniorie of Venice seized on all the wealth which they had left; and this (they say) is signified by the four images of porphirie that stand by the great gate of the common palace embracing one another. This the author of that little booke saith. This treasure they use to set out at shew euery yeare at certaine solemne feasts, upon the great altar in St. Mark's church; and I doe not think that in all those countries which we call Christendom, there is any so rich, although that of St. Denys, in France, be very faire, marueilous rare, and of greate value.

XXXVIII.—THE LIFE OF A YOUNG JACOBITE SAVED BY MRS. GARRICK.

[It is proper to state that we have no other authority for the following story than that of the fair unknown who has sent it us; but we take for granted, from the style of her letter, that she is in every sense of the word "fair;" and this is one of the reasons why we have not thought fit to alter it. We need not add how delighted we are with her approbation, nor that we cordially agree with the remarks which accompany her quotation from Burns.

Mrs. Garrick was brought into the English world under the patronage of Lord Burlington, as a Mademoiselle Violette, a dancer. She had great reputation in her art, and was very handsome. Horace Walpole somewhere manifests the delicate distress he suffered under (poor man), in being asked by a brother patrician in a large party who she was. He was ashamed to confess that she was "a dancer;" that is to say, that they had a beautiful young lady in their company who had talents enough to earn herself a livelihood by charming the world.]

"June 24, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,—Be not surprised at so familiar an address from a stranger, for although I may be and am a stranger to you, *you* are not a stranger to me, but on the contrary an old and well-known friend, with whose modes of thought and feeling I am intimately acquainted, although I have never seen your face nor heard your voice. I am not *very* old, (I may yet call myself two years on the *sunny side of thirty*), but for by far the greater part of my life I have been an admiring and sympathising reader of yours. * * * Judge then of my joy at hearing of the first appearance of the 'London Journal,' which (even in my remote

habitation, a little 'nook of mountain ground' in green Erin) I managed to procure immediately, and which it delights me to find every way worthy of the name it bears. * * *

"After all this preamble, it is time I should get to the real business of my letter, which is to offer you a true story which I think not unworthy a place amongst your 'Romances of Real Life.' I shall give it to you as nearly as I can in the words of the person who related it to me, now some years since, when it made a very strong impression on my mind.

"My informant, Mr. N., was related on the mother's side to an ancient Catholic family named *Wilding*, of the north of England. In the rebellion of 1715 this family were steady in their loyalty to the house of Hanover; so much so, that when the rebel army approached the town (either Preston or Carlisle) in which they resided, they fled from it with the other loyalists. However, the family mansion being one of the largest in the place was made use of by the rebels as their head-quarters. When the rebels were driven out, Mr. Wilding's mansion was again seized by the triumphant army, and maugre his representations and the absolute proofs he produced of his loyalty, was totally dismantled and much valuable property carried off, whilst his complaints were unheeded, and being a Catholic he could get no redress.

"Such a reward for loyalty was not likely to increase it in the bosoms of the sufferers: the injury rankled in their hearts; and when the Pretender's standard was again hoisted in 1745, among the first who flocked to it was the then head of the family (son to the loyalist of 1715), with his only son, a fine boy of fifteen.

"The disastrous results of that ill-fated undertaking are well known. Among the prisoners taken and condemned to death was young Wilding; but through the interest of the Earl of Burlington, then secretary of state, the young man received a pardon on condition of banishing himself for life to the North American colonies, where he entered the army and was some years after killed in a skirmish with the Indians, being the last male descendant of his ancient family.

"These facts were communicated by an old maiden grand-aunt, a sister of young Wilding, to Mr. N., when about going for the first time to London, with a strict charge to procure an interview with the late Mrs. Garrick, to whose intercession with Lord Burlington, whose natural daughter she was supposed to be, the pardon of Wilding was ascribed; and to assure her that the surviving members and connexions of that family retained the warmest gratitude towards her. Various circumstances combined to prevent Mr. N. from performing this duty at that time, nor was it till a short time before her death that his interview with Mrs. Garrick took place. He said the old lady appeared scarcely to heed or understand his words, whilst apologising for his visit and explaining its cause, until he mentioned the name of *Wilding*, when her countenance became lit up with sudden animation, and she said, 'Wilding! O yes! I remember him as it were but yesterday; yet it is long, long since: I was scarce more than a child myself;' and she commenced the narrative with a precision and vivacity strongly contrasted with her former apathy.

"It was, she said, not long after her arrival in

England, Lord Burlington had, as was his frequent practice, called on her in his carriage to take an airing. As soon as she was seated he ordered the coachman to the Tower, saying carelessly to her, 'I must first go there to see the state prisoners ordered for execution to-morrow: it is a customary form; if you like, you can come in with me.' She felt shocked at the manner in which he spoke, yet curiosity prevailed, and she entered the Tower with him. The prisoners were summoned, and the usual inquiries made whether there was any indulgence they might wish for—any *last request*. Amongst the number were some of note: the gallant and handsome Dawson, the hero of Shenstone's touching ballad, for whom a young heart was then breaking, and the youthful Wilding. 'I see him now,' said Mrs. Garrick, kindling as she spoke, 'the beautiful boy, as he stood calm and unmoved before us. I shuddered as I thought of Lord Burlington's fatal words before we entered, *Every one you are to see must die to-morrow*, and I vowed inwardly they should not shed that boy's young blood. No sooner were the prisoners removed, than I flung myself at Lord Burlington's feet; I wept, I implored him to save the youth. Astonished at my vehemence, he tried to put me off; but I persisted—I became more urgent—I declared I should never know a moment's peace were he to die. Lord Burlington was moved by the agony of his child, for he *was* my father,' continued she; 'he promised, and performed his promise. The pardon was obtained, and I was satisfied.'

"Such is my story. Mr. N. added his suspicion that Mrs. Garrick's sudden zeal had been caused by a passion for the young captive; that she had, as the vulgar phrase is, 'fallen in love at first sight.' But I reject the inference: I know my sex better; and I think—you, I hope, will agree with me—that there is a sufficiency of what Burns calls 'the melting blood in woman's breast' to account for her exertions on principles of pure humanity, called into immediate action by the extremity of the case—and it *was* a shocking case: a youth, a child almost, condemned to death for merely following the advice and example of his father, when incapable of judging for himself—and perhaps rendered more acute by the callousness of the man who could bring his daughter to witness such a scene. Should you admit the above into your pages, clothing it in your own language, you will give me very great pleasure,

"I remain, dear Sir, with sincere good wishes for your health and prosperity, and in particular for the success of your present undertaking,

"Your constant reader,

"F. N. L."

XXXIX.—STORY OF FIRMEN DA COSTA.

[This man should have married the heroine of Goethe's story: they would have kept one another in order. Firmien had virtues, but accompanied by a frightful power of sacrificing them to his will and self-love. Under no circumstances would his fiery nature have made living with him a very secure or comfortable business. He was of the "loaded musket" order: nobody could have been sure whether he would not go off. His master was a noble soul.]

FIRMEN DA COSTA was a Portuguese negro, the property of a respectable and humane merchant at Lisbon.

This extraordinary slave attending a public spectacle, and stimulated by curiosity, had, with other spectators, trespassed beyond the prescribed boundaries, and, after being repeatedly desired to keep back, was slightly goaded by a soldier with his bayonet.

Exasperated by this provocation, Firmien declared with bitter oaths and execrations that the want of a weapon alone prevented him from laying his assailant dead on the spot: with these, and other expressions of ungovernable passion, he departed breathing vengeance.

Making himself acquainted with the regiment, company, and name of the man who had offended him, he a few evenings after decoyed him by a pretended message to a retired spot near his master's house, and stabbed him to the heart.

Not satisfied with mere murder, he inflicted deep wounds on various parts of the soldier's body, whispered to the dying man who he was, mentioned the affront he had received as his reason for perpetrating the bloody deed, declared himself satisfied, quitted his master's service, and concealed himself in a distant wood.

The place in which the dead body was found, the mark on the instrument of death which was lying near it, and the circumstance of the master of the murderer being the last person who had been seen speaking to the soldier, strongly marked him as an object of suspicion.

It was in vain that the unhappy merchant declared his innocence, appealed to the general inoffensive mildness of his character, and pointed out the flight of one of his slaves as a presumptive evidence of the fugitive's guilt: he was committed to prison, and circumstances, in a case where no positive proof could be found, being admitted in its place, was condemned to die.

The sentence of the law reached the ears of the assassin in his retreat, and the wretch who rather than submit to a trifling injury had, with circumstances of peculiar barbarity, imbrued his hands in the blood of a fellow-creature, could not bear the self-accusation of ingratitude and injustice to a master from whom he had long experienced kindness and indulgence.

Nature, or nature's God, triumphed in his bosom; yielding to the salutary impulse, he presented himself before a judicial tribunal, and confessed himself the murderer. The judges paused with astonishment; they could scarcely believe that the man who exhibited so transcendent an instance of heroic virtue and strength of mind had recently proved himself a merciless and a blood-thirsty savage: after a reluctant pause, for examination and regret, the defendant was taken into custody. It is not easy to describe the feelings of the merchant: although suddenly and unexpectedly rescued from an ignominious death, the joy of deliverance was considerably diminished when he reflected on the guilt of his slave; when he discovered that the fondest and most faithful of his domestics, attached to him by long servitude and valuable for tried integrity, was an atrocious murderer. Yet a character of such a cast was not a desirable inmate, nor a safe attendant: the same ungovernable ferocity of passion which hurried him into assassination, on some trifling occasion of pettishness,

ill-temper, or accidental affront, might have impelled him to destroy his master, his mistress, their children, and the whole of his property.

Many applications were made to save the culprit's life; but all intercession was in vain. With every appearance of triumphant joy, rather than repentant sorrow, the negro was led to execution.

In a country like Portugal, which affords scanty materials for panegyric, I record with pleasure an example of grateful attachment and inflexible, uncorrupted justice: Da Costa's master, Emanuel Cabral, whose name I omitted mentioning, and on the faith of one of whose descendants I relate the circumstance, would have given half his property to save the offender's life.

XL.—CASE OF JOHN AYLIFFE.

[This story is romantic, if only for the excess of meanness exhibited by the wretched subject of it, in his application to Mr. Fox to save his life, at the moment he was defending himself elsewhere at the expense of that gentleman's character. The Mr. Fox in question, afterwards first Lord Holland, was father of the celebrated Fox, and grandfather of the present accomplished nobleman. We take the narrative from the third volume of Mr. Britton's 'History of Wiltshire,'—in the preface of which, by the way, we were much interested by the author's candid account of his rise from humble life. Some of the engravings also much interested us, especially that of Mr. Bowles's residence, Bremhill Parsonage, a proper nest for a clerical poet.]

TOCKENHAM, in the last century, was the birthplace of an individual who was executed for forgery under peculiar circumstances; and whose fate attracted much of the public attention from his previous connexion with Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland. The following account of this transaction is taken principally from the statements published in the 'Annual Register' for 1759.

The parents of John Aylyffe were upper servants to Gerard Smith, Esq. He was early in life placed at Harrow School, and qualified to become a teacher at the free-school of Lyneham, with a salary of ten pounds a year. While in that situation he married the daughter of a clergyman of Tockenham, with a fortune of five hundred pounds, against the consent of her relatives. This money he spent extravagantly, and about two years after his marriage he was taken into the family of Mrs. Horner, mother of Lady Ilchester, as house-steward; and subsequently he was employed as an agent for the management of her estates. This lady probably recommended him to Mr. Fox, who procured for him the post of commissary of the musters. He then built himself a house at Blandford Forum, in Dorsetshire, and filled it with pictures and costly furniture. By this extravagance and by his abortive projects to gain money he dissipated his income, though it was very considerable, and involved himself deeply in debt. Thus pressed for money, he had recourse to several fraudulent contrivances to relieve himself. He forged a promise of presentation to the rectory of Brinkworth, in the handwriting of Mr. Fox, adding the names of two persons as subscribing witnesses. By means of this paper he prevailed on a clergyman to become his security in borrowing

money, and also to engage to marry a certain young woman. It happened that the marriage had not taken place when Aylyffe's affairs became desperate; but his failure ruined the unfortunate clergyman, who died broken-hearted. After his death the following paper was found in his pocket.

"July 29, 1759,—wrote the following letter to John Aylyffe Satan, Esq.

"Sir,—I am surprised you can write to me, after you have robbed and most barbarously murdered me. Oh! Brinkworth!—Yours,
"T. E—d."

In April 1759, Aylyffe committed the forgery for which he suffered. Mrs. Horner, to whom he had been steward, at her death left her property chiefly to Mr. Fox, and requested that gentleman to make some provision for Aylyffe. Accordingly, Mr. Fox executed the lease of an estate in Wiltshire to him for life, and for those of his wife and son, reserving a rent of only thirty-five pounds, which was much below the real annual value of the property. Aylyffe some time after borrowed money on the security of this lease; and to make it appear more valuable he copied it on a fresh skin of parchment, altering the reserved rent from thirty-five to five pounds. To this copy he forged the name of Mr. Fox and of those witnesses who had subscribed the real lease. To conceal this transaction from the knowledge of Mr. Fox, he proposed to the persons from whom he borrowed the money an oath of secrecy. This was not agreed to, and he was obliged to be satisfied with a promise that Mr. Fox should not be told of the mortgage. But the interest of the money not being regularly paid, the mortgagee felt himself no longer bound to keep the secret; and he accordingly applied to Mr. Fox to pay off the mortgage. This Mr. Fox declined doing; and in the course of the affair the amount of the reserved rent was mentioned, the deed was produced, and the fraud became manifest. In the meantime, about a month after Aylyffe had forged the lease, he was arrested for sums amounting to one thousand one hundred pounds, and thrown into the Fleet prison. During his confinement there he produced a deed of gift from Mrs. Horner to himself of four hundred and twenty pounds per annum, and three thousand pounds in money. Mrs. Horner had died towards the close of the year 1757; and Aylyffe alleged that she, being unwilling to let Lady Ilchester and her relations know how she had disposed of this property, directed him not to mention the donation till after her death. He said he had since concealed the circumstance from Mr. Fox, lest it should hurt his interest with that gentleman.

Soon after this claim was set up, the forgery of the lease was found out, and a prosecution instituted against Aylyffe for the crime. In the meantime he affected to represent Mr. Fox's proceedings as being instituted with no other view than to extort from him a renunciation of the deed of gift which he professed to have received from Mrs. Horner. So far did he persist in this diabolical accusation, that at the very time he was supplicating Mr. Fox for mercy, he wrote thus to the Secretary of State:—

"Mr. Fox is now pleased to disown the signing or setting his hand to the lease, alleging it not to be original, though he acknowledged his having

signed the same lease, so mortgaged as aforesaid, to several persons; and for this your petitioner is convicted and sentenced to death."

At the same time that he sent the above accusation against Mr. Fox, he forwarded the following letter to that gentleman:—

"Honoured Sir,—The faults I have been guilty of shock my very soul, and particularly those, sir, towards you, for which I heartily ask God and your pardon. The sentence I have had pronounced upon me fills me with horrors such surely as never were felt by any mortal. What can I say! Oh, my good God! that I could think of anything I could do to induce you to have mercy on me, and prevail on you, good sir, to intercede for my life. I would do anything in the whole world, and submit to anything for my life, either at home or abroad. For God's sake, good sir, have compassion on your unhappy and unfortunate servant,

"JOHN AYLIFFE."

"Press Yard, Newgate, Oct. 28th, 1759."

Two days before he sent these letters he was tried and convicted at the Old Bailey sessions, and received the usual sentence.

Mr. Fox throughout the whole affair had treated his ungrateful servant with much kindness and generosity, procuring for him every convenience which his situation would admit, and sending him money and provisions, and paying the rent of his apartment in prison. A proof of the excessive depravity of this man is further evinced in a letter he wrote to Mr. Pitt, who had ever been the political antagonist of Mr. Fox. In this he stated that it was in his power to make some disclosures relative to the conduct of the latter as a minister of state, so much to his disadvantage, that the knowledge of them would leave him entirely at the mercy of Mr. Pitt. This application proved worse than fruitless, as that gentleman was the last person in the world who would have adopted so mean a mode of undermining a rival. He forwarded Aylliffe's letter to Mr. Fox, who in justice to his own character left the unfortunate man to his fate.

Finding his artifices as ineffectual as they were wicked, Aylliffe then wrote again to Mr. Fox, offering to make a full confession of his guilt. In reply, that gentleman told him that although he pitied him and forgave him, he was not to expect any advantage from his disclosures; and that he could only advise him to make his peace with God. The culprit, finding his hopes of mercy were at an end, confessed that the deed of gift from Mrs. Horner was a fraud; and that he had prepared it ready for signing, and slipped it among some leases which Mrs. Horner executed without reading.

Aylliffe suffered the penalty of the law at Tyburn, November 19th, 1759; when he was about thirty-six years of age.

XLI.—AWFUL OBEDIENCE; OR THE CUP OF POISON TAKEN FOUR TIMES.

[The account of this affecting tragedy, which appears to have occurred no long time since, is taken from one of the comprehensive and entertaining summaries published by the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," entitled 'The Hindoos.' A daughter thus sacrificed by an

otherwise affectionate parent, a sort of Eastern *Virginius*, would make a striking drama; only the homely circumstance which constitutes one of the most affecting points in the anguish—the refusal of the stomach to second the poison—would have to be modified. The doses given must be changed into small ones—too small to produce any effect, except perhaps an excited and eloquent wakefulness. When actual and dreadful suffering is before us, such homely manifestations of it become nothing: the petteir is absorbed in the greater idea. But human beings, unless given to sarcasm and degradation, do not like to have physical weaknesses deliberately presented to their imaginations; and even then they are apt to take refuge (such as it is!) from the humiliation, in attempting to make a jest of it. A thorough delicacy, or philosophy, in reducing everything to its elements, moral or material, becomes superior to such pollution. And yet there is danger even in that! So nice and perplexing are the balances of things in this world; and so surely must all partake the common burdens of liability, till all can be improved. But we hasten from these mysteries to our story.]

KISHNA KOMARI BAE, "the virgin princess Kishna," was in her sixteenth year; her mother was of the *Chawura* race, the ancient kings of *Anhulwara*. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed the flower of *Rajast'han*. The rapacious and bloodthirsty *Pat'han*, *Nawab Ameer Khan*, covered with infamy, repaired to *Oodipoor*, where he was joined by the pliant and subtle *Ajit*. He was meek in his demeanour, unostentatious in his habits; despising honours, yet covetous of power: religion, which he followed with the zeal of an ascetic, if it did not serve as a cloak was at least no hindrance to an immeasurable ambition, in the attainment of which he would have sacrificed all but himself. When the *Pat'han* revealed his design that either the princess should wed *Raja Maun*, or by her death seal the peace of *Rajwarra*, whatever arguments were used to point the alternative, the Rana was made to see no choice between consigning his beloved child to the *Rahtore* prince, or witnessing the effects of a more extended dishonour from the vengeance of the *Pat'han*, and the storm of his palace by his licentious adherents:—the fiat passed that *Kishna Komari* should die.

But the deed was left for a woman to accomplish—the hand of man refused it. The harem of an eastern prince is a world within itself: it is the labyrinth containing the strings that move the puppets which alarm mankind. Here intrigue sits enthroned, and hence its influence radiates to the world, always at a loss to trace effects to their causes. *Maharaja Dowlet Sing*, descended four generations ago from one common ancestor with the Rana, was first sounded to save the honour of *Oodipoor*; but, horror-struck, he exclaimed, "Accursed the tongue that commands it! Dost on my allegiance, if thus to be preserved!" The *Maharaja Jowandas*, a natural brother, was then called upon: the dire necessity was explained, and it was urged that no common hand could be armed for the purpose. He accepted the poniard, but when in youthful loveliness *Kishna* appeared

before him, the dagger fell from his hand, and he returned more wretched than the victim. The fatal purpose thus revealed, the shrieks of the frantic mother reverberated through the palace, as she implored mercy or execrated the murderers of her child, who alone was resigned to her fate. But death was arrested, not averted. To use the phrase of the narrator, "she was excused the steel, the cup was prepared," and prepared by female hands! As the messenger presented it in the name of her father, she bowed and drank it, sending up a prayer for his life and prosperity. The raving mother poured imprecations on his head, while the lovely victim, who shed not a tear, thus endeavoured to console her:—"Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life! I fear not to die! Am I not your daughter? Why should I fear death? We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; we scarcely enter the world but to be sent out again; let me thank my father that I have lived so long." Thus she conversed, till the nauseating draught refused to assimilate with her blood. Again the bitter potion was prepared, she drained it off, and again it was rejected; but, as if to try the extreme of human fortitude, a third was administered, and for a third time nature refused to aid the horrible purpose. It seemed as if the fabled charm which guarded the life of the founder of her race was inherited by the virgin Kishna. But the bloodhounds, the Patban and Ajit, were impatient till their victim was at rest; and cruelty, as if gathering strength from defeat, made another and a fatal attempt. A powerful opiate was presented, the *kasoomba* draught. She received it with a smile, wished the scene over, and drank it. The desires of barbarity were accomplished. "She slept!" a sleep from which she never awoke.

XLII.—TRIAL OF SPENCER COWPER, AFTERWARDS JUDGE COWPER,

GRANDFATHER OF THE POET.

[No comment need be made upon this singular case, except perhaps that the poor girl, after all, was less in love than she took herself to be; otherwise she never would have left such a sting in the mind of an honest and well-meaning man. Wilfulness was predominant over lovingness.]

SPENCER COWPER, a barrister-at-law, of fair character and honourable family in the reign of King William, and in the full career of a profitable practice, was accused of murdering the daughter of a wealthy quaker at Hertford; a charge for which he was tried at the assizes of that place, eleven years after the Revolution. And it must be confessed that there were circumstances in the conduct and behaviour of Mr. Cowper, and other persons associated with him in the indictment, which though not sufficient absolutely to fix and bring home the crime upon them, certainly required explanation.

Repairing to Hertford, as was his custom at the assizes, he had been prevailed on by pressing and repeated invitations from the fair quakeress to dine, and pass a good part of the afternoon and evening at the house of her mother, a respectable widow, with whom she lived. He had been with her almost the whole of the time without a third

person; was the last who had been seen in her company; and at a late hour of the night they had both gone out of doors, while the servant was warming a bed, as she supposed for Mr. Cowper.

The unhappy female returned no more, and the first news her miserable mother heard, after a night of agitation, suspense, and anxiety, was, that the corpse of her daughter had been found floating in a river not far from their dwelling.

It is not necessary to describe the acute sufferings of a parent, or the silent mortification of a fraternity who if they have more than one fault, it is, that with considerable temptations to triumph, they somewhat overvalue themselves in excelling most men in purity of manners. The coroner, after as fair and impartial an inquiry as he was able to make, pronounced it a case of lunacy; and the family followed their poor kinswoman to the grave, with the hopeless regret that such kind of deaths generally produce.

But reports unfavourable to the deceased, and to the visitor of her family, were industriously circulated by folly or by malice. Certain ignorant or prejudiced bystanders asserted that they saw a dark, circular mark round her neck, as they drew the body from the water, and that the distension which generally takes place in drowned bodies was not observed. From these and other circumstances hastily taken up, they rashly concluded that the young lady had by no means destroyed herself, but that some unwarrantable method, probably strangling, had been made use of to shorten her life before she was thrown into the river.

It was also proved that a party of gentlemen, friends and acquaintances of Mr. Cowper, and some of them attendants on the judges of the assize, had arrived at Hertford the night the deceased was missing; that they were heard to make her the subject of their conversation, and to use the following remarkable expression soon after their arrival:—"Her courting days will soon be over: a friend of ours will quickly be even with her."

It ought further to be mentioned that party politics had for many years run high at this place; that Mr. Cowper's father, and we believe his brother, were at the period in question sitting members for the town, after a warm and strongly contested election: for these and other reasons it was supposed that many circumstances were exaggerated, and that the opportunity was thought favourable and eagerly seized on by an exasperated minority, to cast an odium on the family and connexions of a successful candidate: the quakers also were anxious to remove the stigma of suicide and intrigue from a member of their society.

Whatever were the motives of the different persons concerned, the public mind was highly agitated and the populace inflamed. After much cavil and clamour the body was disinterred, and accurately examined by professional men; who after a long and elaborate discussion determined that there were strong grounds for suspecting Mr. Cowper and his associates of being guilty of murder. The gentlemen were immediately taken into custody, and arraigned at the ensuing assizes.

The position of a man of unblemished reputation, liberally educated, and by his connexion and profession generally known and respected, thus at once accused of murder, attended with circumstances of peculiar foulness and aggravation, na-

turally excited general curiosity and attention, and produced a crowded court. To remove not only from himself but his friends the danger as well as disgrace attached to so shocking a charge, Mr. Cowper brought a number of physicians, surgeons, and anatomists, eminent in their day. Sir Hans Sloane, Sir Samuel Garth, and a namesake but not relation of the barrister's, a diligent and accurate dissector, who ought never to be named without praise, these and many other gentlemen proved, to the satisfaction of the court, that the arguments adduced by the medical men in support of the prosecution were unfounded and inconclusive; that the circumstance of the corpse having little or no water in the stomach did not originate from its being dead previous to falling in, but that it frequently occurred with suicides who plunge in determined resolutely to die. That the case was very different with those drowned by accidents, who in their efforts to emerge, and often to call for assistance, generally struggle for some time and swallow a considerable quantity of water.

This and much more of scientific theory, abstruse reasoning, and anatomical explanation, in which judges, jurymen, and all unprofessional men must be governed by the decisions of others, was long and fully urged on both sides; and concluded in favour of the opinion that the young woman had thrown herself into the river.

In answer to what had been said of a mark *round* her neck, it was denied by several respectable witnesses that any such appeared. They agreed that there was a discoloured spot below the ear, and another near the collar-bone, but neither of them circular, or such as a cord drawn tight on the neck would have left: they were accidental bruises, probably produced by the body falling against piles near which it was found, or settlements of blood, not unfrequent on such melancholy occasions.

After a long and impartial examination of a variety of witnesses, Mr. Cowper was asked what he had to say in his defence. Struggling between the urgency of his case and the laudable delicacy which has been generally observed in anything that collaterally or directly relates to such subjects, he was compelled to confess that the unhappy young lady, on account of whose death he appeared that day at the bar of a court in which he had so often pleaded, had long secretly nourished and at length expressed a strong attachment to him, which as a married man and as the father of a family, he had dissuaded her from giving way to by every means in his power.

The letters, in justice to himself and the gentlemen who, by some strange concurrence of circumstances or some perverse misrepresentation had been implicated with him in the charge, he would presently submit to the inspection of the court; but he wished first to give a plain, unvarnished tale of the whole of his conduct with respect to the deceased.

Mr. Cowper then proceeded to observe that when she saw no probability of her passion meeting with approval, she became low-spirited, melancholy, negligent of her dress, and had been heard in different places and by various persons to drop expressions of discontent and despair, purporting that her abode in this world would be of short duration, of which in due time he would bring

sufficient evidence. The very evening they spent together, he observed, the last evening of her life, the conversation, which he little thought of ever repeating in public, was passed in soothing and he had trusted salutary advice on his part, and in tears and tender reproaches on hers; and he threw himself he said on the pity of every person present, of either sex, to spare his entering into further details on the subject, when he solemnly declared that no alternative remained but his quitting the house peremptorily and abruptly, with a female endeavouring to convince him that he should not do it, or forgetting the line of conduct which in every respect became him.

Mr. Cowper then appealed to the general tenor of his life and conversation, to which he called many and respectable witnesses. He asked if any reasonable motive could be adduced for his atrociously murdering one who had long been his client, the object of his most friendly regard and commiseration, and who without any encouragement from him had yielded to a fatal infatuation which had deprived her of life; one who, but for this fatal weakness, might have been a credit and comfort to her family? He hoped that the situation in which he stood would not only excuse but justify his making public that which otherwise would never have passed his lips; and having entered into a long, circumstantial, and satisfactory account of many particulars which it is not necessary to repeat, and after producing strong vouchers in confirmation of all that he had said, he concluded with taking two letters out of his portfolio, which the deceased had addressed to him. These strongly corroborated the defence in every particular.

Such letters, the more singular from having been written by a quaker, and one too whose general deportment had been consistent with the prudent manners of the society, raised the curiosity of the court and excited the attention of the judge, Mr. Baron Hatsell, who desired to look at them. Having perused them as a literary novelty, and seeing a brother of the deceased, he demanded of him what he thought of the handwriting. "It is like my sister's," replied the honest secretary, struggling between his love of truth and fraternal affection; "but the sentiments avowed are so contradictory and inconsistent with the whole tenor of her previous life and conversation, that I hesitate in believing them to be hers."

The same question being put to her mother, the poor lady answered, with the asperity of a parent bereft of her darling daughter under circumstances so appalling, "Nothing will persuade me that these abominations proceeded from the heart or the pen of Sarah: I believe not a word of all that has been said." Many of the intimate friends however of the family, and several persons unbiassed by the ties of nature, interest, or corporate feelings, were reluctantly compelled to confess that the handwriting resembled that of the deceased as nearly as possible, and that to the best of their knowledge and belief they considered her as the writer of the letters in question.

The persons indicted with Mr. Cowper being called upon to explain their singular conversation (before alluded to) on the night of their arrival at Hertford, replied that Mr. Marshall, a common friend of themselves and Mr. Cowper, had formerly paid his addresses to the deceased; that for

a certain time she encouraged, but at length refused his offers; and that when they understood Mr. Cowper was at her house, their chat over their cups was unguarded concerning her, having often joked Mr. Marshall on the subject; that the words produced against them they remembered to have made use of; but they only meant, perhaps in a spirit which they did not pretend to justify, that the barrister ought not to be very scrupulous in his treatment of a woman who had behaved like a jilt and a coquette to her former lover.

The accused parties were honourably acquitted.

XLIII.—THE CONSPIRACY OF FIESCO.

[Besides the reality of this event there is something, however brief, in the conjugal part of Fiesco's history which comes home to the bosom of familiar life; nor is the trivial accident by which he died without its interest, as a circumstance contradicting the historical grandeur of his attempt.]

GIOVANNI LODOVICO DI FIESCO was a wealthy, powerful, and ambitious nobleman of Genoa, which may be called the land of political experiment, as there is scarcely any form of government which it has not tried.

After emerging from the yoke of the Romans, the Lombards, and Charlemagne, it has at different times been governed by dukes, by counts, by consuls, podestas, captains of the people, councils of twelve and of twenty-four, and by doges; but in spite of every precaution has alternately experienced the evils of family cabals, aristocratic usurpation, and popular insurrection.

Andrew Doria, a name still mentioned in Genoa with reverence, seemed at length sent by heaven to rescue his country from foreign interference and domestic dissension. It was during this short interval of repose (1547) that the subject of our present article endeavoured to interrupt it, assisted by the intrigues of France and of Alexander Farnese, who then governed Rome and the Church as Pope Paul III. Most conspiracies have originated from the grievances of an oppressed people, or the ruined fortunes of bold bad men and desperate individuals. But at the moment of that insurrection which I propose to give a short account of, Genoa possessed more real freedom, happiness, and peace, than it had enjoyed for several centuries, and Fiesco united in an extraordinary degree the precious gifts of fortune, fame, person, and understanding.

In the prime of life, for he had scarcely reached his twenty-second year, blessed with the affections of a wife whom he tenderly loved, the beautiful, the virtuous, and tender Eleanora, and enjoying the friendship of his fellow-citizens, he was stimulated by ambition to aim at supreme power.

To effect this purpose he joined an ardour, which no obstacle could resist, with a deep policy and premeditating coolness, which baffled or did not excite suspicion. Having secured men, arms, and galleys, and distributed corn and money under the pretence of a charitable donation, he embraced every opportunity of displaying himself to the people in splendid attire, and mounted on horses richly caparisoned, gaining the affections of all by gentle manners and graceful familiarity.

On these occasions, as he conversed with the citizens he would sometimes lament the pride and

oppressive conduct of the nobles, and venture to hint that a remedy was not impossible; but, after a short pause, recommend patience and submission.

Fiesco continued to visit as usual the two Dorias, Andrew and Jeanetin, treating them on all occasions with marked attention and respect.

To prevent any suspicion being excited by exercising his vassals at his country-seat, he complained that he had been insulted by the Duke of Placentia, when in fact that prince had promised to assist him with two thousand men, and he was able to muster the same number himself. At the port and on board the galleys he had also many dependants.

To account for several of his armed galleys entering the harbour, he proposed cruising against the Turks.

The fatal, the guilty secret had as yet been communicated to three persons only, Calcagno, Sacco, and Verrina, three of his most confidential friends in this unwarrantable proceeding: the two first deliberate, cautious, but determined; the last haughty, furious, and bloody-minded; each of them considering the plot in which they were engaged as a means of gratifying envy and private revenge, more than the probability of its success, but all devoted to their leader by strong personal attachment and considerable pecuniary obligation.

After many consultations the conspirators considered the means they possessed as fully adequate to the object in view, and determined if possible to dispatch the two Dorias without further delay, as the vigilance, abilities, and patriotism of this family were the chief obstacles to their design.

For this purpose they were invited to a public entertainment at the Fiesco palace: thus a man of rank, education, and considerable moral rectitude, who a few months before would have started at injuring a fellow-creature in the slightest degree, was stimulated by thirst for power to stain his threshold with the blood of the venerable fathers of his country, and under the guise of hospitality to commit assassination. A sudden illness of Andrew prevented the execution of this part of their plan.

Fiesco thought it necessary to discover the conspiracy to Paul Pansa, the friend and tutor of his youth, respectable for his age, his learning, and integrity, hoping that he would join and assist their counsels.

Pansa replied that from the alteration in his looks, manners, and mode of speaking, and from his associating with persons of inferior rank and doubtful reputation, he had long suspected that a dangerous enterprise was in agitation; that he had forborne, from delicacy, friendship, and respect, to enter on the subject, but although he would not betray, he could not participate in the undertaking.

The good old man conjured him by the honours of his house, by his friendship, by his belief in that holy religion whose maxims it had been the business of his life to inculcate and impress on his mind, by those locks which were grey in the service of his family, and lastly by his love for Eleanora, not to throw away the real and certain happiness he possessed for chimerical and hazardous expectations, which if they succeeded could not elevate him to a situation more splendid, honourable, and happy than that in which he was already placed, but if they failed would be pro-

ductive of death, infamy, and confiscation to all concerned.

That, to many of his associates, bankrupts in fame as well as fortune, and looking only to what they could get in a general plunder, massacre, and confusion, such considerations were useless; but that men like himself and a few others, who had something to lose, would do well coolly to weigh the consequences and hazard of so momentous and irretrievable a step. Neither argument nor entreaty could prevail on Fiesco, and the worthy veteran departed from his palace in tears.

The evening of the next day was fixed for executing their purpose, and a cannon fired in the harbour by Verrina was to be the signal that he was ready to co-operate.

An entertainment having been announced, many guests repaired to the palace, which they found crowded with strangers and armed soldiers. The persons invited being conducted to a spacious saloon in a remote part of the building, found the leader and principal conspirators assembled, when Fiesco thus addressed them:—

"The hour at length approaches when you have it in your power to relieve Genoa from the yoke of a tyrannic and haughty nobility: in less than an hour our portion will be honourable death, or the recovery and establishment of our freedom on a glorious and eternal basis. This is the feast to which I have invited you.

"The younger Doria has for several years been endeavouring to secure to himself and family absolute power. In order more completely to deceive, and that your chains may be indissolubly rivetted, he would establish despotism under the forms of a republic. Considering me as one determined to oppose his designs he has resolved to assassinate me, but I have hitherto been preserved by Providence from his stiletto, for the purpose of restoring you to liberty.

"You are grievously oppressed by arrogant taskmasters, whose pride and hardness of heart will increase, should the Doria family succeed in their wishes.

"If we succeed in the undertaking to which you are called, I will immediately restore the popular government. So well planned are our precautions, and so effective the means we have taken, that success and easy victory may be pronounced as certain.

"The city guards and artificers are wholly devoted to my will: their number is nearly three thousand. These, with two thousand of my own vassals, and the same number from the Duke of Placentia, wait only for my orders.

"Our designs are a profound secret, the enemy is off his guard, the danger, the difficulty, the expense and anxiety have been mine; to share in the glory, to rescue yourselves from slavery, and enjoy the blessings I offer, is your portion.

"But as I wish no man to engage who cannot cheerfully co-operate with hand and heart, should any person present be averse to the business in question, let them retire to a tower which adjoins to my palace, where they shall remain in safety till the short struggle is concluded, when I pledge my honour that they shall return unmolested to their families."

The guests who had been invited, as they imagined, to an entertainment, were motionless and silent; but when they had recovered from the sur-

prise naturally excited by so unexpected a proposal, they declared, with the exception of only two citizens, that they would support the count with their lives and fortunes. The company then partook of a hasty repast, while to each of them his post and duty were assigned.

A hard, a painful task, still remained for Fiesco: the fever of ambition had not extinguished love: he repaired to the apartment of Eleanora, to which he had invited his friend Pansa for the evening, hoping that his interesting conversation and agreeable manners would prevent her from observing what passed; for with a degree of cruel kindness he had not yet given her any intimation of the conspiracy.

Supporting as far as he was able the agitation in his breast, he communicated in a few words to the trembling Eleanora the business of the night. Terrified and distracted she rushed into his arms, conjuring him by every tender tie to abandon his enterprise.

The thunder of the cannon fired by Verrina shook the palace and prevented further words. Tearing himself from the friend he loved, and from the wife he adored, Fiesco returned precipitately, exclaiming, "To retract, or even to deliberate, is now too late: success alone can prevent death and destruction: in a few minutes you will be mistress or a widow of Genoa." Placing himself at the head of his companions they instantly sallied forth, the city gates were immediately taken possession of, the galleries of the Dorias secured, and the populace in arms crying out "Fiesco and liberty!" crowded through the streets: the wishes of the insurgents were accomplished. Jeanetin had rushed at the first alarm towards the harbour, but fell a sacrifice to popular fury; the venerable Andrew, sinking under age and infirmity, was safely conveyed by his faithful domestics through a postern to his villa, a few miles from the city. The senate assembled to know their fate, but Fiesco, for whom everything had been in motion, was no more. In attempting to get on board a galley, a plank on which he trod being insecurely placed, he fell headlong into the water; the tide was low, but the weight of his armour, the mud, and the darkness of the night, prevented his extricating himself.

Thus by an unexpected accident, which a little care would have prevented, perished an extraordinary young man, at once the ornament and enemy of his country, and his designs perished with him. His brothers endeavoured to take his place; but when the people heard that their favourite was dead, they retired in sullen melancholy to their houses, and tranquillity was immediately restored.

The senate proclaimed a general pardon by sound of trumpet; and the friends of the republic mingling their tears with those of Andrew Doria for his nephew, and Paul Pansa for his friend, soothed by every means in their power the sorrows of the widowed Eleanora.

XLIV.—ADAM FLEMING AND HELENA IRVING.

[The author of the 'Lounger's Common-place Book' says there have been two songs written on the following adventure, but that they are bad. We have an impression upon our memory that we

have seen a good song upon it, though we cannot remember where, probably in Mr. Allan Cunningham's collection of the 'Songs of Scotland.' We should be obliged to any correspondent who could find it for us. The subject, one would think, is too affectingly true not to have called forth some corresponding strain.]

ADAM FLEMING, the son of a little farmer, during the reign of Mary, inheriting from nature an attractive person and a vigorous mind, and receiving from the kindness of a maternal uncle an education superior to what is generally bestowed on persons of his rank in society, had won the affections of a beautiful and wealthy heiress in the shire of Dumfries. But as it seldom happens that we can enjoy any pleasure or any happiness without exciting envy or discontent in those who are less fortunate or less deserving, the preference given to Fleming by Helena Irving before a host of visitors, excited in one of the disappointed candidates inveterate malignity and vows of vengeance. Observing that a favourite evening walk of the lovers was on the banks of the Kirtle, a romantic little stream skirted with shrubs and overhanging rocks flowing in a serpentine course near the abbey of Kirkconnel, the villain procured a carbine, and at their accustomed hour concealed himself in a thicket near the place. The fond pair soon approaching, he levelled the instrument of death at his unsuspecting rival, but occasioning as he moved a rustling of the leaves, Helena turned quickly round, saw his deadly purpose, and defeated it by throwing herself before her lover; but in preserving him she received the contents of the gun in her own bosom, and sank a bloody and lifeless corse into his arms.

Neither love nor justice admitted a moment's delay: placing his murdered mistress gently on a bank Adam pursued the flying, the cowardly assassin, with the fury of a hungry lion, soon overtook him, and seizing the merciless ruffian by the hair of his head planted a dagger in his heart. The report of the piece and the cries of the dastardly fugitive drawing several peasants to the spot, Fleming, instead of submitting his conduct to the justice of his country, which must have considered it as a justifiable homicide, and without well knowing what he sought, fled towards the sea-coast, where he saw a vessel outward bound. Throwing himself into a boat he went on board, made a confidant of the captain, and sailed with him to Lisbon.

Careless of life, and probably wishing to shorten it, he entered into the service of the king of Portugal, and distinguished himself in a military capacity at some of the distant possessions of that monarch in the Brazil. Receiving, after many years, ample rewards and an honourable dismissal, he resolved in the spirit of the times to expiate the crime of a murder to which he received such urgent provocation, but for which he could not forgive himself, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Having accomplished his purpose, he was anxious to pass the short space of life which remained in his native country, trusting for safety to the mercy or oblivion of his former neighbours. Soon after landing in Scotland he determined to visit the spot where his beloved, his long-lost Helena was interred. Worn down by years, sorrow, and the toils of war, and naturally agitated by re-

collecting the circumstances and viewing the place of her death, his debilitated frame was not equal to such emotion. Reaching with difficulty her tomb in the chapel of Kirkconnel, he sunk on the earth which covered her remains, and expired without a groan.

[This little narrative, which the scrupulous critic may consider as the romantic fiction of a novelist, is founded on fact, supported by the evidence of authentic family documents in the possession of a worthy baronet who resides near the spot, and corroborated by the remains of a monumental inscription in the chapel, which is now in ruins.]

XLV.—HISTORY OF THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGES.

[We take this from the 'Ladies' Pocket Magazine' for the year 1825, a neat little publication, with good things in it. We seem as if we had read the story twenty times over elsewhere; but it is one of those whose frightful truth must always bring it into collections of stories like the present. The offending parties, by the outrageous violence of their passions and the desperate defiance of daylight and witnesses by one of them, were most likely madmen; at least, had an unhealthy or exaggerated organization amounting to madness. The author has attributed something of coquetry to the marchioness, and added that it was "no doubt innocent." But any coquetry, however pardonable to the vanity of youth and beauty, is a very dangerous thing, and likely to bring heavy sorrows on the light shoulders that think it an ornament, especially if the heart be good, and capable of ultimate reflection. The poor marchioness, by her affecting endeavours to secure her husband's life, appears to have been a woman of great natural tenderness and conscientiousness, and probably thought the endeavours incumbent upon her out of remorse for that very coquetry.]

THIS lady, whose misfortunes have been the subject of romances, poems, and melodramas, was born at Avignon, in the year 1636. Nature and fortune seemed to have united to load her with their favours in her early life, only that she might feel more acutely the horrors of her subsequent fate. When she was little more than thirteen she was married to the Marquis de Castellane, a grandson of the Duke de Villars. On her being introduced at Versailles, Louis XIV., who was then very young, distinguished her amidst the crowd of beauties which embellished the most brilliant court in Europe. The exquisite loveliness of the marchioness, the illustrious family of her husband, the immense fortune which she had brought him, and the kind attention with which she had been honoured by the king, all conspired to render her the fashion, and she was soon known in Paris by no other appellation than that of the beautiful Provençal. Her first ties were soon broken. The Marquis de Castellane, who was in the naval service, perished by shipwreck on the coast of Sicily. The marchioness, a blooming widow, rich, and without children, quickly saw all the most splendid youths of the court flocking around her and suing for her hand. Her unpropitious star destined her to give the preference to the youthful Lanede, Marquis de Ganges. She was united to him in the month of July, 1658. Two months

after the celebration of the marriage the marquis took his wife to Avignon. Their bliss during the first year of their union was uninterrupted. The Marquis de Ganges had two brothers, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges. Both were so deeply smitten with the charms of their sister-in-law that they instantly became enamoured of her. At the expiration of two or three years, some differences arose between the married couple: on the one side too strong a tendency to dissipation, and on the other a little coquetry, which no doubt was entirely innocent, occasioned this slight disagreement. The abbé, who was naturally of an intriguing disposition, exasperated and reconciled the husband and wife just as it suited his purposes. As his sister-in-law made him her confidant, he hoped that he should ultimately render her favourable to his passion; but as soon as he disclosed it, his love was disdainfully rejected. With the same pretensions, the chevalier made the same attempt, and was just as badly received. Not being able to succeed, the two brothers mutually confided to each other their criminal wishes, and blending together both their resentments they agreed to take joint vengeance. From that period they sought the means of getting rid of their sister-in-law. Poison was administered to the marchioness in milk-chocolate; but, whether it was that the poison being put in with a trembling hand was not sufficient in quantity, or that the milk blunted the effect of it, she sustained but little injury from it. The crime however did not pass undiscovered. To put a stop to the rumours on this subject, which were current in the city, the marquis proposed to his wife to spend the autumn on his estate of Ganges. The marchioness consented, which seems rather extraordinary; but in human events there are always some circumstances which are inexplicable. It appears that the marchioness had forebodings of her fate; for in a letter to her mother, dated from the castle of Ganges, she declared that she could not traverse the gloomy avenues of that melancholy residence without a feeling of terror. Her husband, who had accompanied her thither, left her with his two brothers and returned to Avignon. Not long before her quitting that city, the marchioness had come into possession of a considerable inheritance; and it is a fact that proves that she suspected the family into which she had entered, and perhaps even her husband, that she made a will at Avignon, by which in case of her death she confided her property, till her children were of age, to Madame de Roosan, her mother. This will became the pretext of an inveterate persecution of the marchioness by her brothers-in-law. They so strongly and perseveringly pressed her to revoke it, that she was at last weak enough to consent. They had no sooner carried their point than they made a second attempt to poison her, but with no better success than before. The monsters had however gone too far to allow of their receding. Being one day obliged to keep her bed by indisposition, the marchioness saw her brothers-in-law enter the room. In one hand the abbé had a pistol, and in the other a glass of poison: the chevalier had a drawn sword under his arm. "You must die, madam," said the abbé, "choose, whether by pistol, sword, or poison." The marchioness, in a state bordering on distraction, could not believe her senses: she sprang out of bed, threw herself at the

feet of her brothers, and asked what crime she had committed. "Choose!" was the only answer which the assassins made. Seeing that there was no hope of assistance, the unfortunate lady took the glass which the abbé presented to her, and swallowed the contents while he held the pistol to her breast. This horrible scene being finished, the monsters retired and locked the victim into the room, promising to send to her a confessor, the spiritual aid of whom she had requested as a last favour. She was now alone; her first thought was to escape; her next was to try various means of removing from her stomach the poison which she had been forced to take: in the latter she partly succeeded, by putting one of the locks of her hair down her throat. Then, half-naked, she threw herself into the court-yard, though the window was nearly eight yards from the ground. But how was she to escape from her murderers, who would speedily be aware of her flight, and were masters of all the outlets from the castle? The unfortunate marchioness implored the compassion of one of the servants, who let her out into the fields through a stable-door. She was quickly pursued by the abbé and chevalier, who represented her as a mad woman to a farmer in whose house she had taken refuge. It was here that the crime was to be consummated. The chevalier, who hitherto had appeared less ferocious than his brother, followed her from room to room, and having come up with her in a remote apartment, the villain gave her two stabs in the breast and five in the back, at the moment that she was trying to get away. The blows were so violent that the sword was broken, and part of it remained in the shoulder. The cries of the miserable lady brought the neighbours to the place, and the abbé, who had stayed at the door to prevent any help from coming to her, entered the house with the crowd. Enraged to see that the marchioness was not yet dead, he presented his pistol to her breast, but it missed fire. The spectators, who had hitherto been terrified, now rushed to seize the abbé; but by dint of hard struggles he effected his escape. Madame de Ganges lived nineteen days after this event, and did not expire till she had publicly implored the divine mercy for her assassins. On her body being opened, the bowels were found to be corroded by the effect of the poison. Her husband was present during her last moments. There were very strong presumptions against him; but the marchioness, still compassionate amidst the severest sufferings, did all that lay in her power to clear him from suspicion. The parliament of Toulouse lost no time in instituting judicial proceedings against the criminals, and by a decree which was issued on the 21st of August, 1687, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges were outlawed, and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. After having had his property confiscated, and been degraded from the rank of nobility, the marquis was condemned to perpetual banishment by the same decree. The chevalier found shelter in Malta, and was subsequently killed in an engagement with the Turks. As to the abbé, he sought an asylum in Holland, and there under a fictitious name he passed through a variety of adventures, which might furnish the subject of a romance. It is much to be regretted that two such execrable wretches should have escaped the punishment which was so justly awarded to them by the parliament of Toulouse.

XLVI.—ADVENTURES OF RIPERDA.

[This account of Riperda may to some look too much like a page out of history; yet surely a Dutchman who becomes a Spanish Catholic minister, and dies a bashaw, may be considered a curiosity, in the more fantastic sense of the word. Riperda was truly what is called an adventurer; that is to say, a man formed only to go on from one adventure to another, without obtaining any settled and noble success. He was of a class of men, whose brains, very clever for the most part, appear to want a portion common to the rest of mankind, and necessary to keep them in equilibrium. A bit of them seems broken off, or omitted; and so the poor creature keeps turning about from project to project, and creed to creed, like the convert described by Butler :—

A convert's but a fly, that turns about
After his head's pulled off, to find it out.]

RIPERDA was a native of Groningen towards the close of the seventeenth century, for the materials of whose singular life and adventures we are indebted to the late Dr. Campbell, and for many new facts to the ingenious rector of Bemerton (Archdeacon Coxé).

The last writer, admitted to sources of information which few private men can have any access to, has, in his 'Apology for Sir Robert Walpole,' performed the task committed to his care in a dexterous and pleasing manner.

It must be confessed that when the transactions of ministers and statesmen are to be delineated and laid before the public, a writer is placed in a situation peculiar and delicate; more particularly when those individuals to whom he is indebted for important papers are immediate descendants from the illustrious persons whose history he writes.

To investigate characters and decide on measures when party zeal, inflamed resentments, and family prejudice have not had time to cool, has been aptly compared by Horace to treading on ashes beneath which unextinguished fire is concealed. In such cases an author has a difficult part to act; to avoid the bias of gratitude and private interest; to speak not only truth, but the whole truth; to avoid exciting the malignity of powerful enemies, but at the same time to preserve unblemished his integrity and literary reputation with the public.

Riperda, the subject of my present page, inheriting from nature activity and acuteness, and uniting to a warm imagination a more than moderate confidence in his own abilities, applied with indefatigable industry to literature and science.

After a well-planned and well-executed education, under the superintendence of his father, who was descended from a good family in the province where he resided, the young man passed the earlier part of his life in the army, in which he deserved and obtained promotion.

His military progress added a general knowledge of the world and agreeable manners to his more solid acquirements; but he suffered no pursuit, either of business or of pleasure, to interrupt the cultivation of his mind. His morning hours were sacred; and while his associates in winter-quarters were lost in the stupifying indolence of superfluous sleep, or in recovering from a nocturnal debauch, the more diligent Dutchman was trimming his early lamp.

He exerted himself more peculiarly in procuring

information on every subject directly or remotely connected with manufactures and trade; he made himself acquainted with the population and the wants of the different powers in Europe; with the natural produce and raw materials each country yielded, and the various commodities they were under the necessity of providing from their neighbours.

Having formed himself precisely for managing the concerns of a mercantile country, soon after the peace of Utrecht he was appointed envoy from the United Provinces to the court of Madrid, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty with the king of Spain.

This complicated business he conducted with so much address, and turned his book knowledge, which men of business are apt to think so lightly of, to so much account, that he attracted the favour of Cardinal Alberoni, who, from being a curate in the Duchy of Parma, had by fortunate and well-improved incidents gained the patronage of the Princess Ursini, and was at the moment prime minister of Spain.

At Madrid he found Mr. Doddington, who was sent on a similar business by his master the king of England.

The English envoy, better skilled in borough arrangements than the intricacies of foreign politics, derived so much benefit from the correct official statements and the authentic documents of Riperda, that he received many warm acknowledgments from Lord Townshend, at that time a cabinet minister at the court of London.

These flattering circumstances first occasioned the subject of our present article to meditate establishing himself in Spain: he was induced to this project by remembering that it required no very consummate abilities to pass for a deep politician at Madrid, where many foreigners had been advanced to high honours and confidential trusts, who had no other recommendation than a good voice, a dexterous finger, a pleasing countenance, or a handsome leg.

Finding the Protestant religion a considerable impediment to his advancement, he publicly abjured the faith in which he had been educated, and was eagerly admitted into the Catholic church.

This change of opinion, or of profession, so favourable to his political career, does not appear to have improved his morals; for in a pecuniary transaction Riperda was accused of imposing on Mr. Doddington. This ill-timed incident lost him Alberoni's favour, and he was soon after dismissed from the lucrative post of superintendent of a royal manufactory, to which he had been appointed.

The Dutchman always repelled this degrading accusation with spirit, insisting that the money received, ten thousand pistoles, was no more than a moderate reward for the important diplomatic benefits he had conferred, by advice and communication, on the infant statesman, that being the appellation he bestowed,—alluding, I apprehend, rather to his want of experience than of years. He asserted that part of the cash had been actually expended in obtaining secret intelligence for the Englishman. Who shall decide when statesmen disagree? Sometimes in these collusions a spark of truth, useful to honest men, is struck out.

Riperda observed that on this occasion he had acted towards the unfledged envoy as a prudent physician would treat an illiberal and parsimonious

patient, who insidiously picked out his opinions and advice during accidental conversations, without offering a fee: he had paid himself.

It is not easy now to decide on the positive criminality or relative equity of this transaction: it must however be confessed that internal evidence, deduced from the subsequent conduct of Riperda, and the left-handed characteristic cunning of his countrymen, who generally overreach themselves, tell rather against him.

But this obliquity of conduct does not appear to have retarded his political progress: he joined the enemies of Alberoni, and, in the place from which he had been dismissed, having been kindly noticed by the royal family, was frequently consulted by the principal secretary, Grimaldo; and, what in Spain is an object of the greatest importance, Riperda became a favourite with the king's confessor.

In this advantageous position he intrigued and caballed against the cardinal; contributed powerfully towards his dismissal; and dazzled by the bright prospect which opened before him, confiding in superior abilities, or his personal influence with the king, he was ambitious of succeeding the ex-minister.

But when his appointment was proposed in council, strong representations were made against the placing at the head of his majesty's government an alien and a new convert from heresy, whose integrity was already suspected.

A further discussion was delayed by Philip's abdicating the Spanish throne; but when the royal seceder resumed his crown, Riperda was still his confidential favourite, and ingratiated himself more particularly with the queen, by promoting a marriage between Don Carlos and an archduchess of the House of Austria.

On this occasion he was sent ambassador to the Emperor of Germany, and during his mission to Vienna acquired considerable popularity, as well by the unqualified warmth of his declarations in favour of German connections, as by the hospitality of his table, the splendour of his retinue, and the punctuality of his payments.

A new system of politics, different views, and probably the pecuniary *embarras* with Mr. Doddington, gradually estranged him from his former attachment to England, and he poured forth a foul stream of virulent invective against this country, for hesitating to fulfil her engagements, one of which he positively insisted was an immediate and unqualified cessation of the important fortress of Gibraltar.

In reply, it was acknowledged that the subject had been pressed by the Spanish minister, and a promise made to take it into consideration; but when the outrageous statesman was informed that in Great Britain the will of a sovereign, or the wishes of his minister, are impotent and ineffectual without parliamentary concurrence, he burst into passionate, vehement, and unbecoming expressions; threatened that he would land twenty thousand men in Scotland, send home the Elector of Hanover, and place the lawful sovereign, a legitimate descendant of King James II., on the English throne.

Having concluded with the emperor a treaty by which the king and queen of Spain were highly gratified, he hastened to Madrid, where he was received with rapturous acknowledgments, but he

treated his friend Grimaldo with ungrateful coldness, and the day after his arrival was appointed to succeed him as principal secretary of state: he transacted business at the council board and with foreign ambassadors, thus enjoying the uncontrolled authority of Alberoni, without the name of prime minister.

But it was soon found, with all his predominating address and eminent talents, that he was unfit for the high office he filled; that he was vain, turbulent, and insolent; without regularity, prudence, moderation, or consistency of conduct; in a word, that he possessed great powers and attainments, but wanted prudence and common sense.

The king, by more frequent intercourse, soon saw the deficiency of Riperda in these indispensable requisites, and in a short time he ceased to be a favourite.

It is not improbable that the minister became giddy from the height to which he was elevated: being hated by the officers of state who were obliged to attend him, and detested by the people, his situation was awkward and perilous; yet at a crowded levee he had the folly or the assurance to exclaim, "I know that the whole kingdom is irritated against me, but their malice I defy; safe under the protection of God, the blessed Virgin, and the goodness of my intentions."

The general aversion every day increasing, and Riperda's imprudence keeping pace with his unpopularity, it was found necessary to remove him; his dismissal, according to the usual court etiquette, being called a *resignation*, and his temper smoothed by a liberal pension.

But this pacific treatment had no effect in quieting the exasperated Dutchman; his angry passions raged with unabated fury, and he vowed eternal vengeance against a country so blind to his merits.

Being possessed of secrets which the English ministry were anxious to become acquainted with, he opened a clandestine intercourse with the English ambassador, Stanhope, his former friend, Doddington, having been recalled.

The curses of the people, artfully fomented by his enemies, were by this time not only deep but loud; he was fearful of an attack on his person, and he fled to that gentleman's house.

His intrigues with England and other hostile designs being now discovered, he was dragged from his retreat, taken into custody, and imprisoned in the castle of Segovia.

Taking advantage of the infirmity or neglect of his keepers, and assisted by a female domestic, who first pitying had then loved him, he bribed a nocturnal sentinel, and by means of a rope ladder effected his escape.

With these companions, and after a long, anxious, and fatiguing journey, he reached Oporto, and embarked without delay for England, where he was received with respect and attention by the king's ministers.

But when Sir Robert Walpole had gained from the fugitive every necessary information, he was gradually neglected, and as is the case with all betrayers of their trust, at last despised, even by those who had derived advantage from his treachery.

A man like Riperda, who had directed national councils and had been listened to by kings, who abounded in pride, and swelled with indignation, could not but feel this degraded situation most

acutely. After two years passed in the English metropolis, in unavailing impatience, passion, and regret, but with undiminished hatred against everything Spanish, he withdrew to Holland.

In that republic he found an agent from Barbary, who being acquainted with his story, conceived that his thirst for vengeance might be productive of important advantages to the sovereign by whom he was employed.

This person was an envoy from that barbarian whom we condescend to call the Emperor of Morocco. He assured Riperda that all his efforts in Europe would be ineffectual, in consequence of the important changes which had recently taken place in continental politics; but that on the borders of his master's territories in Africa he might annoy his enemies and gratify his revenge most effectually: that he would there possess the advantage of a geographical position, in which to defeat the Spaniards would be to exterminate them, and that he would receive ample rewards from a grateful ally, stimulated by the hereditary impulse of eternal hatred and national antipathy.

Riperda heard and was convinced: revenge, the most infernal but the most seducing of all our crimes, quickening all his measures and smoothing every difficulty: with the two companions of his flight he sailed for Africa, and after a prosperous voyage announced his arrival and the object of his views to Muly Abdallah, who eagerly accepted his services.

The Dutchman, who, like his countrymen, for a productive cargo would have trod on the cross at Japan, embraced the Mahometan faith, adopted the dress, conformed to the manners, and gained the esteem of that African chief.

In less than two months he was advanced to the post of prime minister, and shortly after appointed commander-in-chief of his forces, with unusual discretionary power.

The new general, animated by the spur of the occasion, lost no time in improving the army placed under his guidance by every means in his power.

He represented to Abdallah the insufficiency of the desultory and irregular modes of attack generally practised by the Moors, which, although at their first onset they sometimes break down all before them, are, if they fail, generally productive of irrecoverable confusion, slaughter, and defeat.

With the emperor's permission, Riperda—for so I continue to call him although the renegade had assumed another name—with the emperor's permission rigidly enforced the severe maxims of European tactics, silent and prompt obedience, irresistible energy, patient and cool dexterity, which, at the mouth of a cannon, the mounting a breach, or the springing of a mine, convert an otherwise unmanageable mob into a compact magic machine, various in form, but of tremendous power: a widely spread line, a hollow square, a wedge, a column, or a platoon.

Thus improved and thus directed, the barbarians attacked the Spaniards, and irrecoverably defeated them: their leader was created a bashaw, and died at Tetuan, in extreme old age, some time in the year 1737.

Such was Riperda: with a strong mind, and talents improved by assiduous cultivation, placed on elevated ground, and possessing a considerable share of book learning, and no small portion of

general and local information, he missed the high road to happiness: all his parts and all his acquirements did not guard him against obliquity and crooked policy, which in this, as in most instances, generally defeat their own purpose. He has added to the many instances which pointedly prove, after all the contrivances of cunning, and the deep stratagems of finesse, that honesty is the best policy; that her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

XLVII.—THE FIRST FEMALE ACCOUCHEUR.

(*From the Lounger's Commonplace Book.*"")

AGNODICE, an Athenian female, appears to have been endowed with a considerable portion of keen sensibility towards the afflictions and calamities of others: with this amiable disposition she united qualities which persons of that laudable description do not always possess,—good sense to direct, and consummate resolution for carrying into execution the singular efforts she made to alleviate the sufferings of her fellow-creatures; and which, in the path chosen by her benevolence, could not be exercised without difficulty and danger.

This excellent woman saw with concern numbers of her own sex dying or undergoing extreme and frequently unnecessary risk and protracted pain in childbirth, because they dreaded calling in professional assistance, or resorted to it when too late; for, at the period to which I refer, there was a positive law in Athens, that men only should study and practice this or any other branch of the medical art.

Agnodice could not rest contented till she found a remedy for this evil, which struck at the root of population, laid a cruel tax on the first great law of nature, and overwhelmed with torture, agony, and death the fairest, the most modest, and often the worthiest of women; whilst certain help was loudly called for and really administered to vicious audacity and callous unconcern.

Inspired by the importance of her object and animated by the humanity of her purpose, she alleged a call from a sick friend at a considerable distance to account for her absence, and, procuring the dress of a man, attended as a pupil at the schools where the knowledge she wished for was dispensed.

As improvement is generally rapid when the desire for it is ardent. Agnodice soon acquired the necessary qualifications, and, in the assumed character and dress of a man, afforded substantial relief to many women who had been deterred by modesty, by fear, and other motives, from applying to male professors; the secret of her being a woman having been previously imparted to those whose situation rendered her assistance necessary.

But the gratitude of her patients or the selfishness of her opponents, who found they were losing business, led to a discovery of this meritorious imposture.

They circulated reports injurious to the character of the young practitioner, and ignorant of the truth insisted that he was frequently called in, when, in fact, no medical aid was necessary, and that dangerous and illicit intercourse was carried on under the convenient plea of asking advice.

Agnodice was tried before the Areopagus, a

court so called from their assembling on a hill of that name near Athens, and by a party of envious husbands and jealous rivals this excellent and intrepid woman was condemned to die; an unjust and inhuman sentence which would have been carried into execution, if the prisoner had not convinced her judges, in a way I will not describe, that it was impossible she could have been guilty of the crime alleged against her.

Disappointed in their purpose, her adversaries next endeavoured to destroy her for having violated an express law, mentioned at the beginning of this article, which prohibited her sex from studying any branch of the medical profession. On this charge, the law being positive, her judges paused, when the court was immediately filled with a crowd of women, many of whom had received comfort, and many of them life, from her well-timed aid.

They boldly and loudly appealed to the feelings, the reason, and the interests of the person they addressed. After a short debate Agnodice was honourably acquitted, and the obnoxious law revoked. Such was the salutary triumph of merit and good sense over selfishness and absurd prejudice.

Since the period at which the transaction I have related took place, the opinions of the world on this subject appear to have taken an opposite direction; the art which Agnodice took so generous and effectual a method of acquiring, is now almost universally practised by men.

Yet it has been doubted whether in nine cases out of ten—so kind a guardian have we in the superintending providence of God—whether in nine cases out of ten, nature, with trifling aid, does not conduct the business with safety; but the fear, perhaps a natural one in the breast of each woman that *she* may be that unfortunate tenth, has secured, and still secures to the modern *accoucheur* a large and profitable proportion of patients.

XLVIII.—A LESSON TO VULGAR MISTAKE;

OR, FARCE ENDING IN TRAGEDY.

[A book lately appeared, entitled 'Recollections of the Eighteenth Century,' purporting to be written by the Marchioness de Créquy, an old lady of whom the startling fact is told us that she had her hand kissed, when a child, by Louis XIV., and the same hand kissed, at the age of eighty-five, by Napoleon, when First Consul! We say that the book "purports" to be written by the marchioness, because our lively neighbours have established a regular manufactory of pretended Biographies and Recollections, which are got up with such extraordinary tact and research, that it is often impossible to distinguish between a false book of the kind and a true. We must confess, that the present work, though it contains some piquant anecdotes, does not appear to us one of the best of its sort, whether true or false. The marchioness is fairly "mad with aristocracy," and instead of being the kind, elegant, and judicious personage described by the editor, and often to be found in her class of life, seems as if she had written on purpose to exhibit the class as consisting of little else but those who disgrace it, or a

heap of vulgar spite, pretension, and absurdity: the book really looks as if some libellous revolutionist had composed it with that view. The following story is an exception, however, to its general character; and whether genuine or not as to the alleged parties, is too probable in other respects to be refused a place in our list. Such fatal absurdities, in various shapes, have too often occurred in real life.]

THERE happened not far from Montvilliers (says Madame de Créquy) an event which I do not think useless to relate to you, were it only to warn you against some sorts of pastimes, to which persons of bad taste sometimes give themselves up in the country. I mean to speak of those sort of amusements which consist in playing tricks and in buffoonery.

Monsieur de Martainville, a young counsellor at the parliament of Normandy, and newly married, had collected in his castle twenty persons, who were to pass the vacation there, and among the number there were several officers of the neighbouring garrisons. They bored holes in the walls and the ceiling to run through packthreads, which they had fastened to the curtains and coverlids: they dug holes in the ground and hid them with the grass, that they might trip up the horses and their riders, which must have been very agreeable to the horsemen: they put salt into your coffee, pepper into your snuff, colocynth juice at the edge of your tumbler, Burgundy peas into your shirts, and chopped horse-hair into your sheets. You may imagine that there were cray-fish and frogs in all the beds of the castle; for it is a fundamental idea in all provincial fun, and always, I have been told, the first thought which comes into the heads of these charming country wits. Others could never go and see the new-married couple without their finding themselves assailed by all this vulgar fun and impertinent brutality, which made their castle a sort of receptacle for all the mischievous people in the neighbourhood. La Martainville expected at their house the widow of the intendant Alençon, who was called Madame Hérault de Séchelles, and who was going to the baths of Barge by very easy day's journeys: she had entreated permission to rest for some days at Martainville. It is right to tell you that she was recovering from an inflammation on the chest, that she had 60,000 francs a-year, and that the Martainvilles were her principal heirs. She was an old-fashioned woman, very delicate, tiresome, and susceptible to a degree. She was one of those genuine intendantes who are used to the adulation of a village, and who never take the trouble of taking up their cards at reverses; from whence the Cardinal Fleury always said to the young king, who played without ever thinking of it, "Madame l'intendante, it is your turn to take up the cards."

"Ah now," said De Martainville to the harpies then around him, "do not play tricks during the stay of our aunt de Séchelles. Be very prudent and very serious, gentlemen and ladies; do not forget she is my relation with a succession." They had removed I do not know what president's lady, that they might prepare the best apartment for this illustrious invalid. They had placed in the chamber that they had allotted for her all the most convenient furniture, as well as all the china and the rarest Dresden porcelain of the house. They had

taken care to keep hot, and dressed to a turn, a large boiled chicken, with pigeons stewed with barley, and quails with lettuces, without reckoning the fresh eggs in cold water and the Alicant wine in hot water: in short, the kitchen and the servants had remained under arms for more than a week, and yet Madame did not arrive! They began to be uneasy at it in the family, and the rest of the company to be out of patience. It is to be told also, that the master of the house had never seen this aunt of his wife, and that she had not seen her old relation since she was five or six years old, which gave rise to the idea of playing a trick.

There was among this facetious band a little Mons. de Clermont d'Amboise, who wished some years afterwards to marry me, but the gratitude I owe him cannot prevent me from telling you he was a nasty-looking, little, yellow, sneaking wretch. They thought of disguising him as an old lady; another officer was to be dressed as a lady's maid; and, above all things, they had taken care to conceal the preparations for these disguises, which were only to be known to three or four people, but which were divulged by a waiting woman to a spark of the society. They planned trick upon trick, and they concluded to mystify the mystifiers. Therefore, while they were on tenter-hooks to receive them, and bowing and cringing in the best manner, arrived the real intendante, on whom they precipitated themselves like an avalanche; they tore off her furbelowed gown, her starched frill, her mob cap, her wig; in short, they maltreated her so cruelly that it is horrible to think of! The unfortunate woman was so mortally terrified that she could neither cry, nor utter a single word—but in what she heard there were perfidious revelations:—

"Greedy ostrich, tiresome intendante—old aunt with a succession. Ah! you wish to go to the baths to tire out your heirs. Here are mineral waters, there are shower baths." And it was blows and buckets of water which came over her whole body, in the midst of the most frightful noise and confusion.

After a quarter of an hour of such ducking, and of the worst treatment (she had sunk under the blows and lay senseless on the ground), they perceived that she gave no sign of life. They brought a light; they did not know the little De Clermont, and the result of the investigation was that the poor woman was almost dead. Every one fled from the castle except her relations, who tore their hair, and whom she could not face without a sentiment of terror and profound horror. She died of it the third day; and as she had never made any testamentary bequests, it was found that her property naturally fell to the Martainvilles, which compromised them so much in the public opinion and before their brethren of the robe, that they made a judicial disposition on this abominable mistake, and Monsieur de Martainville saw himself obliged to give up his profession. As he was very honourable and his wife was delicacy itself, they would not touch any part of the succession of Madame de Séchelles, which they gave up to their collaterals. They some time after sold their fine manor of Martainville, and they even quitted the name for that of their barony of Francheville, which their family still bears. Madame de Maintenon has said that good taste always supposes good sense, and that is the moral of this anecdote.

XLIX.—HISTORY OF FELIX PERETTI.

(From the *Lounger's Commonplace Book*.)

FELIX PERETTI, the son of a peasant at Montalto, a village in the Papal territory of Ancona, discovered at an early age quick parts and a retentive memory; but the poverty of his parents obliged them to part with him when only nine years old, and he was placed in the service of a neighbouring farmer.

In this situation Felix did not satisfy his employer. He was perpetually finding fault with the lad for his unhandiness in husbandry work, and observing that correction served only to augment his apparent stupidity he dismissed him from the house, the barn, and the stable, to what was considered as a more servile and degrading species of occupation—the taking care of a number of hogs on an adjoining common.

In this solitary place, deserted and forlorn, his back still smarting with repeated stripes, his eyes overflowing with tears, he was surprised by a stranger at his elbow, inquiring which was the nearest way to Ascoli.

This person was a Franciscan, who travelling to that place had lost his way; in fact, the poor boy was so absorbed in grief that he did not observe any one approaching till he heard the voice of the friar, who had spoken to him several times before he could procure an answer.

Affected by his melancholy appearance, he naturally asked the cause, and received an account of his hopeless condition, related in a strain of good sense and vivacity (for, on speaking to him, he resumed his natural cheerfulness), which surprised the holy father, when he considered his age and wretched appearance.

"But I must not forget that you are going to Ascoli," said Felix, starting nimbly from the bank on which he was sitting; then, pointing out the proper road, he accompanied the friar, who was charmed at finding so much untaught politeness in a little rustic.

Considering himself as sufficiently informed, he thanked the boy, and would have dismissed him with a small present, but he still continued running and skipping before him, till Father Michael asked in a jocular way if he meant to go with him quite to the town!

"Not only to Ascoli, but to the end of the world," said Felix, unwilling to quit his companion. "Ah, sir!" continued the lad, after a short pause, in a tone of voice and with one of those looks which make their way at once to our hearts: "Ah, sir! if you or any worthy gentleman would but get me the place of an errand boy, or any other employment in a convent, however laborious, where I could procure a little learning and get away from those filthy hogs and the owner of them, who is little better, I would try to make myself useful, and should be bound to pray for and bless you as long as I live."

"But you would not take the habit of a religious order?" said the Franciscan. "Most willingly," replied Felix.

"You are little aware of the hardships, the fastings, the toil, the watchings, and the labour which you would undergo."

"I would endure the pains of purgatory to become a scholar," was the boy's singular reply.

Finding him in earnest, and surprised at his

courage and resolution, he permitted the stripling to accompany him to Ascoli, where he introduced him to the society of Cordeliers he was going to visit, informing them at the same time of the circumstance which first introduced him to this new acquaintance.

The superior sent for the boy, put many questions to him, and was so well pleased that he immediately admitted him. He was immediately invested with the habit of a lay-brother, and appointed to assist the sacristan in sweeping the church and lighting the candles. In return for these and other services he was taught the responses and instructed in grammar.

In acquiring knowledge the little stranger was found to unite a readiness of comprehension with unceasing application: his progress was so rapid that in 1534, being then only fourteen years old, he entered on his novitiate, and after the usual time was admitted to make his profession.

On taking deacon's orders he preached his first sermon to a numerous congregation, it being the Feast of the Annunciation, when he soon convinced his hearers that the man who was instructing them possessed no common share of abilities.

The service being concluded, a prelate then present thanked Felix publicly for his discourse, encouraged him to persist diligently in his studies, and congratulated him as well as the society of which he was a member on the fairness of his prospects.

He was ordained a priest in 1545, took the degrees of bachelor and doctor with considerable credit, and being chosen to keep a divinity act before the whole chapter of his order, father Montalto (that being the name he now assumed) so distinguished himself that he secured the esteem, and afterwards enjoyed the patronage and protection of two cardinals, Carpi and Alexandrino.

The time indeed was now come when a friend was necessary to defend him against the numerous enemies his acrimonious violence had created; for, as Montalto advanced to notice and celebrity, impetuosity of temper and impatience of contradiction became prominent features in his character: his air and manners were dominating and dictatorial.

At this period of his life he is described (by a contemporary, who, I suspect, had felt his reproof) as one of those troublesome people who, presuming on what I have called the aristocracy of intellect and the insolence of good design, fancy they can set the world to rights, and consider themselves as authorised to censure without respect of persons, and to amend without regard to consequences, whatever they see amiss in church or state.

It cannot be denied, that at the time of which I speak, the reins of government, ecclesiastical as well as civil, were held with a careless and slackened hand; that public and private morals were notoriously corrupt and profligate through the whole extent of the papal dominions; that Rome was a nest and a place of refuge for everything base and villainous in Italy; that the roads, and even the streets of the great city, could not be passed after night without incurring the danger of robbery and murder.

But men in public stations, however culpable their dereliction of duty, when they recollected that the present reformer of abuse less than twenty

years before was a poor peasant, an object of charity and commiseration, could not prevail on themselves to submit to his censures without resistance and indignation; but the hour was rapidly approaching when Montalto possessed the power as well as inclination not only to reprove but to punish evil-doers.

By the interest of Cardinal Alexandrino, who saw and understood the unbending sternness of his disposition, he was appointed to an office which seemed congenial with such a temper—inquisitor-general at Venice.

But the unqualified harshness of his manners, and the peremptory violence with which he executed his duty, soon raised a storm in that jealous republic, and he would have suffered personal violence from the enraged Venetians, had he not saved himself by a precipitate flight.

A few months after, he visited a country sensible of the value of such a character, and where such zeal was duly appreciated. Cardinal Buoncompagno being appointed *legatus à latere*, in plain English ambassador, from the pope to his Catholic majesty, Montalto accompanied him into Spain as his chaplain and inquisitorial consultor.

In this capacity he was received at Madrid with great cordiality, and gave such proofs of the warmth of his zeal, that on the cardinal's recall ecclesiastical honours and preferment were repeatedly offered, if he would establish himself in that country; but the palace of the Vatican, the city on seven hills, imperial Rome, was the object on which the shepherd of Ancona had fixed an unaverted eye.

The legate, Buoncompagno, had quitted Spain only a few hours, when he met a messenger dispatched from Rome with news of the pope's death: this was John de Medicis, who governed the church almost seven years under the title of Pius IV.

Montalto was strongly interested in this intelligence, as he had every reason to expect that his patron, Cardinal Alexandrino, would be elected pontiff.

In this hope he was not disappointed, and on his arrival at Rome his friend, now exalted to an ecclesiastical throne under the name of Pius V., received him with kindness, and immediately appointed him general of his order, a post in which Montalto did not forget to punish those whom he had before admonished.

In less than four years from the elevation of Cardinal Alexandrino he was made a bishop, received a competent pension, and was ultimately (1570) admitted into the College of Cardinals.

Being now arrived within a short distance of the mountain top, which for more than forty years he had been arduously and laboriously attempting to climb, he found a firm and safe resting-place on which to rest his foot.

It cannot be denied that his reflections on this occasion must have been in the highest degree solacing and triumphant: from poverty, contempt, and oppression, from a life of labour unrequited, and with an ardent thirst for knowledge, which at a certain time it seemed impossible for him ever to gratify, he was suddenly placed at the fountain-head of learning and information; the treasures of ancient and modern literature were displayed before his eyes; he was raised to personal, and, what was still more flattering, to an intellectual eminence, which was generally ac-

knowledge and felt: he was exalted to a post which in those days placed him on an equality with kings.

But with so many rational sources of exultation, with so much to hope, there was still much to fear: his new associates, generally speaking, were men of talents, well educated, and with the proud blood of the Medici, the Caraffa, the Farnese, the Colonna, and the Frangipani families swelling their veins: many of them not only of illustrious descent, but endowed with a considerable share of deep political sagacity as statesmen, and all alike wishing for, yet anxiously concealing their wishes, to succeed to the chair of St. Peter.

With competitors of this description it must be confessed that Montalto had a difficult and trying part to act. Being convinced that a severe assuming character was not likely to succeed, he gradually suppressed every angry passion, and artfully disguised the foibles and imperfections of his temper under a convenient mask of mildness, affability, and unconcern.

One of his nephews on a journey to Rome to see his uncle being murdered, the cardinal, now a new man, instead of aiding in the prosecution of the offender interceded for his pardon: he did not encourage visits from his relations, several of whom hearing of his advancement repaired to Rome, but lodged them at an inn, and dismissed them the day after their arrival with an inconsiderable present, strictly charging them to return to their families and trouble him no more, for that he now found his spiritual cares increasing every day; that he was dead to his relations and the world; but as old age and infirmities came on, he perhaps might send for one of them to wait upon and nurse him.

On the death of his friend Pius V. he entered the conclave with the rest of the cardinals, but did not appear to interest himself in the election; and on being applied to by any of the candidates or their friends replied, "that the sentiments of so obscure and insignificant a man as he was could be of no importance; that having never before been in a conclave he was fearful of making a false step, and left the affair to his brethren, who were persons of great weight and experience, and all of them such worthy characters that he was quite at a loss which to vote for, and wished only he had as many voices as there were members of the Sacred College."

Cardinal Buoncompagno being elected, and having assumed the name of Gregory XIII., the subject of our present article did not forget to pay court to him; but soon found he was no favourite, having offended his holiness when legate in Spain, by refusing to remain at Madrid as he desired.

Montalto now became a pattern of meekness, modesty, and humility: he lived frugally in a small house without ostentation. This best species of prudence and economy, which enabled him to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, by retrenching his own superfluities, procured him the character of a friend to the poor: he also submitted patiently to every species of injury or indignity, and was remarked for treating his worst enemies with tenderness, condescension, and forgiveness.

In the meantime he had so far deceived the majority of the cardinals, that they considered him as a poor, weak, doating old fellow, incapable of doing either good or harm, and by way of ridicule

they called him the Ass of La Marca: the district round Ancona, to a certain extent, being called the March of Ancona. An evident alteration took place in the appearance of his health: he felt, or affected to feel, violent internal pains, which, not being always accompanied with external appearances, afford no positive proof of the existence of disease to the senses, and we are generally obliged to take the word of those who say they feel them.

He applied for advice to medical men in various quarters of the city, describing what he felt, which (having secretly gathered the information from books) they described as alarming symptoms, produced by causes which in all probability would shorten his days; public prayers were offered up for his recovery, and the intercession of all devout Christians and good men earnestly requested.

At intervals he would appear in a state of convalescence, but considerably changed; of a pale countenance, thin, bent in body, and leaning painfully on his staff: by a few persons, who suspected the duplicity of his conduct, these untoward appearances were said to be produced by the frequent use of nauseating medicines, nocturnal watchings, and rigid abstinence.

But with all his apparent sufferings and affected indifference to public men and public measures, his eyes and ears were open and intent on every transaction, public as well as private. By means of apt emissaries, many of whom were domestics with cardinals and ambassadors, he made himself acquainted with every event either directly or remotely connected with his ambitious views.

Considering auricular confession as a convenient instrument to forward political intrigue, and his reputation as a learned divine being firmly established, he attended whenever his health would permit to hear confessions, and was resorted to by crowds of all ranks.

In this post he procured great help towards his aggrandisement, and is said to have extracted secrets on which he afterwards grounded many judicial punishments.

At this propitious moment (1585), and at a time when the College of Cardinals was torn by opposite interests and divided by contending factions, at this auspicious moment died Gregory XIII.

Montalto accompanied the cardinals into the conclave, and immediately shutting himself in his chamber was scarcely spoken to or thought of: if at any time it was necessary as a matter of form, or for the purpose of calculating numbers, to consult him, his door was found fast, and a message was sent that he would wait on their eminences the moment his coughing and violent pain were abated; but earnestly entreating them to proceed to business, as the presence of so insignificant a person as himself could not be necessary, and he hoped they would not disturb a man sinking under disease, whose thoughts were placed on another world.

At the end of fourteen days, three powerful parties, each of whom had considered themselves as certain of choosing their own pope, found their views defeated in consequence of the votes being equally divided.

Impatient of delay, and hoping that a vacancy would soon take place if they elected the old Ass of La Marca, whom every man thought he could manage as he pleased, they unanimously concurred in electing him.

The moment he was chosen, Montalto threw away the staff on which he had hitherto supported himself, then suddenly raising his head, and expanding his chest, he surprised every one present by appearing at least a foot taller.

Coming forward with a firm step, an erect and dignified air, he thanked them for the high honour they had conferred upon him, the duties of which with God's good grace he would to the utmost of his power conscientiously perform.

As he passed from the conclave the people exclaimed, "Long live the pope—plenty, holy father, plenty—justice and large loaves." "Pray to God for plenty, and I will give you justice," was his answer.

Impatient to exercise the rights of sovereignty, he ordered his triple crown to be immediately produced, and placed it on a velvet cushion in the room where he sat: he was also desirous of being immediately crowned and enthroned, but being informed that his authority and prerogatives were in every respect as firmly established and as extensive before as after the ceremony of coronation, he reluctantly consented to a short delay for the necessary preparations.

The humility and complaisance he had for so many years assumed immediately vanished; those predominating passions, which had been suppressed by interested views and political dissimulation, regained their ascendancy and burst forth with augmented fury. So great an alteration in his conduct and manners, as well as health, was a bitter disappointment to those cardinals who, to serve their own purposes had assisted in the elevation of Montalto, who now assumed the name of Pope Sixtus V.

It was not merely his refusing them the least share or appearance of authority; it was not only the loss of patronage and influence they had to lament; but the mortification of being overreached and defeated by the old man who for more than fourteen years had been the object of their ridicule and contempt: he had met them on their own ground, and conquered them with their own weapons.

If at any time they hesitated in concurring with the vigorous and salutary measures of his government, and ventured to expostulate and represent the inconsistency of his former conduct and professions, he instantly silenced them, and observed: "That feeling himself much improved in health and spirits, he was able, by God's assistance, and would endeavour to govern the church without their help or advice; that he was their sovereign, and would be obeyed."

The day before his coronation, the governor of Rome and the keeper of the Castle of St. Angelo waited on Sixtus to inform him that it had been the custom for every new pope to grant an universal jail delivery, and a free pardon to all offenders: they wished to know his pleasure.

He eagerly asked for a list of the malefactors in custody: they gave him a paper filled with names, as on these occasions, expecting what would take place, the prisons were crowded with a number of miscreants who in consequence of murder, robbery, and other crimes, had the sword of the law hanging over their heads.

By surrendering themselves they all hoped and expected, according to long-established custom, to procure indemnity for past offences, and security, on being released, for persevering in their criminal courses.

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed his holiness: "what a nest of villains have we here! But are you not aware, Mr. Governor, and you, Mr. Jailer, of the glaring impropriety of your conduct in pretending to talk of pardon and acts of grace; leave such matters to your sovereign. Depending on your never repeating this impertinent interference with my powers and prerogatives, I for once will pardon it; but instantly go back to your charge and see that good care be taken of those you have in prison, for as I hold my trust from God, if one of your prisoners escape, I will hang you on the highest gibbet I can procure.

"It was not to protect delinquents, and encourage sinners that Divine Providence placed me in the chair of St. Peter. To pardon men notoriously and flagrantly wicked, who glory in their crimes and only wait for liberty that they may again practice their enormities, would be to share their guilt.

"I see you have four criminals under sentence of death for abominable crimes, and in whose favour I have applications and petitions from all quarters: their friends, I have no doubt, think they are doing right, but I must not forget my duty.

"It is therefore my pleasure," continued Sixtus, in an elevated tone and with a severe look, "It is my will and pleasure that to-morrow, at the hour of my coronation, two of them suffer by the axe, and two of them by the halter, in different quarters of the city: we shall then do an act of justice pleasing to the Almighty, and take off many of those idle and disorderly people who at public ceremonies generally occasion so much riot and confusion."

His orders on this occasion were literally obeyed.

The day after the ceremony, many of the nobility and gentry waited on the pope to congratulate him, but he said, "*his was a post of toil and duty—that he had not time for compliments,*" and with these words he was on the point of retiring, but a master of the ceremonies informed him that a crowd of cardinals, nobles, ambassadors, senators, and wealthy citizens demanded an audience.

The greater part of them having relations, friends, or dependants, who in consequence of their crimes had fled from justice and joined banditti, but had lately surrendered themselves on the prospect and probability of a general and universal liberation, their expectations in this respect were disappointed, as the pope had positively declared that not a single offender should be pardoned.

The deputation represented to Sixtus in strong language the indecency of so sanguinary a proceeding, at a season which had been generally devoted to mirth and rejoicing, and were proceeding to further arguments in the hope of prevailing on him to retract his resolution.

But the person they addressed could restrain himself no longer: commanding silence, on pain of his displeasure, he thus addressed them with angry looks and in a loud voice:—

"I am surprised at the insolence of your representations, and your apparent ignorance of the obedience which ought, in all cases, to be paid to the orders of a sovereign prince. When the government of our holy church was committed to Saint Peter by Christ, it surely was not his design that the successors of the holy apostle should be tutored and directed by their subjects.

"But if you do not or will not do your duty, I

am resolved to practise mine : I hope and trust that I shall not, like my predecessors, suffer law and justice to sleep ; by which means the ecclesiastical states have been rendered, and are notoriously become, the most debauched, and in every respect the wickedest spot on the surface of the globe—a bye-word to the scorner and the heretic—a reproach to the faith we profess.

"Retire (raising his arm and voice as he repeated the word, seeing the cardinals did not appear to move), *retire*, and instead of wishing to obstruct law and justice, endeavour to co-operate with me in cleansing this filthy Augean stable ; for as to the criminals in question, no motive of any kind shall ever induce me to pardon one of them ; each offender shall undergo without fear, favour, partiality, or resentment, the punishment attached by law to the crime he has committed ; and I shall make strict inquiry after all those who have patronised and encouraged them, whom I cannot but consider as participators in their guilt, and will also punish." The different prisoners suffered the sentence of the law. They departed in silent dismay ; and a few months after, as his holiness was repairing to St. Peter's on the day of a public festival, a crowd as was customary assembled to see him pass : the people on this occasion were so numerous, and pressed so closely, that the Swiss guards, who always attend the pope, were under the necessity of making way with their halberts.

Among the multitude there happened unfortunately to be the son of a Spanish grandee, who having arrived only that morning at Rome, had not time nor opportunity to secure an unmolested spot for viewing the procession.

This gentleman standing foremost was pushed back somewhat rudely. The enraged Spaniard, following the poor Swiss into the church, murdered him as he fell on his knees at the foot of the altar, and endeavoured to fly for refuge to the house of the Spanish ambassador : he was pursued by two comrades of the deceased and taken into custody.

Intelligence of this barbarous and sacrilegious act quickly reached the ears of Sixtus. After the service of the day was concluded, the governor of Rome also waited on his holiness as he was going to his coach, to know his pleasure and wait for instructions how to proceed.

"Well, sir," said Sixtus, "and what do you think ought to be done in a case of flagrant murder thus committed before my face, and in the house of God ?"

"I have given orders," said the officer, "for informations being taken and a process being commenced."

"A process !" replied the pope ; "what occasion can there be for processes in a crime like this, committed before hundreds of witnesses ?"

"I thought your holiness would choose to observe due form of law," answered the governor ; "particularly in this instance, as the criminal is the only son of a person of consideration, in high favour with his Catholic majesty, and under the protection of his ambassador."

"Say not a word to me of consideration and protection. Crime levels every distinction ; his rank and education should have taught him better. It is our pleasure that he shall be hanged before we sit down to dinner."

The trial of the prisoner being soon gone through, and a gallows erected in the interval on a spot

where the pope could see it from the saloon in which he was sitting, he did not quit the apartment till he saw the Spaniard brought forth and suspended : he then retired from the window and went to dinner, repeating with a loud voice a favourite passage from the Psalms :—" *I shall soon destroy all the ungodly in the land, and root out evil-doers from the city of the Lord !*"

Such was the conduct of the little peasant of Ancona when elevated to supreme power. He became a rigid but impartial censor of public defaulters and private transgressors. He ordered the public functionaries throughout his dominions to send him, each of them, a list of every person in their neighbourhood who was notorious for debauchery, drunkenness, or other vicious habits. First inquiring into the truth of their information, he sent for and privately reproved them ; but if this warning was not attended to, he severely punished the offender. Having deeply impressed a conviction of his inexorable regard to justice, persons exercising authority under him performed the duties with scrupulous exactness.

The various remarkable instances in which this extraordinary man exerted his powers in suppressing vicious enormity would, if introduced in this place, extend our present article to a length inconsistent with the nature of this publication.

With respect to women, a violation of their chastity by force or by fraud, with or against their consent, he never pardoned ; and even a slight deviation from public decorum did not go unpunished ; a subsequent marriage on either of these occasions he did not consider as a satisfaction to justice.

This delicacy, so scrupulously severe, he carried to an excess in many instances inconsistent with human infirmity, or the wishes and often the happiness of the injured women, who in several instances had their husbands torn from their embraces and committed to the galleys for follies and indiscretions committed before marriage.

He determined to put a stop to a depraved custom then generally prevalent in his dominions among the elevated and wealthy classes of society, that of marrying a mistress to a dependant, for the purpose of procuring an ostensible parent for their illegitimate offspring, and carrying on securely an adulterous intercourse.

The first example of this kind was that of a person from whom his holiness had experienced many acts of kindness before he was created a cardinal. After a momentary struggle, he sent for his former friend privately, and warmly censuring him for his conduct, he warned him of the consequence of persevering in the unlawful connexion, assured him that his duty as a magistrate was paramount to his feelings as a friend, and advised him either to remove the female or to quit his dominions. A few months after, Sixtus ordered secret spies to watch the parties, and finding that the person he had reproved still continued the criminal attachment, probably presuming on the indulgence of former friendship, he ordered the offenders, the husband and wife, to be hanged without delay : three domestics acquainted with the illicit proceeding he ordered to be publicly whipped, for not giving information.

It had been usual for the people to exclaim "Long live the Pope !" whenever he passed, but finding that this mode of acclamation prevented his

dropping in unexpectedly at the courts of justice and public offices, he forbade the custom. On two unlucky rogues, who from obstinacy or inadvertency disobeyed this injunction, he ordered the strapado to be inflicted immediately on the spot: this effectually prevented a repetition.

Assassinations and duels had disgraced the reigns of all his predecessors, and rendered Rome and Italy unsafe.

To arrest, and if possible remove an evil productive of public danger and private distress, he published an edict, forbidding on pain of death any persons, whatever their rank, drawing a sword or even having in their possession any instrument of death as they passed the streets, except his own magistrates and officers. Bystanders who did not prevent, and seconds who encouraged duelling, he instantly sent to the galleys. A few instances of rigid severity effectually removed the grievance.

Anything like revenge or bearing malice he would not endure. A barber, quarrelling with one of his neighbours, held up his hand in a threatening manner, and with a significant motion of his head had been heard to say, "If ever he comes under my hands, I will do his business." This being repeated to the pontiff, he ordered the speaker of the obnoxious words to be taken into custody; then directing all the barbers in Rome to be collected in one of the squares, the offender underwent a long and severe whipping before them.

His holiness observing that tradesmen suffered seriously and often became bankrupts in consequence of long credit and bad pay, to the great injury of commerce and frequently of the public revenue, quickly produced an important reformation on a point which loudly calls for amendment in Great Britain and Ireland.

A hint to his officers that he wished to collect information on the subject was sufficient. A tradesman, in all probability previously instructed, made complaint, that having applied to a person of distinction for payment of a debt which had been long due, and of which he stood in urgent need, the debtor had violently resented it, withdrawn his own custom from the poor man's shop, and persuaded many others to do the like, telling the person he injured, in an insolent manner, "That gentlemen paid their debts only when they pleased."

Sixtus sent for both parties, ordered the money to be instantly paid, with interest from the time of its being due, and committed the fraudulent debtor to prison.

At the same time a proclamation was issued, directing all the merchants and tradesmen to send his holiness a list of their book debts, with the names of those from whom the money was due: he directly paid the whole, taking the debts on himself, which in consequence of the general alarm, were quickly discharged.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the subject of our present article exercised a rigid and inexorable despotism; but exerting it in most instances with impartial justice and for salutary purposes, his power was submitted to with less reluctance. He is called by a writer of that period *a terror and a scourge*; but it was to evil-doers, to the profligate, the incorrigible, and the corrupt. Most rational men, I believe, would prefer living under an absolute monarch of such a cast than under the easy sway of a lax moralist, a generous libertine, or one of those devilish good kind of

fellows who are commonly described as no man's enemy's but their own; a character which cannot exist,—as it is impossible he can be a friend to others, who is in a state of constant hostility with himself. At all events, the great interests of society's public happiness and private peace are most effectually preserved by a prince like Montalto.

In his transactions with foreign princes Sixtus uniformly preserved a dignified firmness, from which he never relaxed. Very early in his reign he was involved in a dispute with Philip II., king of Spain, who though the most superstitious of bigots to the Catholic faith, was a constant object of the pope's hostility; while the heretic Elizabeth, queen of England, was a character he warmly admired, and never mentioned without enthusiastic admiration.

Speaking of her on a certain occasion to an English catholic who visited Rome, he observed, "A queen like yours deserves to reign; she governs her kingdom with energy and wisdom; respected abroad, and loved or feared at home, her subjects enjoy the benefits of a vigorous and successful administration. If such a woman were to become my wife, we might people the world with a race of Scipios, Cæsars, and Alexanders."

Yet in his public capacity, as head of the Catholic church, he found it necessary to publish a bull of excommunication against Elizabeth, when Philip meditated an invasion of England with his *invincible Spanish Armada*.

At the same time he privately informed her of the proceedings and intrigues of Philip against her, earnestly recommending her majesty to prepare for a vigorous defence.

The subsequent defeat and disappointment of the Spanish king in this attempt, commenced with so much threatening arrogance and carried on at so enormous an expense, is known to most readers, and was highly gratifying to Sixtus.

The imprisonment and execution of Mary Queen of Scots, an event which produced a strong and universal sensation through Europe, has in modern times excited a long and animated controversy. Various have been the opinions on the justice of Elizabeth's proceedings.

As weak states, in contests of a more important kind, find it necessary sometimes to call in the aid of powerful allies, I may be permitted to observe, that the pontiff Sixtus was often heard to say, "Had I been king of England, I would have acted precisely in the same manner."

When he was first informed that the unfortunate Mary was beheaded, he rose suddenly from his seat and traversed the apartment in much apparent agitation, but not the agitation of regret, for throwing himself into a chair, he exclaimed, "O happy queen of England! how much art thou to be envied, who hast been found worthy of seeing a crowned head prostrate at thy feet!"

These words were evidently spoken with reference to Philip, king of Spain, whose name was never mentioned in his presence without producing angry looks.

Sixtus could never submit with patience to a ceremony annually performed by the Spanish ambassador: this was the presenting a *Genet* to his holiness, by way of acknowledgment that his master held the kingdom of Naples of the pope.

On one of these occasions, rising hastily from his throne, he said in a loud voice to Count Olivarez,

"Our predecessors must certainly have been in a very complaisant mood, when they agreed to accept from your master's ancestors a *poor pitiful hack*, in return for a rich and flourishing kingdom. I hope soon to put an end to this mummery, and to visit the kingdom of Naples as its lawful sovereign."

But circumstance and situation were not favourable to his executing this purpose, which was the fond wish of his heart.

Such was Sixtus V., who directed the officers of his palace to give audience on every occasion to the poorest man in his dominions; who listened with condescension to the unfortunate, the widow, and the orphan; but punished with inexorable severity criminal delinquency, respecting neither person, rank, nor wealth; who was moderate in his enjoyments, of pure morals, and correct in private life. The revenues of the state, almost annihilated by the rapacious anticipation of his predecessors, he restored to more than double their former nominal amount. In the public treasury, which was exhausted at the time of his election, his successor found five millions in gold: his personal expenses were trifling, but his private charities amounted every year to a considerable sum; on these occasions he sought for and generally found patient, meek, and unassuming merit struggling with adversity: the perverse and importunate mendicant who begged by day and thieved at night, he ordered out of the city with reproof and frequently with stripes. So salutary were his edicts, and so undeviating and rigid the impartiality with which he enforced them, that his judges and police officers confessed that their places were become sinecures. Such was Sixtus V., who if the qualities we describe are the first and most indispensable duties of a monarch, deserves to be classed with the first and most glorious of kings, and to be numbered with the greatest benefactors of mankind.

He was deficient, it must be confessed, in the mild acts of gentle persuasion; he was a stranger to the *suaviter in modo*; but to such a pitch was the wickedness and enormity of his subjects carried, that a governor of a mild character would have been disobeyed and despised. But he possessed a qualification more essential, and exactly calculated for the times in which he lived, the *fortiter in re*; an eagle-eyed acuteness to search after and to see criminality and fraud however concealed or disguised, together with unabating energy, and an unconquerable resolution to resist and punish them.

L.—MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE AT THE MAURITIUS.

[From 'Recollections of Seven Years' Residence at the Mauritius, by a Lady,'—a truly feminine book, full of natural feeling and description, and evincing a liberal spirit of allowance for other countries, in spite of party education.]

A YOUNG married gentleman lived on an estate in a very retired and lonely part of the country, at a great distance from town. At that time the island was covered with thick forests and impenetrable jungles. Estates were far apart and divided from each other by deep ravines, high mountains, rapid rivers, or pathless woods: communication was very

difficult in consequence; narrow footpaths, and devious tracks over the mountains and along the brink of precipices, were the only medium of intercourse between the inhabitants, instead of the fine broad roads over which the carriages of the English now roll so smoothly. This gentleman's family consisted only of his wife, her sister, and himself: both the ladies were very beautiful and attractive. It happened unfortunately that some troops were stationed in the neighbourhood of the estate, commanded by a man of the most infamous character. The army of revolutionized France was of a very different order from that which Condé and Turenne had led into the field; and of that army the regiments stationed at the colonies were the worst specimens, and composed of the most abandoned characters. The colonel of the military party stationed near this estate was of this description, but had plausible manners and handsome features; yet it was said that there was a certain fearful expression in his eyes, which seemed to tell of evil passions and wicked deeds.

It was the misfortune of the young Madame B—to attract the attention of this bad man: he soon took an opportunity of declaring his sentiments to her. Shocked and alarmed, she shrunk with horror from the passion she had inspired in this desperate and daring man, of whom she always had an unconquerable dread. After his declaration she shunned his presence, but refrained from mentioning the circumstance to her husband, fearing that the impetuosity of his feelings would hurry him to a meeting with the colonel, which would doubtless prove fatal to him, and thereby throw her completely in the power of their mutual enemy.

The colonel continued to visit at the estate, and was always attended by a junior officer, who being the professed admirer of this lady's sister became a frequent guest, and it was not considered extraordinary that the colonel should accompany his friend. The unhappy lady in the meantime endured great uneasiness of mind, and confided to an elderly female friend, who sometimes came to visit her, the cause of her disquiet; adding that she had a presentiment of some approaching evil, which she could not banish from her mind.

Some urgent business obliging her husband to go to town for a day or two, the lady alarmed at the thought of being at the estate without him, expressed a wish that she and her sister should accompany him. He strongly opposed her desire, alleging that the fatigue of the journey would be injurious to her, as she was then expecting to be a mother. In vain she urged her entreaties; he at first laughed at her extraordinary wish to visit the town, and then felt surprised at the more than common grief she evinced at parting for so short a time. Bidding her keep up her spirits, he gaily bade her adieu, and as he told his friend afterwards, saw her on turning his head to look back weeping bitterly where he had taken leave of her.

When his swift-footed bonniquet had borne him through the avenue of trees, and turned into the narrow road he was to travel along, he looked back at her for the last time: it was, indeed, the last time—he never saw her again.

On the evening of his departure she was particularly anxious and uneasy, and started at every sound (as her favourite maid afterwards related), and expressed a desire that the house should be shut up at a much earlier hour than usual, and

that every one should retire to bed, requesting her sister to sleep with her that night. As she was not naturally fearful, her restlessness and evident terror excited the surprise of her sister and her maid. On being rallied on her timidity she burst into tears, saying that a great calamity she was sure was hanging over her, and she should never see her husband again. All these terrors and forebodings were attributed to weakness of nerves and the delicacy of her situation at the time, and it was agreed that they should go to bed: before she retired to her room, however, she carefully examined every door and window, to be sure of all being secured.

Towards the morning of the following day the blacks on the estate, aroused by the outcry of the watchman, beheld their master's house a blaze of flames, and by sunrise a heap of ruins alone was seen where that happy dwelling once stood. All efforts to extinguish the fire had been in vain; it had been burning too long, and had too surely penetrated into every part of the mansion before it was discovered, for any endeavour to prevail against it. A slave was dispatched to town with the dreadful tidings for his master, whose anguish at hearing the misfortune that had befallen him may be more easily imagined than described. It was at first supposed that the fire had accidentally happened, and that the two ladies had been burned to death in the house; but a small silk shoe, which was at once recognised as belonging to Madame, having been found in a narrow path leading to the river, it was then conjectured that some horrible act of violence had been perpetrated, and that the two females had been murdered in some part of the ground. Search was made for the bodies, but they were never found.

After a careful investigation of the matter, it was discovered that the waiting-maid, who slept in the room adjoining her mistress's apartment, had admitted a soldier into the house, who was immediately followed by two other men wrapped up in cloaks. The woman, not expecting the two latter, and seeing them approach her lady's room, was about to scream out, when the soldier seized her, and throwing a thick great coat over her head prevented her from moving or speaking, and hurried her into the house. When at length he released her from his grasp, she saw the building in flames. Such was her account: she protested that she had no knowledge of the intentions of the men who accompanied the soldier, and expressed the greatest grief at the catastrophe. Her assertions, however, were not credited, and she was taken into custody: the soldier was also taken up, and confessed having entered the house at the command of Colonel —, who with another officer had accompanied him. The colonel denied the charge, but the man most solemnly declared the truth of what he affirmed, at the same time acknowledging his guilt, and expressing great contrition for what he had done in obedience to his officer's commands. No doubt of the colonel's guilt remained in the minds of any: so much evil was known, and so much more suspected of him, that all were ready to believe the evidence against him; yet such was the general fear entertained of the military, and so little was justice understood or attended to, that this man was acquitted, and the far less guilty accomplice of his crime was executed, calling on heaven to testify to the truth of

his allegation, and accusing the colonel of having drawn him into sin and then leaving him to his fate: the woman also suffered death. Finding the law did not punish the author of his misfortunes as he deserved, the unhappy husband challenged his enemy to combat, and as was to be expected in so unequal a combat, he fell beneath the blows of the practised swordsman.

The mystery of this transaction has never been cleared up, and it remains unknown how the unfortunate females met their death.

LI.—ORIGIN OF MALLET'S "EDWIN AND EMMA."

[This touching ballad, the author of which had a genuine faculty for that sort of writing, far superior to what he probably thought his superior compositions, has been somewhat neutralized in its effect by its trite repetition from the pages of Enfield's 'Speaker;' though to complain of such results from those publications would be doing them great injustice, since you cannot at once make a good thing common, and yet expect it to retain among its other beneficial consequences a perpetual novelty. But grown people, when their attention is freshly excited, may read well-known productions with a new relish, and in this hope we have repeated the story on which it is founded. Mallet's account of the heroine's death is not so affecting as the real circumstance—her suddenly screaming out, at hearing the death-bell of her lover, "that her heart was burst"—but it is not wanting in pathos, especially the first line, and there is a vein of natural elegance throughout the poem.]

Extract of a letter from the Curate of Bowes, in Yorkshire, to Mr. Copperthwaite, at Marrick.

* * * "As to the affair mentioned in your's, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk and another person in the neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:—

"The family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden, Railton. They were both much of the same age—that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth there was no disparity, but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his fortune acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably; but as 'amor vincit omnia,' his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.'

"The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

"On the last day of his illness he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

"At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

"The then curate of Bowes * inserted it in his register that 'they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.'

"I am, dear Sir,

"Yours, &c."

LII.—GOETHE'S ADVENTURE WITH HIS DANCING-MASTER'S DAUGHTERS.

(From his *Autobiography*.)

[Göethe is charged with having given too self-complacent an account of the various attachments to him when he was young; and what is less easy to be excused with having encouraged, and then broken them up with a little too much facility, and like a man of the world. His admirers say on the other hand, that all this only fell within the natural course of events in the life of such a man; and that whatever weakness may have been mixed with it at the time, it was turned to better account by him ultimately than could have been done by others, and became part of that universality of experience which made him so great a writer. We leave the readers of his *Autobiography* to judge for themselves, being equally loth to speak lightly of what might have caused much distress to others, and to offend the laurels of a head which grew old in wisdom and renown, not, in all probability, without its sufficient portion of regret, as well as self-reconciliation. In the tragic-comic instance before us, whatever may be the poet's self-complacency in relating the adventure at all, the case does not appear to tell against him as in others; and, where there is a doubt, the charitable conclusion is much oftener the just one than prejudice is willing to suppose.]

WHILST I employed myself in various studies and researches, I did not neglect the pleasures incident to youth. At Strasburg, every day and hour offers to sight the magnificent monument of the minster, and to the ear the movements and music of the dance. My father himself had given my sister and me our first lessons in this art. We had learned the grave minuet from him. The solos and pas-de-deux of the French theatre, whilst it was with us at Frankfort, had given me a greater relish for the pleasures of dancing; but from the unfortunate termination of my love affair with Margaret, I had entirely neglected it. This taste revived in me at Strasburg. On Sundays and holidays, joyous troops, met for the purpose of dancing, were to be seen in all directions. There were little balls in all the country-houses, and nothing was talked of but the brilliant routs expected in the winter. I was therefore apprehensive of finding myself out of my element in company, unless I qualified myself to figure as a dancer; and I accordingly took lessons of a master recommended by one of my friends. He was a true French character, cold and polished. He taught with care, but without pedantry. As I had already had some practice, he was not dissatisfied with me.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former times the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.—*Cam. Britt.*

He had two daughters who were both pretty, and the elder of whom was not twenty. They were both good dancers. This circumstance greatly facilitated my progress, for the awkwardest scholar in the world must soon have become a passable dancer with such agreeable partners. They were both extremely amiable; they spoke only French. I endeavoured to appear neither awkward nor ridiculous to them, and I had the good fortune to please them. Their father did not seem to have many scholars, and they lived very much alone. They several times asked me to stay and converse after my lesson, which I very readily did. I was much pleased with the younger one: the manners of both were very becoming; the elder, who was at least as handsome as her sister, did not please me so much, although she took more pains to do so. At the hour of my lesson she was always ready to be my partner, and she frequently prolonged the dance. The younger, although she behaved in a friendly manner towards me, kept a greater distance, and her father had to call her to take her sister's place.

One evening, after the dance, I was going to lead the elder to the apartment, but she detained me. "Let us stay here awhile," said she; "my sister, I must own to you, is at this moment engaged with a fortune-teller, who is giving her some intelligence from the cards respecting an absent lover, a youth extremely attached to Emily, and in whom all her hopes are placed. My heart," continued she, "is free; I suppose I shall often see the gift of it despised." On this subject I paid her some compliments. "You may," said I, "consult the oracle, and then you will know what to expect. I have a mind to consult it likewise: I shall be glad to ascertain the merit of an art in which I have never had much confidence." As soon as she assured me the operation was ended, I led her into the room. We found her sister in good humour: she behaved to me in a more friendly manner than usual. Sure, as she seemed to be, of her absent lover, she thought there was no harm in showing some attentions to her sister's, for in that light she regarded me.

We engaged the fortune-teller, by the promise of a handsome recompense, to tell the elder of the young ladies and me our fortunes also. After all the usual preparations and ceremonies, she shuffled the cards for this beautiful girl; but, having carefully examined them, she stopped short, and refused to explain herself. "I see plainly," said the younger of the girls, who was already partially initiated into the mysteries of this kind of magic, "there is something unpleasant, which you hesitate to tell my sister." The other sister turned pale, but recovering herself, entreated the sibyl to tell her what she had seen in the cards, without reserve. The latter, after a deep sigh, told her that she loved but was not beloved in return; that a third stood between her and her beloved; with several other tales of the same kind. The embarrassment of the poor girl was visible. "Let us see whether a second trial will be more fortunate," said the old woman, again shuffling and cutting the cards, but it was still worse this time. She wished to make a third trial, in the hopes of better success, but the inquisitive fair one could bear it no longer, and burst into a flood of tears. Her beautiful bosom was violently agitated. She turned her back on us and ran into the next room. I knew

not what to do; inclination retained me with her sister, compassion urged me to follow the afflicted one. "Console Lucinda," said the former; "go to her." "How can I console her," said I, "without showing her the least signs of attachment? I should be cold and reserved. Is this the moment to be so? Come with me yourself."—"I know not," replied Emily, "whether my presence would be agreeable to her." We were, however, going in to speak to her, but we found the door bolted. In vain we knocked, called, and intreated Lucinda: no answer. "Let us leave her to recover herself," said Emily; "she will see no one." What could I do? I paid the fortune-teller liberally for the harm she had done us, and withdrew.

I durst not return to the two sisters the next day.

On the third day Emily sent to desire me to come to them without fail. I went accordingly. Towards the end of the lesson, Emily appeared: she danced a minuet with me; she never displayed so much grace, and the father declared he had never seen a handsomer couple dancing in his room. After the lesson, the father went out, and I inquired for Lucinda. "She is in bed," said Emily, "but do not be uneasy: when she thinks herself ill, she suffers the less from her afflictions; and whatever she may say, she has no inclination to die, it is only her passion that torments her. Last night she declared to me that she should certainly sink under her grief this time, and desired that when she should be near her end, the ungrateful man who had gained her heart, for the purpose of ill-treating her, should be brought to her." "I cannot reproach myself with having given her any reason to imagine me in love with her," I exclaimed; "I know one who can very well testify in my favour on this occasion." "I understand you," answered Emily: "it is necessary to come to a resolution to spare us all much vexation. Will you take it ill if I entreat you to give over your lessons? My father says you have now no further occasion for them; and that you know as much as a young man has occasion to know for his amusement." "And is it you, Emily, who bid me banish myself from your presence?" "Yes, but not merely of my own accord. Listen to me: after you left us the day before yesterday I made the fortune-teller cut the cards for you; the same fortune appeared thrice, and more clearly each time. You were surrounded by friends, by great lords—in short, by all kinds of happiness and pleasure; you did not want for money; women were at a certain distance from you: my poor sister, in particular, remained afar off. Another was nearer to you, and I will not conceal from you that I think it was myself. After this confession you ought not to take my advice amiss. I have promised my heart and hand to an absent friend, whom I have hitherto loved above all the world. What a situation would be yours, between two sisters, one of whom would torment you with her passion, the other with her reserve? and all this for nothing—for a momentary attachment; for even had we not known who you are, and the hopes you have, the cards would have informed us. Farewell," added she, leading me to the door; "and since it is the last time we shall see each other, accept a mark of friendship which I could not otherwise have given you." At these

words she threw her arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss in the most tender manner.

At the same instant a concealed door opened, and her sister, in a pretty morning undress, rushed towards us and exclaimed, "You shall not be the only one to take leave of him." Emily let me go. Lucinda embraced me and held me closely to her bosom. Her beautiful black hair caressed my face. She remained some time in this situation, and thus I found myself between the two sisters in the distressing predicament that Emily had warned me of. At length Lucinda quitting her hold of me, fixed her eyes on me with a serious air, then walked up and down the room with hurried steps, and at length threw herself upon a sofa. Emily approached her, but Lucinda pushed her back. Then commenced a scene which I still recollect with pain. It was not a theatrical one,—there was but too much truth in the passion of this young and lively Frenchwoman.

Lucinda overwhelmed her sister with reproaches. "This," said she, "is not the first heart favourably disposed towards me that you have deprived me of. It was the same with that absent friend whom you drew into your snares before my eyes! You have now robbed me of this one without relinquishing the other. How many more will you take from me? I am frank and artless; people think they know me well, and therefore they neglect me. You are calm and dissembling; they think to find something wonderful in you; but your outward form covers a cold and selfish heart, which only seeks victims."

Emily had seated herself near her sister: she remained silent. Lucinda, growing warmer, entered into particulars to which it did not become me to listen. Emily endeavoured to pacify her and made me a sign to retire. But jealousy has the eyes of Argus; and this sign did not escape Lucinda's notice. She arose, came towards me, looked me in the face with a pensive air and said, "I know you are lost to me. I renounce all pretension to you: but as to you, sister, he shall no more be yours than mine." Saying this, she embraced me again, pressed my face to her's, and repeatedly joined her lips to mine. "And now," she cried, "dread my malediction. Woe on woe, eternal woe to her who shall first press those lips after me! Embrace him now if you dare! I am sure that heaven has heard me. And you, sir, retire without delay."

I did not wait for a repetition of the command; and I left them with a resolution never more to set foot in a house, where I had innocently done so much mischief.

LIII.—A TRAGEDY OF THE WAR IN SPAIN.

(From the Memoirs of the Duchess D'Abrantes.)

A REGIMENT was sent from Burgos against a Guerilla party, under the Marquis of Villa Campo, and ordered to treat the Spaniards with the most rigorous severity, especially the inhabitants of Arguano, a little village near the famous forest of Covelleda, whose deep shades, intersected only by narrow footpaths, were the resort of banditti and guerillas. A principal feature of the whole Spanish war was the celerity with which all our movements were notified to the insurgent chiefs, and the difficulty

we experienced in procuring a spy or a guide; while these, when found, proved almost uniformly treacherous. The battalion had to march through a frightful country, climbing rugged rocks and crossing frozen torrents, always in dread of unforeseen and sudden dangers. They reached the village, but perceived no movement—heard no noise. Some soldiers advanced but saw nothing—absolute solitude reigned. The officer in command, suspecting an ambush, ordered the utmost circumspection. The troops entered the street, and arrived at a small opening where some sheaves of wheat and Indian corn and a quantity of loaves were still smoking on the ground, but consumed to a cinder, and swimming in floods of wine which had streamed from leathern skins that had evidently been purposely broached, as the provisions had been burnt, to prevent their falling into the hands of the French.

No sooner had the soldiers satisfied themselves that after all their toils and dangers no refreshment was to be obtained, than they roared with rage—but no vengeance was within reach! All the inhabitants had fled!—fled into that forest where they might defy pursuit.

Suddenly cries were heard issuing from one of the deserted cottages, amongst which the soldiers had dispersed themselves in hopes of discovering some food or booty: they proceeded from a young woman holding a child a year old in her arms, whom the soldiers were dragging before their lieutenant. "Stay, lieutenant," said one of them, "here is a woman we have found sitting beside an old one who is past speaking: question her a little."

She was dressed in the peasant costume of the Soria and Rioja mountains, and was pale but not trembling.

"Why are you alone here?" asked the lieutenant.

"I stayed with my grandmother, who is paralytic, and could not follow the rest to the forest," replied she haughtily, and as if vexed at being obliged to drop a word in presence of a Frenchman; "I stayed to take care of her."

"Why have your neighbours left the village?"

The Spaniard's eyes flashed fire: she fixed on the lieutenant a look of strange import, and answered, "You know very well: were they not all to be massacred?"

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "But why did you burn the bread and wheat, and empty the wine-skins?"

"That you might find nothing. As they could not carry them off, there was no alternative but burning them."

At this moment shouts of joy arose, and the soldiers appeared carrying a number of hams, some loaves, and, more welcome than all, several skins of wine—all discovered in a vault, the entrance of which was concealed by the straw that the old woman was lying on. The young peasant darted on them a look of infernal vengeance, while the lieutenant, who had pondered with anxiety on the destitute and sinking condition of his troops, rejoiced for a moment in the unexpected supply. But the recent poisoning of several cisterns, and other fearful examples, putting him on his guard, he again interrogated the woman.

"Whence come these provisions?"

"They are all the same as those we burnt: we concealed them from our friends."

"Is your husband with yonder brigands?"

"My husband is in heaven," said she, lifting up her eyes: "he died for the good cause—that of God and King Ferdinand."

"Have you any brother amongst them?"

"I have no longer a tie, except my poor child;" and she pressed the infant to her heart. The poor little creature was thin and sallow, but its large black eyes glistened as they turned to its mother.

"Commander," exclaimed one of the soldiers, "pray order divisions of the booty, for we are very hungry, and devilish thirsty."

"One moment, my children, listen," said he, eyeing the young woman with suspicious inquisition: "these provisions are good, I hope!"

"How should they be otherwise?" replied the Spaniard, contemptuously; "they were not for you."

"Well, here's to thy health then, Demonias," said a young sub-lieutenant, opening one of the skins and preparing for a draught; but his more prudent commander still restrained him.

"One moment. Since this wine is good, you will not object to a glass."

"Oh dear, no! as much as you please:" and accepting the mess-glass offered by the lieutenant, she emptied it without hesitation.

"Huzza! huzza!" shouted the soldiers, delighted at the prospect of intoxication without danger.

"And your child will drink some also," said the lieutenant: "he is so pale, it will do him good."

The Spaniard had herself drank without hesitation, but in holding the cup to her infant's lips her hand trembled: the motion, however, was unperceived, and the child also emptied his glass. Thereupon the provisions speedily disappeared, and all partook both of food and wine. Suddenly, however, the infant was observed to turn livid, its features contracted, and its mouth convulsed with agony gave vent to piteous shrieks. The mother too, though her fortitude suppressed all complaint, could scarcely stand, and her distorted features betrayed her sufferings.

"Wretch," exclaimed the commandant, "thou hast poisoned us!"

"Yes," said she, with a ghastly smile, falling to the ground beside her child, already struggling with the death-rattle, "Yes, I have poisoned you. I knew you would fetch the skins from their hiding-place: was it likely you would leave a dying creature undisturbed on her litter? Yes, yes: you will die, and die in perdition, while I shall go to heaven."

Her last words were scarcely audible, and the soldiers at first did not comprehend the full horror of their situation; but as the poison operated, the Spaniard's declaration was legibly translated in her convulsed features. No power could longer restrain them: in vain their commander interposed; they repulsed him, and dragging their expiring victim by the hair to the brink of the torrent, threw her into it, after lacerating her with more than a hundred sabre strokes. She uttered not a groan. As for the child, it was the first victim.

Twenty-two men were destroyed by this exploit, which I cannot call otherwise than great and heroic. The commander himself told me he escaped by miracle.

The persuasion that the bed of death would be

disturbed in search of booty was indeed holding us as savages, and such was the impression produced by the man who could command, "Let no sanctuary deter your search." By such means were the populace from the beginning exasperated against us, and especially by the oppressions of General D—. If the inhabitants of Arguano had not received information that they were to be massacred, they would not have taken the lead in massacre.

Such were the people amongst whom I dwelt. When this tale was related to me, on the eve of my departure from Burgos, I shuddered in contemplating the murderous war of people against people! I trembled for the first time since my entrance into Spain: I was become timid. Alas! it was not on my own account, but I was again approaching the great crisis of maternity, and amidst what perils, good God! was my child destined to see the light.

LIV.—LIVING UNDERGROUND.

[From 'Memoirs of George and Lady Grissel Baillie, by Lady Murray,' the tribute of a loving daughter to the memory of loving parents, a book most honourable to all parties. *Grissel* is *Griselda*, the heroine's name in the beautiful story of Chaucer and Boccaccio, whose patience has become a proverb. It is often found among the British gentry of old times, and therefore must have been frequently inherited and introduced among families who had little pretensions to the virtue; but in the present instance it seems to have illustrated a family quality.]

LADY GRISSSEL BAILLIE (says her daughter) was born at Redbraes Castle, December 25th, 1685; was married there, September 17th, 1692; and died at London, December 8th, 1746. She was buried close by my father's side, in the monument at Melnerstain, on her birthday, Christmas, 25th of December, in the same manner she had directed my father's funeral, according to his own orders, near relations, near neighbours, and her own tenants only, being present: a day never to be forgot by her family, as it brought her into the world who was so great a blessing to it, and also hid and buried her from us.

She was the eldest of eighteen children my grandmother bore, except two who died infants. My Lady Torphichen, the youngest, is now the only one alive, and sixteen years younger than my mother: she was called after her mother, and from her infancy was the darling and comfort of her parents, having early occasion to be trusted and tried by them. In the troubles of King Charles II.'s time she began her life with many afflicting, terrifying hardships, though I have often heard her say she never thought them any. At the age of twelve she was sent by her father to their country-house at Edinburgh (a long journey), when my grandfather Baillie was first imprisoned (my grandfathers being early and intimate friends, connected by the same way of thinking in religion and politics), to try if by her age she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, slip a letter into his hand of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence put in her and the activity she naturally had, far beyond

her age, in executing whatever she was intrusted with.

Soon after that her father was confined fifteen months in Dumbarton Castle, and was then set at liberty without ever being told for what he was pent up all that time; and till he went to Holland she was the active person that did all, by my grandmother's directions, whom affliction and care of her little ones kept at home, being less able to make journeys, and would have been more narrowly watched and sooner suspected than one of my mother's age.

After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather Baillie was again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed, and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it; though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home: for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examinations and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk of trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place, a vault underground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house, where he was concealed a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night by herself, at midnight, to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could, to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess till his death, which was at the age of eighty-four: all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation at different accidents that happened. She, at that time, had a terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age from idle nursery stories, but when engaged by concern for her father she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church: the first night she went, his dogs kept up such a barking as put her in fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog got him to hang all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him without the servants suspecting: the only way it was to be done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this, and other things of a like nature. Her father liked sheep's head, and while the children were eating their broth she had concealed most of one in her lap; when her brother Sandy (the late Lord Marchmont) had done, he looked up with astonishment and said, "Mother, will ye look at Grissel: while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!" This occasioned so much mirth among them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might

have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment (for he had no light to read by), was repeating Buchanan's psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day. Two years before he died, which was in the year 1724, I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that book, which amongst others always lay upon his table, and bid her try if he had forgot his psalms by naming any one she would have him repeat, and by casting her eye over it she would know if he were right, though she did not understand it; and he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions.

He retained his judgment and good-humour to the last. Two or three years before he died, my mother was at Berwick with him, where he then lived, and many of her relations came there to see her before she went to London. As mirth and good-humour, and particularly dancing, had been always one characteristic of the family when so many of us were met, being no fewer than fourteen of his grandchildren and children, we had a dance. He was then very weak in his limbs and could not walk down stairs, but desired to be carried down to the room where we were, to see us, which he did with great cheerfulness, saying, "Though he could not dance with us, he could yet beat time with his foot," which he did, and bid us dance as long as we could: that it was the best medicine he knew, for at the same time that it gave exercise to the body, it cheered the mind. At his usual time of going to bed he was carried upstairs, and we ceased dancing for fear of disturbing him; but he soon sent to bid us go on, for the noise and music, so far from disturbing him, would lull him to sleep: he had no notion of interrupting the innocent pleasures of others, though his age hindered him to partake of them. His exemplary piety and goodness were no bar to his mirth.

She often said her natural temper was warm and passionate, but from the time I could observe her there appeared nothing but meekness, calmness, and resignation, and she often reproved us for the contrary. Our saying "We could not help it" was no satisfying answer to her, who told us she had been the same and had conquered it.

Her duty and affection as a wife was unparalleled. I have by me, writ in a book with her own hand, amongst many other things, "The best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us, died at Oxford (where he went for the education of his grandsons), the 6th of August, 1738, and was sent home to his burying-place at Mellerstain."

I have often heard her declare, that they never had the shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding, no, not for a moment; and that to the last of his life she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed her principal and sole delight was to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him; and so she did that very day he fell ill, the last time he was abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight.

LV.—SINGULAR OUTRAGE IN A DUEL.

[If the present 'Romance of Real Life' cannot be said to be equally "short and sweet," it may be allowed, like Sir Toby's challenge, to be "curst and brief." We take it from the 'Bubbles of the Brunnens,' the author of which has prefaced it with one of those characteristic remarks, which with an air of somewhat superfluous nicety of fine sense, end in generally giving us really good wholesome doctrine, and showing a great deal of humanity. Our author's account of the duel, in which a man stoops to take his nose off the ground, reminds us of the fantastic story in Ariosto, of the magician who had the privilege of picking up his head again when any one cut it off, and whom we always fancy adjusting it, by a tenure of the nose, just as a gentleman with finger and thumb elegantly adjusts his cocked hat.—(See 'Orlando Furioso,' canto xv., st. 65, &c.) Let us not mention the fine Italian poet, however, without doing justice to that wonderful spirit of verisimilitude by which he renders his most fantastic stories delightful. The magician has a fatal lock of hair on his head, which if once cut off, puts an end to the resumability of the head. Astolfo, in the course of the fight with him, which takes place on horseback, contrives, after cutting off his head, to get possession of it, and keep it by dint of flight, the headless magician pelting after him in vain. The knight not knowing how to discover the lock scalp the head at once to save time: *its face suddenly turns pale* as the scalping passes the fatal point, and Astolfo galloping behind him sees the pursuing trunk fall to the ground. 'This is the way in which great poets write what some people think foolish things. The foolish things have finer things in them than such critics would ever dream of.]

"It is seldom or never (says our bather at the Brunnens) that I pay the slightest attention to dinner conversation, the dishes ninety-nine times out of a hundred being, in my opinion, so very much better. However much against my will I overheard some people talking of a duel, which I will mention, hoping it may tend to show by what disgusting fiendlike sentiments this practice can be disgraced.

"A couple of Germans having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of his life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which though it missed its object yet fell upon and actually cut off the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground when its owner feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention than darting forwards, with the malice of the devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms!"

LVI.—A PRIVATE GENTLEMAN RESISTS BEING MADE A KING.

[We take this narrative of one of Lucien Buonaparte's throne-refusing encounters with his brother from the 'Memoirs of Madame d'Abrantes,' who

said she had heard corresponding statements of it from two quarters, both in perfect accordance. That such passages, some time or other, must have taken place between the brothers is clear enough; and the core of the romance remains unquestionable, viz. that Lucien did prefer his independence and his poetry to a crown—with what judgment we have all seen by the event: his romance turned out to be the highest proof of his good sense. His world of books contained, after all, a larger and nobler world than Napoleon could hope to conquer; and there, among his treasures, he was found still ruling his magical domain of fancy and domestic peace, while the soldier was in his narrow grave.]

WE were informed one morning that the emperor had set out at four o'clock on a journey, the object and destination of which were alike impenetrable. Yet Italy was the only direction which he could have taken; and in fact the principal, though latent, motive of this journey was a reconciliation with Lucien. The emperor was at length convinced, or rather he had never doubted, that of all his brothers Lucien alone could understand and act in concert with him; but Lucien was far from condescending, and the emperor, who knew his character, was resolved himself to see and converse with him: the brothers consequently gave each other the meeting at Mantua.

Lucien arrived about nine at night in a travelling carriage with M. Boyer, cousin-german of his first wife, and the Count de Chatillon, a friend who resided with him. "Do not put up, I shall probably return to-night," said Lucien, as he alighted to join his brother.

I have heard the particulars of this extraordinary interview from two quarters, both in perfect accordance.

Napoleon was walking in a long gallery with Prince Eugene, Murat, and Marshal Duroc. He advanced to meet his brother, and held out his hand with every appearance of cordiality. Lucien was affected: he had not seen the emperor since the day of Austerlitz, and far from being jealous of the resplendent blaze of his brother's glory, as it now passed before his mental vision, his noble heart heaved with tumultuous joy. For some moments he was incapable of speaking: at length having expressed to Napoleon his pleasure in this meeting, the emperor made a signal, and the rest of the party withdrew.

"Well, Lucien," said Napoleon, "what are your projects? Will you at last go hand in hand with me?"

Lucien regarded him with astonishment, for enquiries about his projects, addressed to him who never indulged in any, appeared most strange.

"I form no projects," replied he, at length: "as for going hand in hand with your majesty, what am I to understand by it?"

An immense map of Europe lay rolled up on a table before them; the emperor seized it by one hand, and throwing it open with a graceful action, said to Lucien—

"Choose any kingdom you please, and I pledge you my word as a brother and an emperor to give it you, and to maintain you in it, for I now ride over the head of every king in Europe. Do you understand me?"

He stopped, and looked expressively at Lucien.

"Lucien, you may share with me that sway

which I exercise over inferior minds. You have only to pursue the course that I shall open to you for the establishment and maintenance of my system, the happiest and most magnificent ever conceived by man; but to ensure its execution I must be seconded, and I can only be seconded by my own family. Of all my brothers, only yourself and Joseph can efficiently serve me: Louis is an obstinate fool, and Jerome a mere child without capacity. My hopes then rest chiefly in you: will you realize them?"

"Before this explanation is carried further, I ought to advertize you," said Lucien, "that I am not changed: my principles are still the same as in 1799 and 1803. What I was on my curule chair on the 18th Brumaire, I am at this moment beside the emperor Napoleon. Now, brother, it is for you to consider how you will proceed."

"You talk absurdly," said Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders; "new times should give a new direction to the ideas. You have chosen a proper opportunity, truly, to come here and rave of your Utopian republic. You must embrace my system, I tell you: follow my path, and to-morrow I make you the chief of a great people. I acknowledge your wife as my sister; I crown her as well as you. I make you the greatest man in Europe next to myself, and I restore you my entire friendship, my brother," added he, lowering the emphatic tone in which he had just uttered the preceding sentences to that soft and caressing accent I have never heard but from his lips, and which makes the heart vibrate to its mellow and powerful chords. This man was altogether seducing. Lucien loved him: he started as he listened, and grew pale.

"I do not sell myself," said he, in an agitated voice. "Hear me, my brother, listen to me, for this is an important hour to both of us. I will never be a prefect: if you give me a kingdom I must rule it according to my own notions, and above all in conformity with its wants. The people whose chief I may be shall have no cause to execrate my name: they shall be happy and respected; not slaves, as the Tuscans and all the Italians are. You yourself cannot desire to find in your brother a pliant sycophant, who for a few soft words would sell you the blood of his children; for a people, after all, is but one large family, whose head will be held responsible by the King of kings for the welfare of all its members."

The emperor frowned, and his whole aspect proclaimed extreme dissatisfaction.

"Why then come to me?" said he at last, angrily; "for if you are obstinate, so am I, and you know it—at least as obstinate as you can be. Humph! republic! You are no more thinking of that than I am; and besides, what should you desire it for? You are like Joseph, who bethought himself the other day of writing me an inconceivable letter, coolly desiring I would allow him to enter upon kingly duties. Truly nothing more would be wanting than the re-establishment of the papal tribute."

And shrugging his shoulders, he smiled contemptuously.

"And why not," said Lucien, "if it conduced to the national interests? It is an absurdity, I grant; but if it was beneficial to Naples, Joseph would be quite right in insisting upon it."

A variety of emotions rapidly succeeded each other on Napoleon's countenance. He paced the

gallery with a hurried step, repeating in an accent that evinced strong internal perturbation, "Always the same! always the same!" Then turning suddenly to his brother, and stamping on the marble floor, he exclaimed with a thundering voice,—

"But once more, sir, why then did you come to meet me? Why these endless contentions? You ought to obey me as your father, the head of your family; and by heavens, you shall do as I please."

Lucien was now growing warm, and all the discretion he had summoned to his aid was beginning to evaporate.

"I am no subject of yours," cried he in his turn; "and if you think to impose your iron yoke upon me, you are mistaken; never will I bow my head to it: and remember—hearken to my words, remember what I once told you at Malmaison."

A long alarming, almost sinister silence, succeeded this burst of generous indignation. The two brothers faced each other and were separated only by the table on which lay that Europe, the sport of Napoleon's infatuated ambition. He was very pale, his lips compressed, the almost livid complexion of his cheek revealing the tempest within, and his eyes darting glances of fury at Lucien, whose noble countenance must have shown to great advantage in this stormy interview, which was to decide his future fate; nor his alone, but perhaps that of Europe, for who shall conjecture what might have happened had this really superior man been king of Spain, of Prussia, or of Poland. The emperor was the first to break silence; he had mastered his passion, and addressed his brother with calmness:—

"You will reflect on what I have told you, Lucien; night brings counsel. To-morrow I hope to find you more reasonable as to the interests of Europe at least, if not your own. Good bye, and good night to you, my brother."

He held out his hand. Lucien, whose heart was susceptible to every kindly impression, and whose reflections at that moment were of a nature powerfully to awaken them, took his brother's offered hand and grasped it affectionately between both of his, as he reiterated "Good bye, and a good night to you, my brother—Adieu."

"Till to-morrow!" said the emperor.

Lucien shook his head and would have spoken, but was unable; then opening the door he rushed from the apartment, re-ascended the carriage where his friends awaited him and immediately quitted Mantua.

The brothers met no more till the hour of Napoleon's adversity.

The scene at Malmaison, to which Lucien alluded in this interview, took place shortly before the empire was proclaimed, when Napoleon's intentions were already known to his family, and disappointed in finding himself deceived in his calculations on making Lucien one of his powerful lieutenants, served to widen the breach which the latter's marriage had produced. Lucien, who had hoped to see the happy days of the forum restored, and could now only look for those of Augustus, was vehement in his reproaches; accused the emperor of being faithless to him, and of violating his word; in short, the discussion ended in an open quarrel.

"You are determined to destroy the republic!" said the enraged Lucien; "Well, assassinate her then—mount your throne over her murdered re-

mains and those of her children—but mark well what one of those children predicts: this empire, which you are erecting by force and will maintain by violence, will be overthrown by violence and force, and you yourself will be crushed thus!" and seizing a screen from the mantelpiece he crushed it impetuously in his hand, which trembled with rage. Then, as if still more distinctly to mark his resentment, he took out his watch, dashed it on the ground, and stamped upon it with the heel of his boot: "Yes, crushed—ground to powder, thus."

LVII.—HONEST ULTRA-DEVOTION.

NICHOLAS FERRAR, the son of a London merchant, at the conclusion of the sixteenth century (says the 'Lounger,') inherited from his mother a delicate constitution but a vigorous mind, and eagerly devoted his early life to literary occupation. Religious books being first put into his hand made an impression on his mind which never was removed, and when only six years old he was able to repeat by heart a considerable portion of the 'Old and New Testaments,' the 'English Chronicle,' and 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.' At the age of eight he was placed under the tuition of a worthy clergyman near Newbury, in Berkshire, whose discipline was so successful, or the aptness of his scholar so great, that being considered as qualified for an university, he was sent when thirteen years old to Clare Hall, in Cambridge, where Dr. Linsell, afterwards bishop of Peterborough, became his tutor. To use the words of Mr. Ferrar's right reverend biographer (for he was not only instructed, but his life has been written by a bishop), it was soon observed that Ferrar's candle was the first lighted and the last extinguished in that college. This sedentary drudgery was not likely to improve a tender habit, and being under the necessity of applying for medical advice, his physician recommended travelling, in the hope of calling off for a time his unceasing application to books. The Princess Elizabeth, one of the daughters of King James I., who had married the Count Palatine, being at that moment on her way to Germany, Mr. Ferrar was permitted to join the suite of her highness, and accompanied them part of the way. They landed in Holland, and after accompanying his countrymen to the borders of Germany, as he proposed going considerably to the north of the Palatinate, he took his leave; visiting Munster, Hanover, and Cassel, leaving no place till all that was to be seen or heard had been explored. At Leipsic, finding his health better, he remained several months, again applied to his books, and to qualify himself for making further progress as well as profit in travelling, improved himself in the modern languages.

He now resolved to see Italy, not indeed by the direct road, but visiting such places as were likely to gratify his curiosity or afford opportunities of improving his mind and adding to his knowledge. He continued a few days at Dresden, and made a considerable deviation, for the purpose of visiting Prague, Ratisbon, Augsburg, Munich, Saltsbourg, Innspruck, and Trent. At that period Europe was under considerable dread of that awful scourge the plague, and Mr. Ferrar was obliged, near the Italian frontier, to undergo the precautionary secession, something similar to quarantine. It

was at that season of the year when the Christian church enjoins for a certain period fasting and prayer, as a salutary and impressive memorial of the patience, trials, and forbearance of Jesus Christ. Our pious traveller passed the greater part of the forty days during Lent in abstinence and devout meditation on a mountain almost covered with rosemary and wild thyme, descending regularly every evening to make a moderate meal on fish. This temporary solitude first gave Mr. Ferrar a relish for mental abstraction and contemplative devotion, imparted a peculiar tincture to his faith, his conduct, and his manners, and ultimately decided the singular manner in which he passed the after part of his life. These impressions were also further confirmed by his narrowly escaping a sudden and violent death: this mercy he never forgot, but indelibly fixed it on his mind by an anniversary practice of fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving.

Having sufficiently guarded against the dangers of pestilential affection to himself, or communicating it to others, a precaution in many respects troublesome, tedious, and vexatious, but against which no man ought to object, Mr. Ferrar passed on to the once-renowned but decayed university of Padua. He here attended a course of medical lectures, which qualified him to be useful afterwards to his country neighbours. After a stay of four months he quitted Padua precipitately, terrified by real or imaginary dangers from certain Jesuits, who with the pope, the devil, and the pretender, were once the bugbears, the raw-head and bloody-bones of England, and probably not without reason.

He repaired without delay to Rome, and after seeing whatever was worthy of notice in the ecclesiastical metropolis or its environs, made a retrograde movement to the mercantile seaport of Leghorn, and in a few days embarking in a felucca crossed that part of the Mediterranean which is called the Sea of Genoa, and landed at Marseilles. After remaining in that city three weeks, he re-embarked in an English vessel for the Spanish port of St. Sebastian. Being disappointed in his expectation of a pecuniary remittance at this place, he walked to Madrid, where he heard that his mother, now a widow, was involved in trouble. In the eagerness of filial affection he took the earliest opportunity of sailing for England; and after a five years' absence from his native country, landed at Dover, with a constitution considerably amended, and large additions of information, learning, and science.

Mr. Ferrar could not restrain the pious gratitude and patriotic rapture he felt. The instant he jumped on shore he fell on his knees on the beach, returned thanks to the Almighty for that protecting providence which had sheltered him from perils by land and perils by sea, and then kissed his native soil. By the established goodness of his character and a large share of natural sagacity, he was enabled to extricate his family from their difficulties, which had been produced or augmented by a litigious attorney. In 1624 he was chosen a member of the House of Commons, and in this capacity took an active part against the treasurer Sir Lionel Cranfield, who, from the humble station of a custom-house officer, had by his fiscal projects so ingratiated himself with King James, that he gave him a lord treasurer's staff and created him a peer of the realm. Sir Lionel had been accused by his enemies, I know not how justly, of cor-

ruptly conniving at certain injurious monopolies. But Mr. Ferrar, in parliament or on his travels, in his closet or the world, never lost sight of what appears to have been at a very early period the favourite wish and purpose of his heart—religious retirement, and the devoting himself wholly to God—forgetting, as too many of his predecessors in the same path have done, that those exertions should seem to be most pleasing to the Creator which imitate his attributes and are productive of social utility. In this plan of retirement he was powerfully aided by his mother, who felt and indulged similar propensities, and being possessed of the house and manor of Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, had apt means in her hands of putting into execution this favourite purpose.

As the first step, Mr. Ferrar procured himself to be ordained by Dr. Laud; then taking leave of London, and finally adjusting every affair likely to require his presence in the metropolis, he prepared to depart with his mother, his elder brother, his sister, her husband, a Mr. Colet, and their fifteen children, of whom six sons and three daughters were married. This religious colony, consisting, with the servants, of upwards of forty persons, quitted London, and by easy journeys repaired to Little Gidding.

The house, which had for many years been in the occupation of a farmer, they found in a ruinous and neglected state—the garden a wilderness—pigs had been kept in a pleasure-house, and the church was converted into a barn. Provoked at what he considered as profane misapplication, Mr. Ferrar would not sleep till he saw the house of God cleared of its contents, and actually performed divine service in it by candlelight before the family retired to rest. It was afterwards completely repaired within and without.

To make a large roomy mansion, which had been so long left to decay, a fit habitation for a large and respectable family, was a work of time, labour, and expense; even to subsist them required some skill, effort, and contrivance. For this purpose the land, which in those days produced an annual rent of five hundred pounds, was kept in hand, and agricultural superintendence was assigned to such individuals of the family as were qualified for the task by knowledge, health, age, and inclination. Timber in the meantime was cut down, and other necessary materials procured, capacious barns, &c. were erected, and the whole of the premises completely repaired; additional household stuff was purchased, and a sufficient stock of fuel and other stores laid in. But no occupation was permitted to interfere with the purpose of Mr. Ferrar's retirement. The whole family were expected to attend public worship every morning, Mr. Ferrar officiating himself; and to prevent this duty interfering with those of the house and farm, the house rose at five during the winter, and at four o'clock in summer time. Part of the house was appropriated to the purposes of a school, to which masters were assigned; and here the children of the family, and those of the neighbourhood who would conform to rule, were taught to read and write, grammar and arithmetic, and the duties and principles of religion. Occasional amusement was not prohibited them; little prizes being sometimes given to those who excelled in learning; also to those who could run, jump, swim, and drive an arrow nearest to the mark.

The young women of the house were clothed alike in black stuff; and such time as was not employed in church or domestic duty was dedicated to the infirm, aged, and diseased: for which purpose medicines and all conveniences for dispensing them were at hand, Mr. Ferrar being qualified to give advice and directions in administering the medicines employed. The female part of the family employed themselves at the proper season in distilling cordial waters, and working carpets and cushions for the church and parlours. As a hint to such as sometimes visited Little Gidding, the following inscription was placed in the hall at which every one entered:—"He who by gentle reproof and kind remonstrance strives to make us better, is welcome; but he who goeth about to disturb us in that which ought to be the chief business of every Christian, is a burthen while he stays, and his own conscience shall witness against him when he departs."

On another conspicuous panel appeared these words:—"He who is willing to be a cheerful participator with us in that which is good, confirms us in the same, and acts as a friend; but he who bitterly censures us when absent, and makes a show of approbation when in our presence, incurs the double guilt of flattery and slander, and violates the bond of Christian charity."

The laws of hospitality were not forgotten by Mrs. Ferrar or her son, many of the nobility, clergy, and other travellers calling on them. King Charles I., on his march to the north, visited them; and the Bishop of Lincoln was sometimes their guest.

Watching, a very ancient discipline in the Christian church, if not contemporary with its rise, was looked upon by Mr. Ferrar as an indispensable part of his religious duty. To this end he had different oratories for the sexes, in which, from nine till past twelve, he and others took their turns in repeating psalms, passages of scripture, and occasionally singing to the organ, which was set in a low stop, that notice might not be excited nor the house disturbed. There, for many years, lived this singular character, and in his last moments, elevated by hope or deranged by debility, he insisted on having had celestial communication.

By his relations he was called seraphic, and accounted little less than a saint: by a late writer he is termed an useless enthusiast, and Little Gidding an Armenian Nunnery: the papists said he was a puritan, and the puritans abused him as a papist. To make Mr. Ferrar's example the rule of life would be absurd, though it were to be wished that, among the majority of persons of his rank and condition, so much could be found of that piety pleasing to God, and so little of that depravity which brings misery and degradation to man. In another point of view, Mr. Ferrar was to be praised: although he practised ceremonies, &c., which some may consider as absolutely enjoined by the christian faith, he did not regard them in the light of what had been called by the old controversialists works of supererogation, which might authorise or wipe away practical transgression; he did not one jot relax in his endeavour to be what he was, a man pure in morals and of strict integrity, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a kind neighbour, an honest man. Happy would it be for the world, if all who like him have fasted and prayed would imitate the correctness

of his life; and still happier, if those who set at nought all ritual observance would prove by a discharge of their social duties that human virtue stands in need of no aid from revelation to stimulate us by hope and fear to salutary exertion.

LVIII.—HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS MADAME D'AUBAND.

(From '*Recollections of Seven Years in the Mauritius.*')
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CHARLOTTE CHRISTINA SOPHIA DE WOLFENBUTTEL, wife of Czarovitz Alexis, son of Peter I., was unfortunately an object of aversion to her husband, although beautiful and amiable. In a fit of passion, he gave her one day a blow which caused her to be prematurely confined with a dead child. The Countess of Koningmark, who attended on the princess, being aware that if she recovered she would only be exposed to further acts of violence, determined to declare that she had died. The czarovitz, to whom this was agreeable news, ordered her immediate interment; couriers were dispatched to inform the czar of the event, and all the courts of Europe went into mourning. The princess escaped to America with an aged domestic who passed for her father, and a female attendant. While she was living in privacy in Louisiana, an officer of the name of D'Auband, who had seen her in Russia, recollected her, and made her an offer of his services. Soon after they heard that the czarovitz was dead, and D'Auband then engaged to conduct the princess back to Russia; but she found herself happier in a private station, and declared her intention of remaining in retirement. The old domestic dying about this time, she was without any protector, and D'Auband, who had been long attached to her, offered her his hand;—she accepted it. Thus she, who had been destined to wear the imperial diadem, became the wife of a lieutenant of infantry.

The princess had no reason to regret her second marriage;—happy in the affection of a man she had wedded from choice, she lived in uninterrupted peace and comfort ten years, without a wish to mingle again in the splendid scenes where she had known only misery; but D'Auband fell into ill health, and his wife, anxious above all things for his recovery, proposed that they should go to France to procure the best medical advice, and to try the effect of a change of climate. They accordingly embarked for his native land, and soon after he was restored to health. He then solicited an employment in the Isle of France, where he was appointed major. The princess, however, previous to quitting France had been recognised by the Marshal de Saxe, who, after having called on her and heard the story of her adventures, informed his king of the discovery he had made. His majesty desired his minister of marine to write to the governor of the Mauritius, directing that every mark of distinction should be showered on Monsieur and Madame D'Auband, and that they should always be treated with the highest consideration. These orders, we are told, were punctually obeyed; the princess lived in tranquil happiness in that island until 1747, when her beloved husband died: she then returned to Paris, where she lived to a great age. What a change of fortune did this lady experience! and how exactly the

reverse was the change of Madame de Maintenon, who, from the condition of a private individual, a desolate widow, became the first female at the brilliant court of Louis XIV., and eventually was elevated to the dignity of queen, although not publicly acknowledged as such! She who was born in a prison, and whose early years were passed in poverty and obscurity, was afterwards the dispenser of honours and emoluments!—to whom statesmen, generals, authors, applied for places and for pensions! She, too, passed part of her life in a distant colony, but that was before she had known splendour and rank. The Russian princess went into exile, after having experienced the insufficiency of exalted station to confer happiness; the morning of her days passed amidst the glitter of a court where she was miserable;—peaceful and happy was her decline in the privacy she had chosen. Madame de Maintenon, in all the plenitude of her power, and the magnificence which surrounded her, perhaps had reason to look back with regret on the time when she was the poor but distinguished widow of Scarron—distinguished by her talents, not by her station. In the evening of her life she acknowledged that she had never known real happiness, whilst she was supposed to have attained the summit of earthly felicity.

LIX.—THE TRAGEDY OF OSTENTATION. A MARTYR TO VANITY.

[This is the 'Lounge's' view of the strange history of Peregrinus. They who would see a more extended guess at it, written in a more tolerant and universal spirit, may read Wieland's entertaining novel, intitled 'Confessions in Elysium; or the Adventurers of Peregrinus Proteus,'—a book to be found in most circulating libraries.]

PEREGRINUS, a native of Parium, a city on the Hellespont or Dardanelles, during the second century of the Christian era; a subject of the Antonines, a contemporary and associate of Aulus Gellius, and of Lucian.

Having stained his youth by flagitious conduct, and suffered from an injured husband a punishment which added ridicule to the smart of retributive justice; having hurried, by violence and vexation, an aged father to the grave; from the pangs of self-accusation, and the resentment of his fellow-citizens, he fled into Palestine, a country which once proved a scourge and afterwards gave a Saviour to the world.

A wanderer, unsettled in life and wavering in opinion, he degenerated into a character not uncommon in modern times, a violent declaimer against those pleasures which he wanted inclination or ability to taste.

At length, stimulated by compunction, novelty, or poverty, he sought repose for mental inquietude in the bosom of Christianity, which first sprung up in the Roman province of Judea, where Peregrinus for a short time resided.

Apparently sincere in his professions, he was anxious for the comforts of hope and forgiveness which revelation holds forth to repentant sinners, and received considerable relief from the devout zeal of his patrons, who, estimating the value of their acquisition by the enormity of his trans-

gressions, sympathized with his sorrows and were edified by his discourses, in which he adorned the doctrines of the gospel by figures, allusions, and expressions, borrowed from the various dialects and elegant mythology of the Greeks.

But neither the habits nor disposition of the proselyte were calculated for fulfilling the conditions of a dispensation which enjoins purity of life, and affords no gratification to sensuality, selfishness, or vanity. His conversion exposed him to the religious banter of Lucian, who, however well founded his suspicions might be as to the mercenary motives of Peregrinus, evidently mistakes, in his attacks on the christian religion, the Mosaic ritual for the milder and more cheering doctrines of Christ.

The sarcasms of the satirist, or the imprudence of the convert, gradually opened the eyes of the Christians: his moderation and abstemiousness were found to be only assumed, for the purpose of impressing on the world an opinion of his superior sanctity; while his non-compliance with the customs of the world was discovered to be a most arrogant and assuming species of pride, which rudely sets at defiance the established opinions and general sense of mankind.

To attract notice at all risks, and to become the subject of general conversation, was the ruling passion of his soul; whilst, with all his boasts of superior wisdom, he poured forth on every occasion of envy, contradiction, or irritation, a torrent of foul invective; and always in a greater proportion, if the person he attacked appeared to excel him in person, fortune, morals, or understanding.

Having proved himself grossly deficient in every Christian requisite, and disguising under the philosophic garb an overbearing spirit as well as a depraved heart, after repeated but ineffectual admonitions to amend, he was expelled from the Christian church.

Again thrown loose on society he travelled on foot into Egypt, and having by vicious or preposterous conduct closed every avenue to fair fame, he assumed the character of a cynic: he affected the dress and manners of Diogenes, inflicted on himself corporal chastisement, and insisted that to a philosopher all words and all actions, as long as they did not violate moral justice, or diminish the great mass of public happiness, were equally indifferent.

He neglected or despised the decencies of dress, language, and gesture; performing publicly, without shame, actions which prejudice and propriety, in civilised societies, have covered with a thick veil.

Such conduct was neither imitated nor approved in a country warmly attached to ritual observance, and which has been called the mother of superstition. The disappointed cynic was driven with ignominy from the banks of the Nile, and, repairing to Rome, soothed his chagrin and gratified his pride—that pride which in the human heart puts on such a variety of forms—by loading with abuse the customs, &c., of the country which tolerated his insolence.

He attacked that excellent emperor and man, Titus Antoninus, who proved that he was the true philosopher by listening with patience to his impudent haranguer; and if any of the charges against him were true, by amending his conduct.

A prefect of the city, whose temper was very

irritable, drove our unfortunate declaimer from the capitol; and, after passing through several cities of Greece unnoticed or despised, he fixed his abode at Athens, where he attracted the notice of A. Gellius, who has recorded several of their conversations.

One of his favourite topics was to inveigh against what he called the folly of wrapping up the names of things, the harmless propensities of nature, in refined phrase and delicate expression: he would perhaps have agreed with a certain writer that there was an increase of sin, since bad women were called women of pleasure, and the crime of adultery softened in the modish denomination of *crim. con.*

More vain in his particular way than any man alive, he grossly attacked the public spirit of Herodes Atticus, a citizen, who, diffusing his wealth in laudable exertion, and ornamenting his country by magnificent structures, reflected credit on the magnificence of a private man; placing many of the comforts and even luxuries of life within the reach of the poorest individual.

The territory on which the Olympic games were exhibited has been for ages a burning sand, the death of many a candidate from dust and heat. A spot rendered classical by poets, and affording a landmark to the chronologist and historian, was scantily supplied with water—a reproach to the avarice, the poverty, or the taste of the Greeks.

The quick-sighted zeal of Herodes provided for the defect: he conducted, at a vast expense of money, a copious stream, supplied from distant springs by an aqueduct, which, uniting magnificence with utility, was the wonder and ornament of his country.

A work, which it was difficult to speak or even think of without praise, which excited general approbation, was considered by Peregrinus as a good opportunity to exert his talent at satire and abuse.

He attacked Herodes as vain-glorious and ostentatious, in thus lavishing his wealth on an undertaking which only helped to make the combatants effeminate: he asserted that it was more useful to the state, though a few lives were lost, to harden them by exposure to heat and thirst, than to suffer the defenders of their country to enjoy the indulgences of coolness and shade.

After much declamation in favour of self-denial, it was observed that on the next celebration of the games he was foremost in the crowd which pressed forward to enjoy the stream.

The office of a censor of mankind, whatever his motives, is not of a kind to conciliate affection, but the inconsistencies of Peregrinus made him contemptible; a circumstance highly mortifying to a man hunting after popularity, and ambitious of posthumous fame.

Rendered desperate by disappointment, he resolved on the fervour of false philosophy to astonish the world, and built his reputation on what he judged an imperishable basis, by putting an end to his existence on a funeral pile.

Being questioned as to the end he had in view, he said that he meant to hold forth to the world an impressive example; to teach men to despise death, and to bear pain with firmness and composure.

It was vain he was told that a fear of death was implanted in our bosoms for the wisest purposes,

and that it was every one's first duty to perform the offices of society in that post in which Providence had placed him.

"If he imagines," said Lucian, on hearing of his design, "that there is anything so very heroic in committing himself to the flames, I can furnish him with a long list of fools and madmen who have excelled in this his favourite exit."

"In the blaze of a fierce fire, as suffocation is immediate, sensation ceases on the spot; but on any occasion which rouses their zeal or animates their devotion, the Indian brahmins literally roast themselves by slow fires, voluntarily exposing themselves to the agonies of death for several hours."

"If his passion arises merely from being tired of life, he need only return to his own country, where, as a parricide and an adulterer, he will instantly receive the reward of his crimes."

With all his firmness, the cynic appears to have dreaded the fate to which he had devoted himself. He was not without hopes that by the interference of his associates his proposed death would be prevented.

But general expectation being roused, his absolute and positive refusal to undergo that which he had offered, besides lowering him in the esteem of his followers, would have exposed him to the risk of being torn to pieces by the populace, who on such occasions are not disposed to submit quietly to an impostor, who sports with their feelings and insults their credulity.

Finding he could expect nothing from their humanity, he appealed to their superstition; spoke of celestial communication, &c., which forbade the execution of his purpose: but he had gone too far to retreat, and finding that he had no alternative but the death he had chosen, or a more shocking one, he prepared the pile with his own hands.

On the day appointed, and during the vast concourse of the Olympic games, he appeared with a train of attendants, addressed the people, and asserted that the evil he had suffered and the pains he had endured were sufficient testimonies of his attachment to philosophy without the present proof.

He then spoke on the vanity of life and the glory of devoting ourselves to death for the benefit of others, but was interrupted by the shouts of his friends, who exclaimed that such a man ought to live for the sake of his country, for the instruction and edification of mankind. These words were instantly overpowered by the voices of a very considerable majority, who insisted that a non-performance of that which he had promised was unworthy of the character he had assumed, that a philosopher ought to set an example of consistency and faith.

"Conduct him to the pile!" re-echoing on every side, filled our philosopher with terror and dismay.

Convinced that nothing but death in the manner he had proposed would satisfy the merciless multitude, in a tremor produced by agitation of body and mind he sunk on the ground: repeated faintings, succeeded by a fever, made it necessary to postpone the business.

A physician, who was sent for to administer relief, informed him that if he was so anxiously bent upon death he might save himself the trouble and ceremony of publicly inflicting it on himself, for

that the fever, if unsubdued, would soon release him from his cares.

Peregrinus, not relishing the proposal, told his medical friend that merely to die in his bed was not the thing he wanted; that so common a mode of going out of the world, unnoticed and unapplauded, had neither the charm of novelty nor the attraction of popular admiration.

After a struggle of several weeks between his fears, his disease, and his pride, the fever left him, and he positively fixed the time and place at which he would execute his purpose.

On the 16th July, A.D. 165, and in the 236th Olympiad, such was the formal style in which it was announced, he ascended for the last time a pile which he had constructed with his own hands. Three miles from Olympia, on the evening of a serene day, and the moon shining with a silver light, Peregrinus presented himself to the public eye, with a long train of followers, and others whom curiosity or admiration had attracted. Laying aside his mantle, his wallet, and his staff, he set fire to the fabric he had formed of fir and other materials; then scattering incense around him, and turning his face to the south, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "Genii of my ancestors, open your arms to receive me!" and, leaping into the flames, was soon reduced to ashes.

Thus terminated the career of a man who may be said to have rendered himself extraordinary by his crimes and the manner of his death.

LX.—A HUMAN WILD BEAST APPARENTLY TAMED.

[From the translation of a curious piece of German autobiography, entitled 'Heinrich Stilling.' The author was a friend of Goethe's. We do not take for granted, as he does, the thorough conversion of the unhappy and most probably wretchedly educated subject of the present story; but the man, like other human beings, has a germ of goodness in him, and the contrast of his poor wife's patience and kindness is affecting.]

DURING supper, in the evening, Glöckner related a very remarkable tale regarding his brother-in-law, Freymuth, which was to the following effect. —Madame Freymuth was Glöckner's wife's sister, and of one mind with her concerning religion; the two sisters therefore came frequently together, with other friends, on the Sunday afternoon: they then recapitulated the morning's sermon, read in the bible, and sang hymns. Freymuth could not bear this at all; he was an arch enemy to such things, yet, notwithstanding, he went diligently to church and sacrament, but that was all: horrible oaths, drinking, gaming, licentious conversation, and fighting, were his most gratifying amusements, in which he passed his time after his business was finished. When he came home in the evening, and found his wife reading the bible or some other edifying book, he began to swear in a dreadful manner, and to say to her, "Thou canting pietistic d——, knowest thou not that I will not have thee read?" He then seized her by her hair, dragged her about upon the ground, and beat her till the blood gushed from her nose and mouth; however, she did not say a word, but when he left off she embraced his knees, and besought him with many tears to be converted and change his course of

life: he then kicked her away from him with his feet, and said, "That I will not, thou wretch! I will be no hypocrite, like thee." He treated her in the same manner when he knew that she had been in company with other pious people. In this way he had acted ever since his wife had been of different sentiments to himself. But now, only within the last few days, Freymuth had become entirely changed, and that in the following manner:—

Freymuth took his departure for the fair at Frankfort. During this time his wife was entirely at liberty to live as she pleased; she not only went to visit other friends, but also occasionally invited a considerable number of them to her house: this she did also last Easter fair. Once, when many of them were assembled in Freymuth's house on a Sunday evening, and were reading, praying, and singing together, it pleased the mob not to suffer this. They came, and first of all broke all the windows within their reach; and as the house-door was fastened, they burst it open with a strong pole. The company in the parlour were alarmed and terrified, and every one sought to hide himself as well as he could. Madame Freymuth alone remained; and on hearing the house-door broken open, she stepped out with a light in her hand. Several of the mob had already burst in, whom she met in the hall. She smiled at the people, and said, good-humouredly, "Neighbours! what is it you want?" Immediately they were as though they had received a beating; they looked at each other, were ashamed, and went quietly home again. The next morning Madame Freymuth sent for the glazier and carpenter, in order to restore everything to its proper state: this was done, and scarcely was all finished when her husband returned from the fair.

He immediately observed the new windows, and therefore asked his wife how that had happened? She told him the pure truth circumstantially, and concealed nothing from him, but sighed at the same time in her mind to God for assistance; for she believed nothing else but that she would be dreadfully beaten. Freymuth, however, did not think of that, but was mad at the outrage of the mob. His intention was to take cruel revenge upon the villains, as he called them; he therefore commanded his wife, with threats, to tell him who they were that had committed the outrage, for she had seen and recognised them.

"Yes, dear husband!" said she, "I will tell thee; but I know a still greater sinner than they all together; for there was one who, for the very same reason, beat me most dreadfully."

Freymuth did not understand this as it was meant; he flew into a passion, beat upon his breast, and roared out, "May the d—— fetch him and thee too, if thou dost not this moment tell me who it was."—"Yes," answered Madame Freymuth, "I will tell thee; revenge thyself upon him as much as thou wilt; *thou art the man that did it*, and art therefore worse than the people who only broke the windows." Freymuth was mute, and as if struck by lightning; he was silent awhile. At length he began, "God in heaven, thou art in the right! I have certainly been a real villain! I am wishing to revenge myself on people who are better than I! Yes, wife! I am the most wicked wretch upon earth!" He jumped up, ran upstairs to his bedroom, lay

there three days and three nights flat upon the ground, ate nothing, and only occasionally took something to drink. His wife kept him company as much as she could, and helped him in prayer that he might obtain favour with God through the Redeemer.

On the morning of the fourth day he rose with his mind at ease, praised God, and said, "I am now assured that my grievous sins are forgiven me!" From that moment he has been quite another man, as humble as he was proud before, as meek as he had been previously wrathful and daring, and as heartily pious as he had before been impious.

This man would have been a subject for my friend Lavater: the expression of his countenance was the maddest and wildest in the world; it needed only a single passion, for instance anger, to be excited, and the animal spirits required only to extend every muscle of his face, and he would have appeared raging mad. But now he is like a lion turned into a lamb. Peace and serenity are impressed upon every muscle of his countenance, and this gives him an aspect as pious as it was previously brutal.

LXI.—THE MURDERER WHO WAS NO MURDERER.

[The closing paragraph of this story (which is quoted from the 'Theory of Presumptive Proof,' in 'Cecil's Sixty Curious Narratives'), winds it up with a singular increase of dramatic interest,—if we may use terms of the stage in speaking of such frightful realities. It reminds us, though dissimilar in other respects, of an account we have read somewhere of a lady who dreamt that her maid-servant was coming into her room to kill her, and who, rising in her bed in the agitation of waking, beheld the woman actually entering the door for that purpose. Imagine the appalled situation of both parties.]

JONATHAN BRADFORD kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford, in the year 1736. He bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's; he there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had about him a large sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers, the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber, and this being repeated he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing as of one dying, they both instantly arose and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans, and the door being ajar saw a light in the room: they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the person was the stranger with whom they had that

night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host: they seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer. He assumed by this time the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves: for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them."

These assertions were of little avail: he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but nevertheless with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing out his mittimus: "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county: Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. In the midst of all this predetermination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to trial—he pleaded not guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen: they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody; that on their entering the room he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that a few moments preceding they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defence on his trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise, he suspected some villany transacting, he struck a light, he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene.

This defence, however, could be considered but as weak contrasted with several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong: there was little need left of comment from the judge in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation, and the jury brought in the prisoner guilty, even without going out of the box. Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes, but he died disbelieved by all.

Yet were those assertions not untrue: the murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman, who immediately on stabbing his master rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped to his own room, which could have been, from the very circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford), on a bed of sickness: it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It is much to be wished that this account could close here, but it cannot. Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was nevertheless the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at

supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement—he could not believe his senses! and in turning back the bedclothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and the knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence.

LXII.—A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RECOVERY FROM THE GRAVE.

RECORDED AND AUTHENTICATED BY SEVERAL HISTORIANS.

[Our present story from 'The Lounger' (a very striking one) is preceded by some remarks of his, singularly characteristic of the man, who with a great deal of hearty good in him, had much that was vehement and suspicious, of a piece with the anxious stubbornness with which he kept himself concealed from the public. Perhaps he feared some such fate as, he here intimates, is sometimes caused by a favourite "housekeeper."]

It is mentioned here, in order to stimulate the friends of persons whose animation has been suspended by drowning, suffocation, and other accidents, and to encourage them not to relax in their efforts of recovery, however hopeless appearances may be. I also mean this article as a salutary check on persons of another description: the residuary legatees, second cousins, favourite housekeepers, and religious intimates of wealthy bachelors, rich widows, and childless or childish old men. I would wish them not to be too hasty in laying them out, and to pay some little regard to decency and decorum before they send for the undertaker, screw up the coffin, and rummage for the will.

A spark of life not yet wholly extinguished may be roused into a flame by their abominable hypocrisy, and their avaricious hopes be ultimately defeated by a new devisee.

But waiving further preliminary comment, and to come at once to the fact, the circumstance in question took place in the sixteenth century, during the reign of Elizabeth of England and Charles IX. of France, at the period when the intrepid female who filled the English throne felt it her duty or her interest to interfere in the wars of the league, and actually sent an army of 8000 men, under the command of the Earl of Warwick, who took possession of Dieppe and Havre-de-Grace, but was too late to prevent the city of Rouen being taken by assault by the Duke of Guise and his party.

It was at this siege, and in defending Fort St. Catherine, that Francis de St. Cville, a young man of good family in Normandy, but somewhat tainted with the new opinions, leading on the company he commanded received a musket shot, which entering his right cheek and passing obliquely downwards, was buried in his neck.

A considerable effusion of blood took place, he fell motionless on the ground, and soon after being considered as dead was stripped, and with another corpse committed to the earth.

A faithful old servant of his family impatiently

waited his return, and on being told what had happened was anxious to see the body of his beloved master, and with a superstition in this instance amiable, to give it Christian burial.

In the eagerness of zeal and love he procured several soldiers of M. de St. Cville's company to attend him with torches to the spot where the captain was buried. The day was already closed when he received the melancholy intelligence, and a solemn stillness reigned over a spot so lately the scene of carnage and confusion.

They opened many graves in vain, and as they were fearful of exciting the attention and drawing upon themselves the fire of the besiegers, were preparing to return without having accomplished their purpose, when the domestic's attention was attracted by some bright body on the ground, which reflecting the blaze of the torch sparkled in his eye.

Turning back to examine the cause, he saw uncovered a hand and arm of some corpse already buried; on closer inspection, and gazing with eager looks, he found that the glittering object was a diamond ring on one of the fingers: this he instantly recognized, having formerly brought it to his master as a token of love from the mistress of the young soldier's heart.

The body was disinterred without delay, and the valet, bearing it in his arms, returned to his quarters. He could not help remarking, as he carried this honourable burthen, that it was still warm. Stopping a moment to look at that face which had smiled on him a thousand times, he perceived something like a faint breath issuing from his mouth. This circumstance created new hopes, and the instant he reached home placing the body in a warm bed, and calling in medical aid, the wounded man gradually recovered.

The first object De St. Cville opened his eyes on was the fond, the faithful servant, who had attended him from his entrance into life, and had now snatched him from an untimely grave.

He remained for several weeks in a languid state, and the city was in the meantime taken by storm. The besiegers being exasperated against the family of the wounded captain for the active part they had taken, with that more than savage animosity with which civil wars are carried on, threw the sick man from the window.

Fortunately for M. de St. Cville there was a large dunghill underneath, on which he fell without injury. Here, in the noise and confusion of a military assault, he lay for several days unnoticed by the enemy, was occasionally supplied with a little nourishment, and at last conveyed by night, through the kind care of his original deliverer, to a farmhouse a few miles from the city. At this place, with good nursing, he at length recovered, and was personally known to Monsieur de Thou, to whom I am obliged for a good part of this short but interesting narrative.

LXIII.—THE FAMOUS STORY OF THE FAMILIES OF CALAS AND SIRVEN.

[In repeating a story of Catholic bigotry and cruelty, it is hardly necessary in these times to deprecate its application to the existing members of the catholic faith: they partake of the general Christian amelioration of the age, and would be

ashamed to do as their predecessors did. Bigotry it is true, will still break out into acts of absurdity here and there, protestant as well as catholic; but, generally speaking, at least among all decently educated people (and it is not the fault of the uneducated that they remain so), it has outgrown its mistakes, and no longer confounds the exasperations of self-will with the ordinances of God. The following narrative is the 'Lounger's,' and is coloured with the peculiarities of a bygone generation and of his own character.]

JOHN CALAS was a reputable tradesman, or, as he was called in France, a merchant of the city of Thoulouse, in the eighteenth century. Himself, his wife, and five sons had been born and educated in the protestant religion; but Lewis, the second of his children, only a few months before the present narrative commences, renouncing the tenets he had professed, embraced the catholic faith. It was supposed that the young man had been persuaded to this change by an old female servant who had lived many years in the family, and by whom he had been originally nursed. His parents lamented this apostacy, but being remarkable for affection towards their offspring, it was not observed to diminish the kindness of their behaviour either to Lewis or the old domestic, as they were convinced, however erroneous the proceeding, that it originated from amiable motives and a benevolent mind. Their eldest son, Anthony, had been bred to the law, but found that his dissenting from the established religion of his country was an insuperable bar to his being admitted to practice. The disappointment was observed to have a strong effect on his mind and health: he became melancholy, peevish, and solitary, procured and perused many reprehensible books, and often repeated passages from them in defence of suicide.

In this state of things Anthony received an accidental visit from an old schoolfellow, the son of Mr. Lavoisier, an *avocat*, or as we should term it an attorney, of Thoulouse. Young Lavoisier having been absent for several weeks at Bourdeaux, on his return found that his father had been for several days at a little villa to which he occasionally retired, eight miles from the city. Having endeavoured to procure a horse at several places without effect, as he was coming out of the stable-yard of one of the persons to whom he had applied, he met Anthony and his father, who congratulated him on his arrival, and, hearing that none of his family were at home, invited him to pass his evening at their house, to which he agreed. Mrs. Calas received Lavoisier as the friend of her son with great cordiality, and after sitting in conversation about half an hour, Anthony, being the general market-man of the family, was sent to purchase some cheese. Soon after Lavoisier went again to the keeper of a livery-stable to see if any of his horses were returned, and to bespeak one for his use in the morning.

They both came back in a short time, and at seven o'clock sat down to supper in a room up one pair of stairs, the company consisting of Calas, his wife, Anthony, Peter, one of his brothers, and Mr. Lavoisier. Before the meal was concluded, Anthony, without any apparent reason, rose from table in an evident state of mental perturbation: this, as it was a circumstance that had often oc-

curred since his indisposition, was not noticed; he passed into the kitchen, which was on the same floor, and being asked by the servant if he was cold, said to her, "Quite the contrary, I am in a burning heat." He soon after went down stairs.

It ought to have been observed that the whole of the ground-floor was occupied by the shop and a warehouse behind it, which were separated by folding doors. The party whom Anthony had quitted continued conversing till half-past nine, when Lavoisier took his leave; and Peter, who fatigued by his attendance in the shop had fallen asleep, was roused to attend with a lantern. It is easier to conceive than describe their horror and astonishment on reaching the foot of the stairs: the first object that presented itself was the unhappy Anthony, stripped to his shirt, and hanging from a bar which he had laid across the top of the folding doors, having half-opened them for that purpose. Their exclamation brought Mr. Calas down stairs, who the moment he saw what had taken place rushed forward and raised the body in his arms, moved the rope by which it was suspended, and the bar fell down: for the two young men were so affected that they stood immovable as statues, and lost all presence of mind. The unhappy father in an agony of grief laid his son on the ground, and immediately sent Peter for Mr. Lamoire, a surgeon in the neighbourhood, observing to him, "Let us, if we can, prevent this dishonourable accident being known: you need not say how your brother's death took place."

Lavoisier in the meantime ran up stairs to prevent, if possible, Mrs. Calas from knowing what had happened; but hearing the groans and outcries of her husband and the old servant, it could not be prevented, and the presence of this unhappy mother added to the afflicting scene. The surgeon was not at home, but his pupil, Mr. Grosse, immediately came: on examination he found that Anthony was quite dead, and when he removed his neckcloth, observing a dark mark made by the cord, immediately said he had been strangled. A crowd of people, attracted by curiosity and the cries of the family, had collected round the door, and hearing the surgeon's words, immediately formed an opinion that the deceased was on the point of becoming a catholic, and that his family, as protestants, had strangled Anthony to prevent his abjuring their communion.

The majority of the inhabitants of France being at that time violently prejudiced against the Calvinists, and more particularly the inhabitants of Thoulouse, who for several years celebrated the massacre of St. Bartholomew by anniversary processions, this vague suspicion was eagerly circulated, and with many absurd aggravations pronounced an undeniable fact: a furious mob assembled, and to prevent Calas and his family from being torn to pieces, it was thought necessary to send for the intendant of the police and his assistants.

These peace-officers, instead of quieting the people, and entering into cool examination of facts, precipitately sided in opinion with the multitude, and the whole family, together with Lavoisier, was committed to prison, under circumstances of universal hatred and indignation.

The Franciscans and White Penitents, two religious societies at that time in Thoulouse, zealously

inflamed the public irritation, and promulgated the report that Anthony, who had never given the least indication of a change in his opinions, was the next day to have become one of their fraternity; that he was strangled in order to prevent it; and that Lavoisier, on this and other similar occasions, was generally executioner among the Calvinists. The corpse was publicly interred in St. Stephen's, accompanied by a long and pompous procession, a solemn service and funeral dirge: a tomb was raised to his memory in a conspicuous part of that church, and a real human skeleton was exhibited on the monument, holding in one hand a paper on which was written *ABJURATION OF HERESY*, and in the other a branch of the palm-tree as an emblem of martyrdom. In such a state of the public mind it was not probable that the affair would experience an impartial examination. The *capitoul*, one David, an ignorant but fierce bigot, insisted on the impossibility of a person's suspending himself across the folding doors, and said that it was a common practice with protestant parents to hang such of their children as wished to change their religion; the worthy magistrate forgetting at the moment, or resolving not to remember, that Lewis Calas, another of the unfortunate prisoner's children, had actually become a catholic, and so far from incurring the resentment of his father had been lately settled by him in an advantageous business, and that the person who had been the chief instrument of his conversion was at that moment an inmate in the family, and treated with the most unremitting kindness. Le Borde, the presiding judge, who knew and ought to have acted better, warmly espoused the popular opinion: he repeatedly inquired "If Anthony Calas had been seen to kneel at his father's feet before he strangled him?" but receiving no satisfactory answer observed, that the cries of the murdered martyr were heard at distant parts of the city. He added, that "It was necessary to make an example of John Calas, for the edification of true believers and the propagation of sound faith, as heretics had been of late more than usually bold and incorrigible."

I relate with concern, that in the eighteenth century, in a Christian country, and during the reign of a Most Christian king, this unfortunate man, seventy years of age, and irreproachable in life, who was remarkable for parental affection, and had brought up a numerous family in credit and repute, was declared guilty of murdering his own child (a crime which collateral and other circumstances proved he had never committed), and sentenced to be broken on the wheel. This innocent prisoner in a few days was led forth to punishment, in a state of mind which excited general admiration.

Two honest Dominicans, Bourges and Caldegnes, who attended him, declared that they not only thought him innocent of the crime, but an uncommon example of Christian patience, fortitude, charity, and forbearance; they could not help remarking, that in his prayers he intreated the Almighty to pardon the errors of his enemies. These worthy fathers united in wishing that their last hours might be like his.

Calas endured the torture with unabated firmness, declaring the innocence of himself and family to the last: his son Peter was banished for life; the other persons, with a glaring inconsistency—

for if one was guilty all must have been so—were set at liberty.

This melancholy and disgraceful transaction, which took place in the year 1761, naturally attracted the notice and consideration of all well-disposed, humane, and liberal persons, particularly of Mr. Voltaire, the advocate of toleration, who like other advocates was ultimately carried further in his reforming career than he originally expected or designed; but in rescuing the family of Calas from obloquy and disgrace, he was commended by all parties. His applications to men in power were so effectual, that the judicial proceedings were sent to Paris and revised: Calas and the whole of the family were declared innocent, the sentence was annulled, the attorney-general of the province was directed to prosecute the infamous *capitoul*, David, and every possible satisfaction was made to the widow, Mr. Lavoisier, and the survivors. But although every thing that could be done was done, all could not call up from the grave the mangled corpse of the unhappy father, who at the moment he was suffering unutterable distress of mind for a suicide child was loaded with disgrace and chains, and committed to a loathsome dungeon, accused, tried, and condemned as the executioner of his own offspring, suffered a cruel death, and finally was insulted on the scaffold in his last agonies by the cruel David. "Wretch!" said this infernal monster to the poor old man, while in a state of torture, "wretch! confess your crime. Behold the faggots which are to consume your body to ashes!"

The melancholy impressions made by this article would have been somewhat alleviated, had it been in the editor's power to relate with truth that the vile *capitoul*, a Franciscan, and two or three of the *White Penitents* had been hanged.

Where and when have I seen, and by what artist, a painting in which a group of persons are exhibited as contemplating a picture of the tragedy which forms the subject of the present article, and exemplifying its effect on different tempers and dispositions? *

The man of violent passions, with fury in his countenance and an extended arm, is pouring forth execrations against the remorseless bigots; another gentleman, of exquisite sensibility, is silently wiping the tear from his cheek; a connoisseur seems to be admiring the painter's performance, without being apparently affected by the subject of it; and a jolly fellow, who appears to have understood and practised the pleasures of the table, sits unbusied before the picture, buried in fat, indolence, and stupidity.

Various have been the efforts of human wisdom to correct the excesses of intolerant superstition. In many instances these efforts have been successful; but like a race-horse pushing for the goal, they have often been carried further than was intended.

The zealous, and perhaps at first, and before his passions are inflamed, the well-meaning Catholic, who would punish a man's body for the salvation of his soul, ultimately degenerates into the most cruel and bloody of all tyrants—a tyrant over the mind. On the contrary, the liberal-minded man of feeling and philanthropy, unless guided by prudence and expediency, becomes a latitudinarian

* We think there is an engraving of it in Lavater, and that the original is by a French artist.—Ed.

and a sceptic, and would ultimately introduce the most irrational and unfeeling of all despotisms.

The following letter, addressed to M. Voltaire from the late Empress of Russia, during his spirited conduct in favour of the family of Calas, must have highly gratified that ingenious Frenchman :—

"SIR,—The brightness of the northern star is a mere *Aurora Borealis*; but the private man, who is an advocate for the rights of nature and a defender of oppressed innocence, will immortalize his name. You have attacked the great enemies of true religion and science—fanaticism, ignorance, and chicanery: may your victory be complete.

"You desire some small relief for the family. I should be better pleased if my enclosed bill of exchange could pass unknown. Nevertheless, if you think my name, unharmonious as it is, may be of use to the cause, I leave it to your discretion.

"CATHERINE."

It is a melancholy truth, that while this disgraceful tragedy was performing, another instance of superstitious intolerance, and, like this, ending in the death of two innocent persons, was exhibited in the same province, at Castres, little more than forty miles from Thoulouse.

Adjoining to that city, on a little farm which they owned and occupied themselves, lived the family of Sirven, consisting of the farmer, his wife, and three daughters, one of whom was married and pregnant, her husband by his employment being called to a distant province. Although of the Protestant religion, the youngest of his single daughters had been taken by force from her father's home, put into a convent, and told that she must conform to the Catholic faith, which was the only true religion. Finding the poor girl naturally attached to the tenets in which she had been educated, her instructors told her that it was the high road to hell, and insisting that it was necessary to punish the body to save the soul, they taught her their better catechism, whipped her severely, and shut her up in a solitary cell. In a few weeks, in consequence of their persevering in what they called wholesome discipline, the poor creature lost her senses, and escaping from her keepers threw herself headlong into a well. It was immediately insisted on by the Catholics, and passed current, that her own family had destroyed her, it being an established rule with Protestants to murder every one who is suspected of any inclination to the Catholic faith. The populace was inflamed; Sirven did not dare to make his appearance, and having heard of the transaction at Thoulouse, was anxious to avoid similar treatment, as his house had been twice attacked. Expecting to be torn to pieces, he took an opportunity, when his infuriated enemies were retired to rest from their persecutions, to leave his house with his family. At the dead of night, on foot, in the severity of winter, and with a deep snow on the ground, they fled from their savage neighbours and took the road to Switzerland, though scarcely knowing whither to go. To add to Sirven's afflictions, his daughter was delivered of a dead child during the journey, evidently killed by the over-fatigue and horrors of its parent. Urged forward by their remorseless hunters, the frantic mother could not be persuaded that her child was dead, and travelled on, closely embracing the clay-cold infant in her arms.

It is not easy to describe the exasperated fury of

the zealots at Castres when they found their intended victims had escaped. They reproached each other with not having kept a guard during the night. To prove what they wished to do, the whole family were burned in effigy; a process was issued against Sirven, his goods seized, his property confiscated, and the memory of an industrious, harmless, and much injured family loaded with infamy and reproach.

The fugitives, travelling by night and concealing themselves in the daytime, fortunately escaped the tigers, but did not consider themselves safe till they reached Switzerland. In another respect they were not less fortunate: the benevolent friend and advocate of the family of Calas heard of Sirven's misfortunes, and powerfully interfered in their favour; but was shocked on being told that their cause should be reheard, and that possibly they might be pardoned. A virtuous, decent, innocent family, reduced to beggary and ruin, with two individuals of it murdered, for so in fact it was, is told it may be pardoned! But the active benevolence of Voltaire did not rest satisfied with this answer, which seemed to be adding injury to insult. M. de Beaumont, who nobly and successfully defended the Calas family, also strongly interested himself, and tardy justice ultimately took place.

LXIV.—WILLIAM AND CATHERINE SHAW.

[We take this edifying sample of circumstantial evidence from the 'Sixty Curious Narratives' before mentioned, the compiler of which quotes it from the 'Theory of Presumptive Proof.' Presumptive proof is really a very presumptuous personage, and his circumstantial evidence frequently deserves to have a halter brought round its own neck. People circumstantially found guilty ought, we think, at the very worst, to undergo only a circumstantial hanging. A gallows should be paraded round them, the executioner should make a circuitous pretence of turning them off, and the bystanders should exclaim, "There you are, not positively hung, but you are circumstantially. You may presume that you are dead: the proof of your being so is not direct, but strong symptoms of an execution are round about you! you may say that you have been in very hanging circumstances."

We take poor William Shaw to have been no very pleasant father, and his unfortunate daughter (perhaps in consequence of a violent bringing-up) was furious and vindictive. But their characters must have been known; a surgeon should have been able to distinguish between a throat cut by the deceased's own hand and by that of another person; and the groans and exclamations of a highly probable suicide ought not to have been construed into evidence of murder, not even with a shirt spotted with blood, especially as the spots turn out to have been owing to what the man said. But the simpletons kill him, and then wave a flag over his grave by way of consoling his innocence. There is something in this action ludicrously of a piece with the rest of the folly, though the instinct was a good one, and the poor people must have been very sorry. We believe there will be no great haste to hang any more criminals upon circumstantial evidence after the publication of works

of this kind, and the fate of the unfortunate Eliza Fenning.]

WILLIAM SHAW, says our authority, was an upholsterer at Edinburgh, in the year 1721. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house, but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had for some time pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbour; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged and the daughter more positive, so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words *barbarity*, *cruelty*, and *death* were frequently pronounced by the daughter. At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greater part of the buildings at Edinburgh are formed on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court, so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and a single partition only divided his apartment from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had indistinctly overheard the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically. For some little time after the father was gone out all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed, he ran to some of his neighbours under the same roof: these, entering Morrison's room and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw two or three times faintly exclaim, "Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death*." Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father: they were now confirmed. A constable was procured, an entrance forced: Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side. She was alive, but speechless; but on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at the critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room: all eyes are on him. He sees his neighbours and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise and the succeeding horror leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of the beholders; and even that little is done away on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and upon the depositions of all the parties committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when in his defence he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying Robertson,

and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed; but he averred that he left his daughter unharmed and untouched, and that the blood found upon his shirt was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death," together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances was William Shaw found guilty, and was hanged in chains at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one, notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man who had become the possessor of the late William Shaw's apartments was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on opening contained the following:—"Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burthen to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world, for sure no benevolent Being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this. My death I lay to your charge: when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the handwriting was recognised and avowed to be Catherine Shaw's by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and as the only reparation to his memory and the honour of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colours to be waved over his grave in token of his innocence.

LXV.—A TALE OF OLD ITALIAN REVENGE.

[This is from our old friend 'Camerarius' (see Nos. xxvi—xxix), and is full of frightful truth. We behold the horrible human relics (taken for bats!) blackening on the city gate. There are no such sights now in Italy, thanks to the progress of knowledge and Christian feeling; and we shall not be too hasty to triumph over "Italian" stories of revenge, when we call to mind that spectacles not very dissimilar (more horrible in one respect, because they had *faces*) were to be seen not a great many years ago over Temple Bar and one of the bridges: and even against stories of modern Italian assassination may be set off too many appalling things in our daily newspapers; but then more of them transpire now than they used to do,

owing to those channels of publicity. We are all getting on, thank God, generally speaking, in knowledge and humanity; the whole civilized world, aye, and the uncivilized; and we should desire and love to get on altogether, nobody lording it or valuing himself over another. English, Italians, French, &c., will, we verily believe, before many generations are past, be like one great intelligent family, acknowledging the same guidance of public opinion, and interchanging all the blessings of advancement.]

ONE day, says our honest and earnest old scholar, as I went from Rome with my companie, and past through the marquise of Ancona, wee were to go through a citie called Terni, seated in a very pleasant and fruitfull valley, betweene the armes of a ruer called the Mar. As wee entered into the citie, wee saw ouer the gate a certaine tablet upon a high tower, to which were tied (as it seemed to vs at first) a great many bats or reere-mise. Wee thinking it a strange sight, and not knowing what it meant, being set vp in so eminent a place, one of the citie, whom we asked, told us of a certaine thing that had hapned some years before. There were (quoth he) in this citie two noble, rich, and mightie houses, which for a very long time carried on an irreconcilable hatred the one against the other, inasomuch as the malice passed from the father to the son, as it were by inheritance, by occasion whereof many of both houses were slain and murdered. At last the one house, not able to stay the fire of their violent wrath, resolved to stand about murdering no more of the aduerse by surprise and treason, but to run upon them all at once, and not to leaue one bodie thereof aliuie. They of this bloodie familie gathered together out of the countrie adjoining (vnder some other pretence) many of their seruants, which met in the citie, whereof they ioyned them to their bravos (which are swaggerers, assassins, and hacksters, such as many Italians that have quarrels keep in pay to employ them in the execution of their reuenges), and secretly armed them, enioyning them to be always readie to do some notable exploit whensoever they should be called upon. Soon after, taking hold of occasion, they march about midnight with their people to the gouernour's house, who mistrusted nothing, secure of his person, being a man of authoritie and power; and leauing guards in the same house until they should haue executed their purpose, goe on silent towards the house of their enemies, and disposing their troops at euery street end, about ten of them goe to the same house (the gouernour being between them) as if they had been the archers of his guard, whom they compelled to command that speedy opening might be made him, as if he had some seruice of importance to dispatch within their house, and withal they held a poinyard at his throat, threatening to kill him if he said not that which they had put into his mouth. He, amazed at the death which he saw present before his eyes, caused all the doors to be opened—a thing which they within made no refusall of, seeing the gouernour there: which being done, those ten call their complices, not farre off, put the gouernour into safe keeping, enter into the house, and there most cruelly murder man, woman, and child; nay, they spare not so much as the horses in the stable. That done, they make the gouernour set open the

citie gates, and so depart and disperse themselves into diuers secret places, here and there, among their friends. The wisest of them fled to the next sea-ports, and got them away far off: but as for those that kept any thing neere, they were so diligently searcht for, that they were found and drawn out of their holes by the justices, greatly mooued (as good cause there was) with such a horrible massacre. So these wicked offenders were put to death with the most grievous punishments; and after, their hands and their feet being cut off, were nailed to the tablet which you saw (quoth he) as ye entered the gate, on the top of the tower, set up for a show to terrifie the cruel and to serue for a lesson to posteritie. The sun having broiled those limbs so fastened and set up maketh travellers to think, that know nothing of this horrible tragedie, that they be reere-mise. Wee hauing heard this pitiful discourse, with detestation of such a furious and cruel desire of revenge, kept on our way.

LXVI.—GENEROUS CHILDREN GENEROUSLY HELPED.

[The compiler of the 'Sixty Curious Narratives' has extracted this delightful anecdote from the 'Memoirs of —,' we shall not say whom, that we may not injure the agreeable effect produced by the disclosure of his name upon those who are acquainted with his writings. Every record of handsome actions performed by such men is a boon to mankind, and should be received by them with gratitude; for it gives double zest to every handsome sentence in their books, increasing that faith in the good and beautiful which made them what they were.]

A GENTLEMAN being at Marseilles hired a boat with an intention of sailing for pleasure. He entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the vessel, and learned that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious disposition, "Oh, sir," said the young men, "if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth, and purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the coast of Barbary, but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word that he has luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity, but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it. He adds that we must therefore relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented; that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving by every honest means in our power to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in this occupation of watermen." The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present. Some months afterwards, the young men being at work in their shop were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their

father, who threw himself into their arms, exclaiming at the same time that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation. They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the sum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence, performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu.

LXVII.—REVENGE AND ASSASSINATION IN A CHURCH.

[This appalling and most dramatic story is taken from a deeply interesting work of fiction not long since published, 'Hector Fieramosca'; but as we recollect reading it in some veritable history, and as it is told in a way so brief as not to convert the narrative of a fact into a narrative merely founded on fact, we give it as we find it set down. At the close of it we almost feel the knife at our own hearts, hugged silently into the bosom of that sacrilegious and venomous impostor. He was very ill used; but even the baseness of the younger brother fades into nothing before this everlasting spirit of revenge. A closer and quieter piece of intensity is perhaps not to be met with. Chaucer has a line, that would make an excellent motto for it—

"The smiler with the knife under the cloak."]

DON MICHAEL had a youthful and lovely wife, and a younger brother, a bachelor, lived in his house. The beauty of his sister-in-law had such an effect on this youth, that abandoning all regard to morality or the consequences, he used every means to seduce her, and succeeded. But he did not succeed so well as to prevent the plot being discovered by a servant-maid, who informed the husband. The latter having placed himself in ambush surprised them: drawing his poniard, he attempted to murder them both at the same time, but it chanced that they escaped out of his hands with some slight wounds. So exasperated was he at the wrong received that he endeavoured to trace his brother, who with the lady fled to some place of security, and determined to kill him at all costs. But the brother having heard of the deadly oath of the injured husband, managed to defend himself in different ways, so as to set at nought all the other's designs; and the offended man, entirely despairing of being able to inflict his vengeance, was by the excess of passion carried almost to the grave.

In the meantime the jubilee of the year 1500 occurred, and in the town where Don Michael resided there were abundance of processions, and penitences, and public preachings, by means of which several party disputes were made up, and families and individuals pacified; and amongst the rest Don Michael also seemed resolved to lay aside all rancorous feelings, and devote himself to holy things. But the brother would not suffer himself

to be persuaded to an interview, spite of the numerous kindly and sacred protestations that came from the other side. At the end of a holy year, employed by Don Michael in continual penances and religious pursuits, he determined to abandon the world entirely, and going to a monastery of Scalzi * entered into his noviciate, and that being completed, pronounced the solemn vows. Sent by his superiors into various parts of Spain, and even as far as Rome. In order to study theology, he became very learned; and on his return to his country with the reputation of being a particularly holy man, the rank of priesthood was conferred on him. He went through the first mass with the usual pomp, amidst a crowd of relations, friends, and other people. After its conclusion, returning into the sacristy, he seated himself (such is the custom) with his priest's cope still on his back upon a stool, while his friends and relations approached one after another in order to kiss his hand and give him the congratulatory embraces. He had been repeatedly heard to deplore the hatred he had so many years nourished against his brother, and frequently to say, that the only desire in the world which he now had, was not only to obtain oblivion and forgiveness for the past, but likewise, as a servant of God, to be the first and the humblest in offering it. Upon this solemn occasion, moved by the entreaties of all his relations, the brother at last resolved to go with the others. As he advanced he began an humble address, whilst the priest extending his arms pressed him to his bosom; but instead of the brother again raising his head, his knees were seen to fall, and he sunk on the ground with a dreadful groan; and the priest, brandishing a small dagger which in that embrace he had plunged into his brother's heart, kissed the still reeking blade, spurned the corpse with his foot, and then exclaimed, "I have caught thee at last." The wretch escaped, and such was the confusion and amazement of the bystanders, that no efforts were made to detain him. For this crime he was banished, under pain of death if found. He fled from country to country until he took refuge in Rome, where he was protected by the Duke of Valentinois (Borgia). The latter took but little trouble to find out his virtues, but soon found him of use in the most important affairs, and the villainous priest became the life of all his undertakings.

[The novel from which this story is taken, is translated from the Italian of the Marquis d'Azeglio, the son-in-law of the author of the 'Betrothed' (I Promessi Sposi), and his successor in the larger species of Italian novel-writing. The novel itself, which is written with great care and a remarkable condensation of incident (it is only in one volume), is founded on a most interesting fact in the history of Italy—the combat of thirteen Italians against thirteen French in vindication of the national repute for courage, which one of the latter had insulted; and throughout it we are made conversant with a variety of real historical personages, particularly the portentous Cæsar Borgia, who in the hard-heartedness of his prodigious egotism took upon himself to play the part of a dispassionate Providence, and became accordingly a monster of passion and crime. But what was not to be expected of one who was the son of a man without conscience, brought up in the midst of the worst

* Order of barefooted friars.

corruptions of the church, and himself a pope, able to absolve his offspring from the responsibility of their common villanies? Such at least are the characters of these two men in history, perhaps exaggerated, though their enormities seem too well established. Ariosto, however, who knew the pope's daughter, the famous Lucretia Borgia, describes her in contradiction to all other report as a paragon of goodness as well as beauty; and for the honour and comfort of human nature (which, however, is not to be shaken by exceptions) we think as much credit as possible ought to be given to the testimony of a man who was both charitable and sincere. Besides, Lucretia may have been misled, when young, by the example and authority of a father so situated; and yet by some extreme fineness of nature (believed in by the poet, and existing in himself as well as others) have subsequently recovered herself, and become what he describes.]

LXVIII.—MARRIAGE AFTER BURIAL.

[If ever the letter of the marriage institution might be set aside in favour of its spirit, it would surely be in a case like the present. The story appeared originally in the famous French publication, the 'Causes Célèbres.' It reminds us of one strikingly like it in an Italian publication called the 'Florentine Observer,' upon which Mr. Shelley has left the fragment of a noble poem. See, in his 'Miscellaneous Poems,' the piece entitled 'Genevra.' Upon the same subject is founded the Editor's 'Legend of Florence.']

Two Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honourable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate; but the anxiety of her mind preyed upon her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but, recollecting that in her youth she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed and removed her to a place of safety, where by proper methods he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprise at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim; and his reasons, supported by a powerful inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of

safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavours to disguise herself were ineffectual. He laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alleging that the husband by burying her had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one by freeing her from the grave and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have had in a court where love presided, seemed to have little effect on the grave sages of the law; and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired out of the kingdom.

LXIX.—THE BATTLE FOR THE BRIDES.

[This is the story upon which Mr. Rogers has founded one of the elegant narratives in his volume of 'Italy.' War never looked more amiable. It is Mars with a bunch of lilies in his hand. We take it from two agreeable, and, let us add, most pleasantly *portable* volumes (no mean comfort to one who reads much), entitled 'Sketches from Venetian History,' published by Murray, and containing, among other illustrations, an interesting bird's-eye view of the most extraordinary of cities.]

UNDER Candiano II. (Doge of Venice in the tenth century), occurred one of those events which vividly depict the manners of the age to which they belong; and which, though affecting individuals rather than a nation, excite nevertheless very powerful interest, and almost connect history with romance. According to an ancient usage, the marriages among the chief families of Venice were celebrated publicly. The same day and the same hour witnessed the union of numerous betrothed; and the eve of the Feast of the Purification, on the return of which the Republic gave portions to twelve young maidens, was the reason of this joyous anniversary. It was to Olivolo, the residence of the patriarch, on the extreme verge of the city, that the ornamented gondolas repaired on this happy morning. There, hailed by music and the gratulations of their assembled kindred, the lovers disembarked; and the festive pomp—swelled by a long train of friends, richly clad, and bearing with them in proud display the jewels and nuptial presents of the brides—proceeded to the cathedral. The pirates of Istria had long marked this peaceful show, as affording a rich promise of booty; for, at the time of which we are writing, the arsenal and its surrounding mansions were not yet in existence. Olivolo was untenanted, except by priests; and its neighbourhood was entirely without inhabitants. In these deserted spots the corsairs laid their ambush the night before the ceremony; and while the unarmed and unsuspecting citizens were yet engaged in the marriage rites before the altar, a rude and ferocious troop burst the gates of the cathedral. Not content with seizing the costly ornaments which became their prize, they tore away also the weeping

and heart-broken brides, and hurried them to their vessels. The doge had honoured the festival with his presence; and, deeply touched by the rage and despair of the disappointed bridegrooms, he summoned the citizens to arms. Hastily assembling such galleys as were in the harbour, they profited by a favourable wind, and overtook the ravishers before they were extricated from the *Lagun* of Caorlo. Candiano led the attack, and such was its fury that not a single Istriote escaped the death which he merited. The maidens were brought back in triumph; and on the evening of the same day the interrupted rites were solemnized with joy, no doubt much heightened by a remembrance of the peril which had so well nigh prevented their completion. The memory of this singular event was kept alive by an annual procession of Venetian women on the eve of the Purification, and by a solemn visit paid by the doge to the church of Santa Maria Formosa. The trunkmakers (*carsellari*) of the island on which stands the above-named church composed the greater part of the crew hastily collected on this occasion; and Candiano, as a reward for their bravery, asked them to demand some privilege. They requested this annual visit to their island.

"What," said the prince, "if the day should prove rainy?"

"We will send you hats to cover your heads; and if you are thirsty, we will give you drink."

To commemorate this question and reply, the priest of Santa Maria was used to offer to the doge, on landing, two flasks of malmsey, two oranges, and two hats adorned with his own armorial bearings, those of the pope, and those of the doge. The Marian Games (*La Festa delle Marie*), of which this *andata* formed part, and which lasted for six days, continued to be celebrated until they were interrupted by the public distress during the war of Chiorra. They were renewed, two hundred years afterwards, with yet greater pomp; but of the time at which they fell into total disuse we are unable to speak.

LXX.—THE APOLOGIST BELIEVED AGAINST HIS WILL.

[This, perhaps, should rather be called a novel than a romance: but the turn of the adventure is at all events rare and unexpected; and the entertainment is increased by the maliciously comic figure cut by the great melancholy Cromwell, whose propensity to the refreshment of a little occasional fun is here gratified in a manner that must have been as delightful to himself as distracting to the poor divine. It is a regular scene in a play, transferred to the stage of life. We take it from that shrewd, amusing, and valuable book, 'Granger's Biographical History of England.']

JEREMIAH WHITE received a liberal education, and was brought up at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which house he became a fellow. In the troublesome times of the war Mr. White's politics led him to join the prevailing powers, and in time procured him to be made preacher to the council of state, and domestic chaplain to his highness, Oliver, lord protector. He was a very sprightly and facetious man, despised the cant and hypocrisy

of the puritanical party of his time, and was considered one of the chief wits of the protector's court. Possessing all the advantages of youth and a fine person, he had the ambition to aspire to the hand of Cromwell's youngest daughter, the Lady Frances. The young lady appears by no means to have discouraged his addresses, but in so religious a court this gallantry could not be carried on without being taken notice of: the protector was informed of it, and having no inclination for such an alliance, was so much concerned, that he ordered the person who told him to keep a strict look-out, promising, if he would give him any substantial proofs, he should be well rewarded and White severely punished. The spy followed his business so close, that in a little time he dogged Jerry White (as he was generally called) to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the protector to acquaint him that they were together. Oliver in a rage hastened to the chamber, and going hastily in found Jerry on his knees, either kissing his daughter's hand or having just kissed it. Cromwell in a fury asked what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frances? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, "May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentleman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail: I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me." Oliver turning to the young woman, cried, "What's the meaning of this, hussy? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White would do you? He is my friend, and I expect you would treat him as such." My lady's woman, who desired nothing better, with a very low curtesy replied, "If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him." "Sayest thou so, my lass," cried Cromwell, "call Goodwyn: this business shall be done presently before I go out of the room." Mr. White had gone too far to recede from this proposal: his brother parson came, and Jerry and my lady's woman were married in the presence of the protector, who gave the bride 500*l*. to her portion, to the secret disappointment and indignation of the enraged dupe of his own making, but to the entire gratification and satisfaction of the fair Abigail, the moment they were made one flesh, who by this unexpected good fortune obtained a husband much above her most sanguine hope or expectation.

The Restoration deprived White of all hope of preferment if he refused to take the oaths, and offered him but faint prospects if he did: he therefore prudently chose to remain quiescent, for he was too pleasant a man to take up his abode in a prison for preaching in a conventicle. His wit and cheerfulness gained him many friends, but he would have found himself more at home in the palace of Charles II. than in that of Oliver. He survived not only the Restoration and Revolution but the Union, and died in 1707, aged seventy-eight.

When the story of his marriage was mentioned before Mrs. White (who survived her husband), she always simpered her assent to its truth.

LXXI.—BEAU WILSON:

A PUZZLE FOR CONJECTURE.

[From 'Granger's Biographical History of England,' vol. vi., p. 25. Granger seems to intimate, in a note, that the Duchess of Cleveland, who had

been mistress to Charles II., was the possible source of Wilson's splendour; but she could have hardly been rich enough. The probability is, we think, that he was in possession of some secret of state. The "Mr. Law" with whom he fought the duel was the famous Law (of Lauriston), who afterwards made so much noise in France as a financial speculator, and who was ancestor of the Count de Lauriston, one of Buonaparte's generals.]

This very mysterious person was the younger brother of a respectable family, and having through friends procured a commission in the army, went to serve in Flanders, where he had not long continued before he was broke for cowardice, and became so reduced in circumstances as to accept forty shillings from a friend to pay his passage back to England. There, within a short time after his arrival, he appeared to the astonishment of the public the brightest star in the hemisphere: his coaches, saddle, hunting, and race horses, equipage, dress, and table, were the admiration of the world; and continued so while they saw him maintain such profuse expense without any visible means to support his glory. He never played, or but inconsiderably, entertained with profuseness all who visited him, drank himself liberally; but at all hours, as well sober as otherwise, he kept a strict guard upon his words, though several were either employed by the curiosity of others or their own to take him at his looser moments and persuade him to reveal his secret; but he so inviolably preserved it, that even their guesses were quite at random, and without probability or foundation. He was not known to be an admirer of ladies; and what added to the surprise was, that he was at all times to be found, and ever with some of his own people, seemingly open in conversation, free from spleen or chagrin: in a word, he had that settled air as if he were assured his good fortune would continue for ever. One of his friends advised him to purchase an estate while he had money. Mr. Wilson thanked him, but said he did not forget the future in the present; he was obliged to him for his counsel, but whilst he lived it would be ever thus, for he was always certain to be master of such a sum of money. This more and more confounded the world, for if, they would say, he derived his good fortune from the ladies, there was scarce any rich enough to support him; neither did he bestow any of his time unaccounted for, and it was not to be believed that the fair sex would not exact attention and service for their money, especially for such considerable sums. Those who pretended to guess better, had recourse to chemistry, and said he had found the *grand secret*, and was master of that invaluable *transmuting stone*, or powder, which could convert meaner metals into gold. Some blasted his reputation with the report that he must once have robbed a Holland mail of a considerable quantity of rough diamonds, though another person suffered for the offence, denying the fact to the last. Others would have it that the Jews kept him, with many other idle and ridiculous reports which were circulated concerning him, until the time he was found killed going to fight a duel with a Mr. Law, who, it is reported, ran him through the body before he could draw his sword in his own defence. Mr. Wilson lived in unabated splendour to the last, and the mystery rather augmented than diminished when a very inconsider-

able sum of money, being all that could be found after his death, left the world to conjecture from what source or funds he had derived means to support his state and magnificence.

LXXII.—A GENTLEMAN'S REVENGE.

[From Mr. Miller's 'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.' Is not "*Jane Seymour*" an incorrectness? Sir Robert Monro's *father* (also a Sir Robert) married a Jean, daughter of John Forbes, Esq.; but in 'Burke's Peerage and Baronetage,' the Sir Robert of the present story married a *Mary Seymour*, and it is probable that this was the true name from the circumstance of his great-grand-daughter's being christened "*Mary Seymour*"—a pleasing evidence, by the way, of the impression which her fair ancestor had left in the family. The following is Mr. Burke's notice of this truly gallant and interesting man:—"Sixth (baronet) Sir Robert, a gallant military officer, who fell at the battle of Falkirk, fighting against the Pretender, on the 17th of January, 1746. Sir Robert married Mary, daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Woodlands, in the county of Dorset." The present baronet is his grandson. His son, Sir Henry Monro, is recorded as distinguished for his "great classical attainments." The Monros appear to have been an interesting race: we believe the young Monro, who was killed some years ago by a tiger in the East Indies (torn away by the animal as he was sitting with a party), was of this family, and we think we have read he was a very good and generous fellow. The Sir Robert here mentioned had a brother killed with him at Falkirk, and another who died in the same way seven months afterwards in the Highlands. His only sister survived him for nearly twenty years, "a striking example (says Doddridge) of profound submission and fortitude, mingled with the most tender sensibility of temper." See the passage in Miller, p. 427.]

THE following anecdote of Sir Robert, which I owe to tradition, sets his character in a very amiable light. On his return from Flanders, in 1712, he was introduced to a Miss Jane Seymour, a beautiful English lady. The young soldier was smitten by her appearance, and had the happiness of perceiving that he had succeeded in at least attracting her notice. So happy an introduction was followed up into intimacy, and at length what had been only a casual impression, on either side, was ripened into a mutual passion of no ordinary warmth and delicacy. On Sir Robert's quitting England for the north, he arranged with his mistress the plan of a regular correspondence, and wrote to her immediately on his arrival at Foulis. After waiting for a reply with all the impatience of the lover, he sent off a second letter complaining of her neglect, which had no better success, and shortly after a third, which shared the fate of the two others. The inference seemed too obvious to be missed, and he strove to forget Miss Seymour. He hunted, he fished, he visited his several friends, he involved himself in a multiplicity of concerns, but all to no purpose: she still continued the engrossing object of his affections, and after a few months' stay in the Highlands, during which his very character seemed to have

undergone a radical change for the worse, he again returned to England. When waiting on a friend in London, he was ushered precipitately into the midst of a fashionable party, and found himself in the presence of his mistress. She seemed much startled by the rencounter: the blood mounted to her cheeks, but suppressing her emotion by a strong effort, she turned to the lady who sat next her, and began to converse on some common topic of the day. Sir Robert retired, and beckoning to his friend entreated him to procure him an interview with Miss Seymour. This was effected, and an explanation ensued. The lady had not received a single letter, and forming at length, from the seeming neglect of her lover, an opinion of him similar to that from which she herself was suffering in his esteem, she attempted to banish him from her affection, an attempt however in which she had been scarcely more successful than Sir Robert. They were gratified to find that they had not been mistaken in their first impressions of each other, and they parted more attached, and more convinced that the attachment was more mutual than ever. In less than a month after Miss Seymour became Mrs. Monro.

Sir Robert succeeded in tracing all his letters to one point, a kind of post-office on the confines of Inverness-shire. There was a proprietor in this neighbourhood who was deeply engaged in the interests of the Stuarts, and decidedly hostile to Sir Robert, the scion of a family which had distinguished itself from the first dawn of the reformation in the cause of civil and religious liberty. There was, therefore, little difficulty in assigning an author to the contrivance; but Sir Robert was satisfied in merely tracing it to a discovery: for, squaring his principles of honour rather by the morals of the New Testament than by the dogmas of that code which regards death as the only expiation of insult or injury, he was no duellist. An opportunity, however, soon occurred of his avenging himself in a manner agreeable to his character and principles. On the breaking out of the Rebellion of 1715, the person who had so wantonly sported with his happiness joined with the Earl of Mar, and after the failure of the enterprise was among the number of the proscribed: Sir Robert's influence with the government, and the peculiar office to which he was appointed, gave him considerable power over the confiscated property, and this power he exerted to its utmost in behalf of the wife and children of the man by whom he had been injured. "Tell your husband," said he to the lady, "that I have now repaid him for the interest he took in my correspondence with Miss Seymour."

LXXIII.—SANDY WOOD; OR, INVETERACY IN A GOOD HEART.

[We have just given a 'Gentleman's Revenge,' in a story from Mr. Miller's 'Legends of Scotland and Traditions of Cromarty.' We here give the stubborn yet affecting resentment of a less cultivated goodness, ignorant what to do with its feelings, and therefore doubly bent upon being obstinate. The Englishman's zeal in behalf of fair play, at the conclusion, is very amusing.]

THE old enclosure of the burying-ground (says

Mr. Miller), which seems originally to have been an earthen wall, has now sunk into a grassy mound; and on the southern and western sides some of the largest trees of the fence, a fine stately ash fluted like a Grecian column, a huge elm roughened over with immense wens, and a low bushy larch with a bent, twisted trunk and weeping branches, spring directly out of it. At one place we see a flat tombstone lying a few yards outside the mound. The trees, which shoot up on every side, fling so deep a gloom over it during the summer and autumn months, that we can scarcely decipher the epitaph; and in winter, it is not unfrequently buried under a heap of withered leaves. By dint of some little pains, however, we come to learn from the darkened and half-dilapidated description, that the tenant below was one Alexander Wood, a native of Cromarty, who died in the year 1690; and that he was interred at this place by his own especial desire. His wife and some of his children have taken up their places beside him,—thus lying apart like a family of hermits; while his story, which, almost too wild for tradition itself, is yet as authentic as most pieces of written history, affords a curious explanation of the circumstance which directed their choice.

Wood was a man of strong passions, sparingly gifted with common-sense, and exceedingly superstitious. No one could be kinder to one's friends or relatives, or more hospitable to a stranger; but when once offended he was implacable. He had but little in his power either as a friend or an enemy,—his course through the world lying barely beyond the bleak edge of poverty. If a neighbour dropped in by accident at meal-time, he would not be suffered to quit his house until he had shared with him his simple fare. There was benevolence in the very grasp of his hand, and the twinkle of his eye, and in the little set speech, still preserved by tradition, in which he used to address his wife every time an old or mutilated beggar came to his door:—"Alma, gudwife," he would say, "aims to the cripple, and the blind, and the broken down." When injured or insulted, however, and certainly no one could do either without being very much in the wrong, there was a toad-like malignity in his nature which would come leaping out like the reptile from its hole, and no power on earth could shut it up again. He would sit hatching his venom for days and weeks together with a slow, tedious, unoperative kind of perseverance that achieved nothing. He was full of anecdote, and in all his stories human nature was exhibited in only its brightest lights, and its deepest shadows, without the slightest mixture of that medium tint which gives colour to its working every-day suit. Whatever was bad in the better class he transferred to the worse, and *vice versâ*; and thus not even his narratives of the supernatural were less true to nature and fact than his narratives of mere men and women. And he dealt with the two classes of stories after one fashion,—lending the same firm belief to both alike.

In the house adjoining the one in which he resided there lived a stout little man, a shoemaker, famous in the village for his great wit and his very considerable knavery. His jokes were mostly practical, and some of them were exceedingly akin to felonies. Poor Wood could not

understand his wit, but in his simplicity of heart he deemed him honest, and would fain have prevailed with the neighbours to think so too. He knew it, he said, by his very look. Their gardens, like their houses, lay contiguous, and were separated from each other, not by a fence, but by four undressed stones, laid in a line. Year after year was the garden of Wood becoming less productive, and he had a strange misgiving, but the thing was too absurd to be spoken of, that it was growing smaller every season by the breadth of a whole row of cabbages. On the one side, however, were the back walls of his own and his neighbour's tenements; the four large stones stretched along the other; and nothing surely could be less likely than that either the stones or the houses should take it into their heads to rob him of his property. But the more he strove to exclude the idea, the more it pressed upon him. He measured and remeasured to convince himself that it was a false one, and found that he had fallen on just the means of establishing its truth: the garden was actually growing smaller. But how? Just because it was bewitched. It was shrinking into itself under the force of some potent enchantment, like a piece of plaiding in the fulling-mill. No hypothesis could be more congenial, and he would have held by it perhaps until his dying day, had it not been struck down by one of those chance discoveries which destroy so many beautiful systems and spoil so much ingenious philosophy, quite in the way that Newton's apple struck down the votaries of Descartes.

He was lying abed one morning in spring about daybreak, when his attention was excited by a strange noise that seemed to proceed from the garden. Had he heard it two hours earlier, he would have wrapped his head up in the bed-clothes and lain still; but now that the cock had crowed, it could not, he concluded, be other than natural. Hastily throwing on part of his clothes, he stole warily to a back window, and saw between him and the faint light that was beginning to peep out in the east the figure of a man, armed with a lever, tugging at the stones. Two had already been shifted a full yard nearer to the houses, and the figure was straining over a third. Wood crept stealthily out at the window, crawled on all-fours to the intruder, and tripping up his heels laid him across his lever: it was his knavish neighbour, the shoemaker. A scene of noisy contention ensued: groups of half-dressed townfolk, looming horribly in their shirts and night-caps through the grey of morning, came issuing through the lanes and the closes, and the combatants were dragged asunder. And well was it for the shoemaker that it happened so: for Wood, though in his sixtieth year, was strong enough and more than angry enough to have torn him to pieces. Now, however, that the warfare had to be carried on by words, the case was quite reversed.

"Neebors," said the shoemaker, who had the double advantage of being exceedingly plausible and decidedly in the wrong, "I'm desperately ill used this morning, desperately ill used: he would baith rob and murder me. I lang jaloused, ye ken, that my wee bit o' yard was growing littler and littler ilka season; and though no verra ready to suspect folks, I just thought I would keep watch and see wha was shifting the mark stanes. Weel, and I did: late and early did I watch for mair

now than a fortnight, and wha did I see this morning through the back winnock but auld Sandy Wood there in his verra sark. O, it's no him that has any thought o' his end! poking the stanes wi' a lang kebar until the verra heart o' my grun'. See," said he, pointing to the one that had not yet been moved, "see if he hasna shifted it a lang ell; and only notice the craft o' the body in turring up the yard about the lave, as if they had been a' moved frae my side. Weel, I came out and challenged him, as wha widna? Says I, 'Sawney, my man, that's no honest; I'll no bear that:' and nae mair had I time to say, when up he flew at me like a wull cat, and if it wasna for yoursel I dare say he would hae throttled me. Look how I'm bleedan, and only till him; look till the cankart deceitful bodie, if he has one word to put in for hismel'."

There was truth in at least the last assertion; for poor Wood, mute with rage and astonishment, stood listening in utter helplessness to the astounding charge of the shoemaker, almost the very charge he himself had to prefer. Twice did he spring forward to grapple with him, but the neighbours held him back; and every time he essayed to speak, his words, massed and tangled together like wreaths of sea-weed in a hurricane, actually stuck in his throat. He continued to rage for three days after, and when the eruption had at length subsided, all his former resentments were found to be swallowed up, like the lesser craters of a volcano, in the gulf of one immense hatred.

His house, as has been said, lay contiguous to the house of the shoemaker, and he could not avoid seeing him every time he went out and came in—a circumstance which he at first deemed rather gratifying than otherwise: it prevented his hatred from becoming rapid by setting it a working at least ten times a day, as a musket would a barrel of ale if discharged into the bung-hole. Its frequency, however, at length sickened him, and he had employed a mason to build a stone wall, which by stretching from side to side of the close was to shut up the view, when he sickened in right earnest, and at the end of a few days found himself dying. Still, however, he was possessed by his one engrossing resentment: it mingled with all his thoughts of the past and of the future, and not only was he to carry it with him to the world to which he was going, but also to leave it behind him as a legacy to his children. Among his many other beliefs there was a superstition handed down from the times of the monks, that at the day of final doom all the people of the sheriffdom were to be judged on the moor of Navity; and both the judgment and the scene of it he had indissolubly associated with the shoemaker and the four stones. Experience had taught him the importance of securing a first hearing for his story; for was his neighbour, he concluded, to be beforehand with him, he would have as slight a chance of being righted at Navity as in his own garden. After brooding over the matter for a whole day, he called his friends and children round his bed, and raised himself on his elbow to address them.

"I'm wearing awa', bairns and neebors," he said, "and it vexes me sair that that wretched bodie should see me going afore him. Mind, Jock, that ye'll build the dike, and make it heigh, heigh, and stobbie on the top; and O keep him out o' my lykewake, for should he but step in at the

door, I'll rise, Jock, frae the verra straiiking board and do murder: dinna let him so muckle as look on my coffin. I've been pondering a' this day about the fearfu' meeting at Navity and the march stanes, and I'll tell you, Jock, how we'll match him. Bury me ayont the saint's dike on the Navity side, and dinna lay me deep. Ye ken the bonny green hillock, speckled o'er wi' gowans and puddock flowers; bury me there, Jock; and your sel' and the auld wife may just, when your hour comes, tak up your places beside me. We'll a' get up the first tout, the ane helping the other, and I'se wad a' I'm worth i' the warld we'll be half way up at Navity afore the schochlan, short-legged bodie wins o'er the dike." Such was the dying injunction of Sandy Wood, and his tombstone yet remains to testify that it was religiously attended to. An Englishman who came to reside in the parish nearly an age after, and to whom the story had been imparted in rather an imperfect manner, was shocked by what he deemed his unfair policy. The litigants, he said, should start together: he was certain it would be so in England, where a fair field was all that would be given to St. Dunstan himself, though he fought with the devil; and that it might be so here, he buried the tombstone of Wood in an immense heap of clay and gravel. It would keep him down, he said, until the little fellow would have clambered over the wall. The townsfolk, however, who were better acquainted with the merits of the case, shovelled the heap aside, and it now forms two little hillocks, which overtop the stone, and which from the nature of the soil are still more scantily covered with verdure than any part of the surrounding bank.

LXXIV.—A MODERN BLUE-BEARD.

[From the Memoirs of Madame de Genlis. The existence of such a monster as is here described would be incredible, were it not for the occasional appearance among us of "monsters" in other shapes, poisoners, &c.; and being credible, it would be intolerable, did not the comforting and well-grounded reflection come to our aid, that such phenomena are in fact *madmen*—of which there can be no doubt. There is some defect in their organization, most likely physical as well as moral, which makes them a species of wild and inconsistent beast in a human shape.]

My vivacity and my rudeness (says Madame de Genlis, speaking of her childish days) were generally confined to the chambermaids, or to one of our neighbours who came often to the chateau, and to whom I had conceived a violent aversion.

The personage so hated was a gentleman who was said to belong to the ancient house of Châlons, now long extinct: he styled himself M. de Châlons, and he was then upwards of thirty: though rich he had always refused to marry, under pretext of being extremely devout; and he had such a reputation for piety, that he almost passed for a saint: his face was rather handsome, but he had a manner of looking at you from the corner of his eye, and by stealth, which first inspired me with an aversion to him. I remarked also that at church he made many pious contortions; and his uplifted eyes, and hands crossed on his breast, were not at all edifying to me. In short, I considered him a

hypocrite, and the event proved him one of the most wicked monsters ever heard of, one who had committed many atrocious crimes, which were discovered in the following manner. Encouraged by the reputation he had usurped, he at last counted upon it too far, and heaven suffered him to be so blinded as to commit crimes which were sure to be discovered. Under the pretext of repairing his household linen, he brought from Autun a pretty young sempstress whom he had seen in that town: he had detained her in his chateau about six weeks, after which she disappeared. He wrote to her mother that she had run off with a lover, and at the same time he begged her to send him the girl's youngest sister, a girl also extremely pretty, as the repairing of his linen, he said, was not yet finished. She was sent to him. In two months she disappeared also, and the monster wrote to the mother that she had followed the example of her sister, and had taken flight as she did. This time however the unfortunate mother, enlightened by her despair, laid her complaint before the judge, who gave orders for a search throughout the house of M. de Châlons. The wretch, who had information of this, took flight, and was never afterwards heard of; but Providence has surely overtaken him, and caused him to perish in his obscure hiding-place. An examination of his chateau took place; marks of blood, ill-washed out, were visible in one of his cabinets; there were deadly poisons found in a cupboard; and in the garden were several specimens of his last-buried victims. The body of the first of the young girls was recognised by means of a ring of hair, with a motto, which he had left upon her finger. Thus my antipathy for the monster was completely justified by the sequel.

LXXV.—HEAD SENSE WANTING HEART WISDOM.

[We extract this account of a well-known character from a magazine, called the 'Literary Union.' It would not have appeared in these pages (nor assuredly in those of our authority), had anything like scandal attached to it; but Mr. Colton persisted in making his own want of sympathy so public, appears to have been so unconnected with any one who could feel in pain for his memory, and indeed must be looked upon as so manifest a specimen of a clever lunatic, originally defective in his nature, and therefore a subject rather for the physiologist than the preacher (unless the latter preached a little more physiology, which would not be amiss), that with this caveat against misconception we can have no hesitation in adding him to our list of 'Romances.' It may be as well to add, that, clever as he was, his talents have been highly over-rated. He got a little more head knowledge than ordinary by dint of not caring where he went for it, or what he did; but for the same reason he was totally deficient in profundity and real wisdom. His best thoughts are from others, and his cleverest trick was his having a style that made them pass for his own; a style, however, betraying its trickery. See his regular set out of *ables* in the bit of sophistry about suicide. The poor man was absolutely turning a sentence while meditating his last act of self-reference and egotism, though in the shape of, a tragedy. "When life is unbearable (says he),

death is desirable, and suicide justifiable," and so, poor, clever, flaring, silly fellow, he goes off, like a man on the stage, with a fine line in his mouth, and thinks he will have made a profound sensation on us. But life is seldom unbearable, except by want of imagination and an outrageous egotism; and suicide, to be justifiable, except in the eyes of melancholy charity, should be preceded by nothing that renders it formidable to the survivors, or avoidable by medicine or by patience.]

It was in the year 1826, if memory serves (says the writer in the 'Literary Union'), that we first saw the Rev. C. Colton in Paris: he had then just arrived from America, sported a splendid cab and tiger, and lived in dashing style. He derived his means from certain visits to Frescati's gaming-house, and No. 113, Palais Royal, whence he usually returned laden with gold: he played upon system, and the fame of his plan reaching England, two speculators with plenty of cash (whose names it were well not to mention) were tempted to leave London for Paris and adopt his mode of play. A short time after their arrival Colton joined them, an arrangement having been made that they should find cash and he science, and he was then to be met with at the Salon-au-dessus du Café Anglais, corner of the Place des Italiens, every evening. Fortune favoured him for some years, and all went merrily; but during this period, which was his meridian, we never saw one generous or praiseworthy action, never met with a recorded trait of charity or goodness; avarice was his ruling passion, and to gratify this he would stick at nothing. About this time, not content with the rapidity with which he gained money at the table, the thought took possession of him that he was a first-rate judge of pictures; and with his dominant idea in view, that of duping others in the re-sale, he purchased a great number; but as Colton discovered to his cost that this is a trade that requires some apprenticeship, he was imposed upon in every way, and paintings for which he had paid as much as 150,000 francs, scarcely produced after his death as many centimes. Fortune now began to turn tail at the table, and Colton found it was much easier to talk of breaking the bank, as he had so often boasted he could do by his system, than to effect it. He fell as rapidly as he had risen: he had saved no money—few do who live by chance: they put implicit faith in the fickle goddess, and fancy she is never to desert them, so that his distress was great in the extreme. Without other resource (for, having no money, the table was closed to him), he adopted the singular expedient of advertising in 'Galignani's Journal' that a clerical gentleman was willing, for a certain sum, to teach an unfailing method by which the bank might be broken at *rouge et noir*: like the alchemist of old, who was willing, nay desirous, to sell for a trifle the means of making gold in quantities unlimited. There are always gulls to be found when a clever rascal will give himself the trouble to seek for them: the bait took, and for some little time Colton lived well upon the flats thus caught. At every opportunity he would venture to his old haunts with the trifle he could spare, nay sometimes with that which he could not, and occasionally would have a run of luck. We used then to meet him at Poole's, an English tavern, in the Rue Favart, near the Boulevard

Italien, in all the pomp and pride of worn-out velvet, mock jewellery, and dirty hands. On these occasions, when the sunshine of circumstance had for an instant dispelled the fogs usually enveloping him, his conversation was sparkling and delightful, and his arrival was hailed as the promise of amusement. Colton possessed a most retentive memory, as his 'Lacon,' which is perhaps more remarkable for the terseness of style in which an amazing number of the opinions of others are expressed, than for any great originality or depth of thought, will abundantly testify; he had a smattering of most of the sciences, and an amazing fund of amusing anecdote. To a stranger—more especially if unlearned, for this would insure from him an elaborate display—he must have appeared a man of immense and varied talent (he loved to be a lion, and thus unrestrainedly to rule the roast); but when in the company of really scientific men, men who had drunk deeply where he had only sipped, his consequence was considerably lessened. Arrogance and conceit often drew from him offhand opinions upon subjects of which he knew but little, and his pride compelled him to maintain them to the last, however absurd, however wrong; but if his adversary proved too powerful for him, he would suddenly quit the field for his stronghold, anecdote, carry off the laugh on his side, and thus rid himself of what he termed, with strange blindness, "The d—st bore in life, an obstinate man." This however would not always succeed, and we well remember him, among other instances, to have been roughly handled and exposed by Mr. Charles M——n, a young man of talent (related to one of the most eminent performers of the day), who failed as an actor some few seasons past in London.

Colton's appearance was singular in the extreme: he painted his cheeks, and was usually bedecked with mock jewels and gilded chains. With his pockets filled with eatables, a market-basket in his hand, crammed with vegetables, fish, &c., most incongruously, and an octavo volume of some fashionable work under his arm, he might be sometimes met walking the streets of Paris, the very picture of eccentricity, nearly of madness. Thus equipped he one morning called in at Mr. T——r's, a noted *patissier*, in the Rue St. Honoré. "I say, T——r, I have called to give you a good recipe for curing hams: my mother has just now sent me some over, which I shall cure myself, and damme, sir, they shall beat your Strasburgs to h—ll." He did cure them himself, and invited some of his friends to meet him at Poole's to taste. As might have been expected, however, the moment he entered the room with his basket on his arm containing the precious *morceau*, all were convinced of the failure of his recipe: the odour was intolerable; but this, with unyielding gravity, he argued proceeded merely from the substitution of brown sugar for treacle; from treacle he went to metaphysics; and being somewhat humbled by the previous event, never were we better pleased with his society than on that evening.

At this period of his career Colton had for hanger-on, or rather associate in his projects for raising the wind, one H——n, a well-educated man, of good family but bad principles: pupils in the occult science were becoming rare, and he now endeavoured to obtain a living by a series of

begging letters. Colton forged the darts, and H—n launched them. Every person of wealth resident in Paris, or stranger visiting it, was waited upon by H—n; and the plea of an unfortunate divine in embarrassed circumstances, a broken-down author, or a distressed widower with six children, as the case might be, produced for some time a supply of cash. Colton, of course, would never allow that he derived any benefit from this proceeding—it was for his poor friend, his protégé, H—n; and he was thus enabled to plead with all his eloquence in H.'s behalf, and so increase the share which was to go into his own pocket. He did not, however, confine himself to this, and one example of his mode of proceeding may not be uninteresting. A young Englishman, D—, with more money than wit, arrived at Paris and was introduced to Dr. Colton, as he was sometimes called in common parlance, by one B—, from whom we have the trait; and proud of having formed an acquaintance with the noted author of 'Lacon,' he feasted and *flirted* him to his heart's content. Colton finding money was plentiful began to interest D— in behalf of his poor friend H—n, and succeeded in raising within his breast a desire to serve him. One day, after dining together at Véfour's, they retired to the Café de l'Univers, one of Colton's usual resorts. While ascending the staircase Colton drew from his pocket a large brooch, showed it to D—, said it was the property of a gentleman in distress who wished to dispose of it, and managed to let him guess that this gentleman was H—n; and then regretted it was not within his means to purchase so valuable a stone as that, which he termed a Brazilian diamond, and said that for the first time in his life he envied D— the means he possessed of doing good. This was attacking him in the right place, D— bought the jewel, gave him the price he asked, 175 francs, and then politely presented it to Mr. Colton as a token of his friendship. This same brooch Colton had repeatedly displayed at Poole's previous to the above transaction, and did so many times afterwards, always declaring it to be worth some hundreds of pounds. This was generally believed; but after his death, when the few miserable remnants of his property were sold by auction, it was bought by Mr. T—r, before-mentioned, for the astounding sum of 2s. 11d. English money.

These schemes however would not last for ever, and Colton gradually fell lower and lower. B—d, the celebrated horsedealer, was now his constant companion, and together they dragged out a miserable existence in the Faubourg St. Germain. It could hardly be said they lived. Occasionally Colton would visit Poole's, bringing with him his scanty pittance, usually accompanied by a jug of milk, and his appearance at this time was miserable indeed. Colton had strong prejudices, more especially with respect to his own country: "D—n France, d—n Frenchmen, and d—n their very dogs," he would often say. Alas! he had good reason to abuse their dogs: one unlucky evening, we shall never forget it, poor Colton entered Poole's. "H—ll take France, dogs and all." "What is the matter, parson?" "Why, gentlemen, an infernal dog has followed me this last half hour, snapping continually at my pocket: there was no driving him away; at last he made a nibble, and with success, for in throwing him off,

the thief bolted with the skirt of my coat, containing my supper." It was not to be wondered at: his pocket, which had been the repository of many similar loads, was so saturated with grease that it must have proved a most tempting bait to a hungry dog. That evening he was doomed to be unfortunate, for scarcely had he placed his milk between his feet upon the floor, its usual situation, than forgetting in the heat of conversation to secure it, a dog upset the can; and when Colton remembered his milk, his fourfooted friend was revelling in that which to him was a disaster.

Colton had been afflicted for many years with a violent disease, for which he was several times operated upon, and his sufferings had been so dreadful that we have little doubt his intellect was affected by them. Whether this was so or not, when the cholera raged so dreadfully in Paris, he fled in the utmost alarm to Fontainebleau to avoid it, and there, as a novel method of avoiding contagion and radically curing the disease with which he was tormented, he blew out his brains. Previous to the fatal act—strange, wayward being that he was—he made a will, by which he left *property he did not possess* to a Mr. G—, one of his associates; and upon a *secrétaire* in the room was found this apothegm, the last he ever wrote: "When life is unbearable, death is desirable, and suicide justifiable;" thus contradicting in his last moments, both by word and deed, what he had previously printed in 'Lacon;' where he says, speaking of a gamester, that "If he die a martyr to his profession he is doubly ruined: he adds his soul to every other loss, and *by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven!*"

[Very good people have committed suicide, owing to some access of frenzy acting upon a morbid temperament, or to the "last feather that breaks the horse's back;" but self-slaughter is so unnatural, that in general a certain violence and hardness of character are necessary to enable a man to go through it. Strong will in his own purposes, and little sympathy with other people, except inasmuch as they bend to it, will, in most instances, be found at the bottom of a suicide's character.]

LXXVI.—THE SHEPHERD-LORD.

[The following extract from the Memoirs written by the celebrated Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery (herself a romance), we take from the 'Censura Literaria' of Sir Egerton Brydges; a book counted as dry as dust by some, but erroneously, for the dust is often precious, now disclosing some curious old book of poetry, now some gorgeous shield, &c., like the ruins of an ancient scholarly monastery; and now and then we meet the figure of Sir Egerton himself, walking in his melancholy, and brooding over fallen greatness—a little beyond the necessity perhaps, but earnestly, and with a faith; and all earnestness is interesting to us, especially in a poetical shape. Sir Egerton, after his fashion, and by no means the least touching fashion, was *original*, and of how few claimants of the public attention can this be said!

At the close of his extract in the 'Censura' are three sonnets by him upon the subject, not his

best, though not uninteresting: and he has quoted passages from Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful poem "On the Restoration of Lord Clifford to the Mansion of his Ancestors, Brougham Castle," some verses of which are like the festal echo of its walls, followed by their every-day silence. It will not be uninteresting to a reader in these or after-times to know, that Brougham Castle derives its name from the ham or village, now town, on the little river Brough, which town gives the family name to its present illustrious possessor, the descendant of its ancient lords.]

HENRY LORD CLIFFORD, born 1454 (says the countess, his descendant), was between six and seven years of age at his father's death; for whose act (the killing the young Earl of Rutland, Edward IV.'s brother, somewhat unmercifully, in battle) the family was soon after attainted. He was one of the examples of the variety of fortunes in the world, for at seven years old he was put into the habit of a shepherd's boy, by the care and love of an industrious mother, to conceal his birth and parentage; for had he been known to have been his father's son and heir, in all probability he would either have been put in prison, or banished, or put to death, so odious was the memory of his father for killing the young Earl of Rutland, and for being so desperate a commander in battle against the house of York, which then reigned.

So, in the condition of a shepherd's boy at Lannesborough, where his mother then resided for the most part, did this Lord Clifford spend his youth till he was about fourteen years of age, about which time his mother's father, Henry Brom-flet, Lord Vesey, died.

And a little after his death it came to be murmured at court that his daughter's two sons were alive, about which their mother was examined: but her answers were that she had given directions to send them beyond seas to be bred there, and she did not know whether they were dead or alive; which equivocation of her's did the better pass, because presently after her husband's death she sent both her sons away to the sea-side: the younger of which, called Richard Clifford, was indeed transported over the seas into the Low Countries to be bred there, where he died not long after; so as his elder brother, Henry Lord Clifford had, after his restitution, the enjoyment of that little estate that this Richard, his younger brother, should have had if he had lived.

But her eldest son, Henry Lord Clifford, was secretly conveyed back to Lannesborough again, and committed to the hands of shepherds as aforesaid, which shepherds' wives had formerly been servants in that family, as attending the nurse who gave him suck, which made him, being a child, more willing to that mean condition, where they infused into him that belief, that he must either be content to live in that manner or be utterly undone.

And as he did grow to more years he was still more capable of this danger if he had been discovered, and therefore presently after his grandfather, the Lord Vesey, was dead, the said murmur of his being alive being more and more whispered at the court, made his said loving mother, by means of her second husband, Sir Lancelot Thirkeld, to send him away with the said shepherds and their wives to Cumberland, to be kept as a shepherd

there, sometimes at Thirlcot and amongst his father-in-law's kindred, and sometimes on the borders of Scotland, where they took land purposely for these shepherds who had the custody of him, where many times his father-in-law came purposely to visit him, and sometimes his mother, though very secretly.

By this mean kind of breeding this inconvenience befel him, that he could neither read nor write, for they durst not bring him up in any kind of learning, for fear lest by it his birth should be discovered; yet after he came to his lands and honours he learned to write his name only.

And after this Henry Lord Clifford had lived twenty-four or twenty-five years in this obscure manner, and that himself was grown to be about thirty-one or thirty-two years of age, Henry VII. then obtaining his crown did, in the first part of his reign, in 1486, restore him in blood and honour and to all his baronies and castles.

This Henry Lord Clifford did, after he came to his estate, exceedingly delight in astronomy and the contemplation of the stars, which it was likely he was seasoned in during the time of his shepherd's life. He built a great part of Barden* tower, which is now much decayed; and there he lived much, which it is thought he did rather because in that place he furnished himself with materials and instruments for that study.

He was a plain man and lived for the most part a country life, and came seldom either to the court or to London but when he was called thither to sit in them as a peer of the realm, in which parliament it is reported he behaved himself wisely and nobly, like a good Englishman.

He died when he was sixty-nine or seventy years old, 23rd April, 1523.

LXXVII.—SANDY WRIGHT AND THE ORPHAN.

(Abridged from Mr. Miller's 'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland'.)

EARLY in the month of April, 1734, three Cromarty boatmen connected with the custom-house were journeying along the miserable road which at this period winded along between the capital of the highlands and that of the kingdom: they had already travelled since morning more than thirty miles through the wild highlands of Inverness-shire, and were now toiling along the steep side of an uninhabited valley of Badenoch.

The gloom of evening, deepened by a coming snow-storm, was closing round them as they entered one of the wildest recesses of the valley, an immense precipitous hollow, scooped out of the side of one of the hills: the wind began to howl through the cliffs, and the thickening flakes of snow to beat against their faces. The house in which they were to pass the night was still ten miles away. "It will be a terrible night, lads, in the Moray frith," said the foremost traveller, a

* "He retired," says Whittaker, "to the solitude of Barden, where he seems to have enlarged the tower out of a common keeper's lodge, and where he found a retreat equally favourable to taste, to instruction, and to devotion. The narrow limits of his residence show that he had learned to despise the pomp of greatness, and that a small train of servants could suffice him who had lived to the age of thirty a servant himself."

broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-looking man, of about five feet eight: "I would ill like to hae to beat up through the drift along the rough shores of Cadboll: it was in just such a night as this, ten years ago, that old Walter Hogg went down in the Red Sally." "It will be as terrible a night, I'm feared, just where we are, in the black strath of Badenoch," said one of the men behind, who seemed much fatigued; "I wish we were a' safe in the clachan." "Hoot, mon," said Sandy Wright, the first speaker, "it cannot now be muckle mair nor sax miles afore us, an we'll hae the tail of the gloamin for half an hour yet. But gude save us! what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a little figure that seemed sitting by the side of the road, about twenty yards before him; "it's surely a fairy." The figure rose from its seat and came up staggering, apparently from weakness, to meet them: it was a boy, scarcely more than ten years of age. "O, my puir boy," said Sandy Wright, "what can hae taken ye here in a night like this?" "I was going to Edinburgh to my friends," replied the boy, "for my mother died, and left me among the *freme*: but I'm tired, tired, and canna walk farther, and I'll be lost, I'm feared, in the *youndrift*." "That ye winna, my puir bairn, if I can help it," said the boatman: "gi'es a haud o' your han'," grasping as he spoke the extended hand of the boy, "dinna tine heart, an' lean on me as muckle's ye can." But the poor little fellow was already exhausted, and after a vain attempt to proceed, the boatman had to carry him on his back. The storm burst out in all its fury, and the travellers, half suffocated, and more than half blinded, had to grope onwards along through the rough road, still more roughened by the snow-wreaths that were gathering over it: they stopped at every fiercer blast, and turned their backs to the storm to recover breath; and every few yards they advanced they had to stoop to the earth, to ascertain the direction of their path by catching the outline of the nearer objects between them and the sky. After many a stumble and fall, however, and many a groan and exclamation from the two boatmen behind, who were well nigh worn out, they all reached the clachan in safety about two hours after nightfall.

The inmates were seated round an immense peat fire, placed, according to the custom of the country, in the middle of the floor: they made way for the travellers, and Sandy Wright drawing his seat nearer the fire began to chafe the hands and feet of the boy, who was almost insensible from cold and fatigue. "Bring us a mutchkin o' brandy here," said the boatman, "to drive out the cold fra our hearts, an' as the supper canna be ready for awhile yet, get me a piece for the boy: he has had a narrow escape, puir little fellow, an' maybe there's some that would miss him, lanerly as he seems. Only hear how the win' roars on the gable, an' rattles at the winnocks and the door. O, it's an awfu' night in the Moray frith!"

Sandy Wright shared with the boy his supper and his bed, and on setting out the following morning he brought him along with him, despite the remonstrances of the other boatmen, who dreaded his proving an incumbrance. The story of the little fellow, though simple, was very affecting:—His mother, a poor widow, had lived for the five preceding years in the vicinity of Inverness, supporting herself and her boy by her skill as a

sempstress. As early as his sixth year he had shown a predilection for reading, and with the anxious solicitude of a Scottish mother she had wrought early and late to keep him at school; but her efforts were above her strength, and after a sore struggle of nearly four years she at length sunk under them.

"One day," said the poor little boy, "when she was sick, two neighbour women came in, and she called me to her, and told me that when she should be dead I would need to go to Edinburgh, for I had no friends anywhere else. Her own friends were there, she said, but they were poor and couldna do muckle for me; and my father's friends were there too, and they were gran' and rich, though they wadna' own her. She told me no to be feared by the way, for that Providence kent every bit o't, and that he would make folk be kind to me. I have letters to show me the way to my mither's friends when I reach the town, for I can read and write."

Throughout the whole of the journey Sandy Wright was as a father to him. He shared with him his meals and his bed, and usually for the last half-dozen miles of every stage he carried him on his back. On reaching the Queensferry, however, the boatmen found that his money was well nigh expended. I must just try and get him across, thought he, without paying the fare. Sandy Wright does so with much difficulty. "An' now, my boy," said he, as they reached the head of what is now Leith walk, "I hae business to do at the custom-house, an' some money to get: but I must first try and find out your friends for ye. Look at your letters, and tell me the street an' the number where they put up."—The boy untied his little bundle, and named some place in the vicinity of the Grass-market, and in a few minutes they were both walking up the High-street.

"O, yonder's my aunt," exclaimed the boy, to a young woman who was coming down the street, "yonder's my mither's sister:" and away he sprung to meet her. She immediately recognised and welcomed him, and he introduced the boatman to her as the kind friend who had rescued him from the snow-storm and the ferryman. She related, in a few words, the story of the boy's parents. His father had been a dissipated young man, of good family, whose follies had separated him from his friends; and the difference he had rendered irreconcilable by marrying a low-born but industrious and virtuous young woman, who, despite of her birth, was deserving of a better husband. "Two of his brothers," said the woman, "who are gentlemen of the law, were lately inquiring about the boy, and will, I hope, interest themselves in his behalf." In this hope the boatman cordially joined. "An' now, my boy," said he, as he bid him farewell, "I have just one groat left yet:—here it is; better in your pocket than wi' the gruff carle at the ferry. It's an honest groat anyhow, an' I'm sure I wish it luck."

Eighteen years elapsed before Sandy Wright again visited Edinburgh. He had quitted it a robust, powerful man of forty-seven, and he returned to it a grey-headed old man of sixty-five. His humble fortunes too were sadly in the wane. His son William, a gallant young fellow, who had risen in a few years on the score of merit alone from the forecastle to a lieutenantancy, had headed, under Admiral Vernon, some desperate enterprise,

from which he never returned; and the boatman himself, when on the eve of retiring on a small pension from his long service in the custom-house, was dismissed without a shilling, on the charge of having connived at the escape of a smuggler. He was slightly acquainted with one of the inferior clerks in the Edinburgh custom-house, and in the slender hope that this person might use his influence in his behalf, and that that influence might prove powerful enough to get him reinstated, he had now travelled from Cromarty to Edinburgh, a weary journey of near two hundred miles. He had visited the clerk, who had given him scarcely any encouragement, and he was now waiting for him in a street near George's-square where he had promised to meet him in less than half an hour. But more than two hours had elapsed, and Sandy Wright, fatigued and melancholy, was sauntering slowly along the street, musing on his altered circumstances, when a gentleman who had passed him with the quick hurried step of a person engaged in business, stopped abruptly a few yards away, and returning at a much slower pace eyed him stedfastly as he repassed. He again came forward and stood. "Are you not Mr. Wright?" he enquired. "My name, sir, is Sandy Wright," said the boatman, touching his bonnet. The face of the stranger glowed with pleasure, and grasping him by the hand, "Oh my good kind friend, Sandy Wright!" he exclaimed; "often, often have I enquired after you, but no one could tell me where you resided, or whether you were living or dead. Come along with me: my house is in the next square. What! not remember me! ah, but it will be ill with me when I cease to remember you. I am Hamilton, an advocate—but you will scarcely know me as that."

The boatman accompanied him to an elegant house in George's-square, and was ushered into a splendid apartment where sat a young lady engaged in reading. "Who of all the world have I found," said the advocate to the lady, "but good Sandy Wright, the kind brave man who rescued me when perishing in the snow, and who was so true a friend to me when I had no friend besides?" The lady welcomed the boatman with one of her most fascinating smiles, and held out her hand. "How happy I am," she said, "that we should have met with you. Often has Mr. Hamilton told me of your kindness to him, and regretted that he should have no opportunity of acknowledging it." The boatman made one of his best bows, but he had no words for so fine a lady.

The advocate enquired kindly after his concerns, and was told of his dismissal from the custom-house: he made application on his behalf, keeping him in the meantime in his house and treating him with the attentions of a son, in which he was joined by his lovely wife.

A fortnight passed away very agreeably to the boatman; but at length he began to weary sadly of what he termed the life of a gentleman. He sighed after his little smoky cottage, and the "poor auld wife." "Just remain with us one week longer," said the advocate, "and I shall learn in that time the result of my application. You are not now quite so active a man as when you carried me ten miles through the snow, and frightened the tall ferryman, and so I shall secure for you a passage in one of the Leith traders." In a few days after, the advocate entered the apartment, his

eyes beaming with pleasure and a packet in his hand. "This is from London," he said, as he handed it to his lady: "It intimates to us that one Alexander Wright, a custom-house boatman, is to retire from the service on a pension of twenty pounds per annum."

But why dwell longer on the story? Sandy Wright parted from his kind friends, and returned to Cromarty, where he died in the spring of 1789, in the eighty-second year of his age. "Folk hae aye to learn," he used to say, "an for my own part I was a sixty-year auld scholar afore I kent the meaning of the verse, 'Cast thy bread on the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days.'"

LXXVIII.—REAL HISTORY OF THE "DUCHESS OF C."

Of which Madame de Genlis has made an Episode in her "Adelaide and Theodore."

[Madame de Genlis saw this lady at Rome, where she was present for a quarter of an hour at an entertainment given to a princess of the house of Bourbon, retiring at the expiration of that time on account of the shattered state of her health. Though she was but forty-six years old she looked ten years older; her head and eyes were inclined to the ground, and from time to time she had "attacks of shuddering."

This last circumstance, and the one noticed in italics at the conclusion of the following account, are affecting evidences of the sufferings she had gone through.]

"The Duchess of Cerifalco," says Madame de Genlis, "had the mildness and the piety of an angel. She never knew, nor could any one ever discover, why her barbarous spouse shut her up in the cave. Religion, which is always useful in all things, was the means of saving her life; for the monster, who still preserved some religious sentiments, did not dare to poison her; and when he himself was on his death-bed he confided to his valet the secret, that for family reasons he had confined in a subterraneous cavern a woman who was at once mad and criminal. He did not acknowledge that this woman was his own wife, who was believed to have been dead for nine years. The valet-de-chambre, on receiving the key of the cavern, went to succour the unfortunate woman, who had wanted food for two days: he knocked in vain at the door—she did not come to receive her bread and water—she had fainted. The servant entered, gave her the necessary assistance to enable her to get up, recognised her, left her nourishment for several days, and gave her the key of the cavern; but being obliged to remain with the duke he sent a courier to Rome to the Prince of Palestrina, with a note from the duchess, who in four lines and a half acquainted him with her existence, and demanded his aid. The prince, followed by all the members of his family, went to the king of Naples and related the melancholy history. The king gave him a regiment to escort him to the chateau of the duke, in case force should be found necessary. When the Prince of Palestrina arrived, the duke was still living: he was told, on the part of the prince, that his crime was known, and that his victim was about to be released: the duke expired a few hours afterwards."

The prince had preserved most precious his daughter's note : at my earnest entreaty he showed it me. I gazed a long time at this little bit of paper ; the handwriting, the expressions, the words, *almost all of which wanted the last syllable—all was precious in my eyes.*"

[Madame de Genlis adds a remark, which she believes has never been before made ; to wit, that "in cases where the memory has been lost without any change in the reasoning faculty, it is always the last syllables of the words that are forgotten." She says that this was the case with Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe ; and that she had observed the same phenomenon in a young person who had been blind for fourteen years.]

LXXIX.—A MAN IMPRISONED IN ENGLAND FOR FORTY YEARS WITHOUT BEING DECLARED GUILTY.

[The story of Major Bernardi has been told at considerable length in the 'Biographia Britannica,' and we think also in the 'Lounger's commonplace Book,' though we cannot find it on referring to that work. Probably it was in the additional volume subsequently printed, which we do not happen to have by us. The following abridgment is taken from the 'General Biographical Dictionary.' The major's "courage" in venturing upon a second marriage we do not understand. The courage was rather on the side of the lady, in wedding a poor man and a prisoner. She appears to have been a noble-hearted woman, and to have met with a man that deserved her. But both the parties seem to have been truly attached, and as far as the marriage union is concerned, what courage is there in having one's way under those circumstances ? The biographer appears also to have been too hasty in calling the children "inheritors of misery and confinement," and assuming it as "probable" that they were left destitute. Why need he have assumed anything so melancholy of the children of two such people, happy with each other and in their own virtues, and therefore not likely to have had such a prospect to contemplate ? The most likely thing is, that two people so good and kind had some reliance upon the future, of whatever nature, sufficient to warrant the calmness of their philosophy.]

Major Bernardi's history is a puzzle, and of very doubtful credit to the energy of the government at that period and its professed liberality. The probability, we think, is, that, he was in possession of some state secret, which, out of a sense of duty to his old master, he refused to give up.]

JOHN BERNARDI, says the biographer, usually called Major Bernardi, was born at Evesham in 1657, and was descended from an honourable family which had flourished at Lucca, in Italy, from the year 1097. His grandfather Philip, a count of the Roman empire, lived in England as resident from Genoa twenty-eight years, and married a native of this country. His father Francis succeeded to this office ; but taking disgust at some measures adopted by the senate at Genoa, resigned, and retiring to Evesham amused himself with gardening, on which he spent a considerable sum of money and set a good example in that science to the town. John, his son, the subject of this article, of a spirited and

restless temper, having received some harsh usage from his father, at the age of thirteen ran away to avoid his severity, and perhaps without any determinate purpose. He retained notwithstanding several friends, and was for some time supported by them, but their friendship appears to have gone little farther ; for soon after he enlisted as a common soldier in the service of the Prince of Orange. In this station he showed uncommon talents and bravery, and in a short time obtained a captain's commission in the service of the States. In April, 1677, he married a Dutch lady of good family, with whom he enjoyed much conjugal happiness for eleven years. The English regiments in the Dutch service being recalled by James II., very few of them, but among those few was Bernardi's, would obey the summons, and of course he could not sign the association into which the Prince of Orange wished the regiments to enter. He thus lost his favour, and having no other alternative, and probably wishing for no other, he followed the abdicated James II. into Ireland ; who soon after sent him on some commission into Scotland, from whence, as the ruin of his master now became inevitable, he once more retired to Holland. Venturing however to appear in London in 1695, he was committed to Newgate, March 25, 1696, on suspicion of being an abettor of the plot to assassinate king William ; and although sufficient evidence could not be brought to prove the fact, he was sentenced and continued in prison by the express decree of six successive parliaments, with five other persons, where he remained for more than forty years. As this was a circumstance wholly without a precedent, it has been supposed that there was something in his character particularly dangerous, to induce four sovereigns and six parliaments to protract his confinement, without either legally condemning or pardoning him.

In his confinement he had the courage to venture on a second marriage, which proved a very fortunate event to him, as he thus not only enjoyed the soothing converse of a true friend, but was even supported during his whole imprisonment by the care and industry of his wife. Ten children were the produce of this marriage, the inheritors of misery and confinement. In the meantime he is said to have borne his imprisonment with such resignation and evenness of temper as to have excited much respect and love in the few who enjoyed his acquaintance. In the earlier part of his life he had received several dangerous wounds, which now breaking out afresh and giving him great torment, afforded a fresh trial of his equanimity and firmness. At length he died, Sept. 20, 1736, leaving his wife and numerous family probably in a destitute state ; but what became of them afterwards is not known. Bernardi was a little, brisk, and active man, of a very cheerful disposition, and as may appear from this short narrative, of great courage and constancy of mind.

LXXX.—TRAGICAL DEATH OF A TRAGICAL WRITER.

It was curious that the Abbé Prevôt, the gloomiest of romance writers, should accidentally have met with a death as strange and ghastly as any that he could have well conceived. Nor is it the only romance in the history of this singular

genius. He was born at a town in Artois, in the year 1697, and he studied with the Jesuits, most probably for the church. The Jesuits he left to go into the army; then left the army to return to them; again left them to return to the army, in which he became a distinguished officer; left the army a third time, in consequence of an unhappy love adventure; became a Benedictine monk; and finally, broke his monastic vows and became a writer. This monk and gloomy novelist (who under the circumstances of those times could not well either appear to be liable to the charge with impunity, or even openly marry) was accused of being a favourite of the ladies, one of whom left the country to follow him to England during a temporary sojourn there. He defended himself from the charge in the following manner, more ingenious than candid.

"This Medoro," says he, speaking of himself, "so favoured by the fair, is a man of thirty-seven, or thirty-eight, who bears in his countenance and in his humour the traces of his former chagrin; who passes whole weeks without going out of his closet; and who every day employs seven or eight hours in study; who seldom seeks occasion for enjoyments, who even rejects those that are offered, and prefers an hour's conversation with a sensible friend to all those amusements which are called pleasures of the world and agreeable recreations. He is indeed civil, in consequence of a good education, but little addicted to gallantry; of a mild but melancholy temper; in fine, sober, and regular in his conduct."

The truth is, he was most likely really in love on this occasion, and not "in gallantry;" nor will any lady, in these more reasonable times, wonder that he should either love or be loved, when it is considered, not only that he was a man of intelligence and sensibility, but the author of one of the most striking stories of a devoted passion that ever was written,—the celebrated tale of 'Manon L'Escaut.' And the less such a man cared for gallantry, or the more he outlived it, the more he would care for love. He was in the habit of being in earnest; which is half the secret of acceptability of any kind; and though gloomy in his books, he does not appear to have been so in his intercourse, but possessed only of that milder melancholy which is even-tempered and easily runs into the pleasantness it stands in need of; and this willingness to please and be pleased is the other half.

On his return to Paris, our author assumed the habit of an abbé, and lived tranquilly under the protection of the Prince of Conti, who gave him the title of his almoner and secretary, with an establishment that enabled him to pursue his studies. "By the desire of Chancellor d'Aguesseau, he undertook a general history of voyages, of which the first volume appeared in 1745. The success of his works, the favour of the great, the subsiding of the passions, a calm retreat, and literary leisure, seemed to promise a serene and peaceful old age. But a dreadful accident put an end to his tranquillity, and the fair prospect which had opened before him was closed by the hand of death. To pass the evening of his days in peace, and to finish in retirement three great works which he had undertaken, he had chosen and prepared an agreeable recess at Firmin, near Chantilly. On the 23rd of November, 1763, he was discovered by some peasants in an apoplectic fit, in the forest of Chantilly.

A magistrate was called in, who unfortunately ordered a surgeon immediately to open the body, which was apparently dead. A loud shriek from the victim of their culpable precipitation convinced the spectators of their error. The instrument was withdrawn, but not before it had touched the vital parts. The unfortunate abbé opened his eyes and expired."

Prevôt is accounted the second best of the French novelists, ranking next to Marivaux. He is known to the readers of our circulating libraries not only for his 'Manon L'Escaut,' but as the author of the 'Dean of Coleraine,' of the 'History of Mr. Cleveland,' and the 'History of Margaret of Anjou.' His countrymen are indebted to him also, among many other things, for translations of 'Sir Charles Grandison,' and 'Clarissa.'

Imagine him thinking of the fictitious catastrophes of his novels, while realizing so frightful a one in his own death! What a fate,—to open his eyes from an apoplexy, and feel himself slaughtered!—

"To wake and find those visions true!"

LXXXI.—AN UNDENIABLE APPARITION.

(From *Essays*, by Jackson of Exeter, the Musician.)

At a town in the west of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' academy at Antwerp, each member had his peculiar chair, and the president's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course, his chair while he was absent, remained vacant.

The club being met on their usual night, inquiries were naturally made after their associate. As he lived in the adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to inquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company, and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual.

About midnight (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened, and the form in white, of the dying, or rather of the dead man, walked into the room, and took his seat in the accustomed chair: there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at. The apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all present of the reality of the vision; at length he rose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living, went out, and then shut the door after him.

After a long pause, some one at last had the resolution to say, "If only one of us had seen this he would not have been believed, but it is impossible that so many persons can be deceived."

The company by degrees recovered their speech, and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up, and went home.

In the morning inquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death, which happened nearly at the time of his appearing in the club. There could be little doubt

before, but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together.

It is needless to say that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels; for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact asserted by three-and-twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed.

Years rolled on—the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten, unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever.

One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman, whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him, that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience but for one thing, which lay on her mind—"Do you not remember, Mr. * * *, whose ghost has been so much talked off? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without my patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—lay down on the bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting), but I hope God and the poor gentleman's friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented!"

LXXXII.—FATAL MISTAKE OF MORBID EGOTISM FOR LOVE.

[The frequency of strange cases of this kind during the transition of mind in France from one state of opinion to another, induces us to copy it from the newspapers. It is not love which these unfortunate persons feel; at least, not love of any high order—certainly not of a lasting or healthy sort. It is a morbid, melancholy impatience, generally allied to a character of a very wilful description, which probably would as soon have quarrelled as loved in the course of another twelve-month, and meeting with an egotism resembling its own, and prepared to jump all extremities for the sake of indulging its spleen, and getting a sensation. We do not say this, of course, out of any want of charity towards the unhappy victims of such mistakes, but as a warning towards sensitive people of melancholy fancies, not to copy these very *serious levities* of our neighbours (for such after all they must be called, and the result of half thoughts mistaking themselves for whole ones), but to cultivate their faculties, animal and intellectual, to better advantage,—and to believe that real love would rather continue to exist with the beloved object in the same wide world, if it could not do it in the same house, than hazard the loss of its company in another by such perilous conclusions—much less selfishly invite it to par-

take them, and thus quit all chance of earthly happiness from the more cheerful companionship of other friends.]

THE following extraordinary case, the details of which are given by one of the actors in the tragedy, came on before the Court of Assize in Paris, on Saturday. In 1826, Prosper Bancal, accompanied by his sister, went on a visit to the family of M. Trouset, a merchant of Angoulême, when he for the first time saw Madame Priolland, who was then twenty years of age. Although he only remained there eight days, so great an intimacy had sprung up between Madame Priolland and himself that after his departure they corresponded for five months, when at the request of her husband the correspondence ceased. From that period until 1831, when Bancal left France for Senegal, he and Madame Priolland met but twice, and both times in the presence of her husband. Towards the close of 1834, Bancal returned from Senegal, and went to Montpellier to take out a doctor's diploma. In going and returning he called on Madame Priolland, and it was in one of those interviews, he states, that she proposed to him the project of putting themselves to death—a proposal which he looked upon at first as mere badinage, but which soon took irresistible possession of his mind. Resolutions were finally made to accomplish this object, and they parted in the end of February. They met on the 14th of March at Poitiers, and the 23rd of March was the day fixed for the execution of their project. On the 17th of March they arrived in Paris, and went to lodge at an hotel as man and wife. On the evening fixed for the accomplishment of their horrible plan Madame Priolland ordered a foot bath to be brought into her chamber, and at eleven o'clock, everything being ready, the horrible tragedy began. Bancal states that she then asked him to put an end to her life; upon which he bled her twice in her legs. She lost a great deal of blood, and would have fallen from the chair had he not supported her. After some time his strength failed, and she fell upon the floor, but he subsequently succeeded in placing her upon the bed, and they lay there side by side. The hours wore away, and she still lived. He asked her if she wished to live; she said "No." He then asked her if she would wish him to use the bistoury; but she said she objected to the iron entering her heart. She had chosen bleeding as the means to be used to deprive her of life, because she said she would wish to see herself dying. After some further delay, he, with her own consent, gave her some acetate of morphine, which he had provided, and then took a dose himself. They both suffered nausea and vertigo, in consequence of taking the morphine, but its effects were not sufficiently powerful, and the bistoury was at length resorted to. He stabbed her once without effect; but on his inflicting a second and deeper wound, she pressed his hand, and never moved afterwards. He then stabbed himself three times, but the wounds did not prove fatal. A friend of Bancal's, named Cassemacasse, next morning received a letter which had been written by the former, who, in the anticipation of death, had requested that he would see Madame Priolland and himself buried in the same coffin. When Cassemacasse went to the room and had the door forced open, Bancal and his victim were both stretched on the bed, the

latter quite dead, but the former still living, though a stream of blood was issuing from a large wound in his left breast. Bancal having recovered from his wound, was on Saturday last brought to trial for the murder of Madame Priolland. Great interest was excited in the court, which was crowded to excess by ladies anxious to hear the result of this romantic affair. After a long investigation, of which we regret that our limits will not permit us to give the details, the jury returned a verdict of Not Guilty. Bancal is described as being a young man, small in stature, with black hair and eyes, and of a pale countenance, expressive of a deep and settled melancholy.

LXXXIII.—LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF "MULLED SACK."

[Mulled Sack was a highwayman in the time of the Stuarts, who obtained his name from being addicted to the beverage of Falstaff. We are not disposed lightly to admit heroes of his profession into the lists of Romance; but a man who, besides his ambitious larcenies upon ladies and colonels, has picked the pocket, first of Oliver Cromwell, and afterwards of Charles II., thus performing the part of a sort of retributive justice on behalf of the people, has claims upon our amazement, which may reasonably give him a lift with the impartial historian.]

This most notorious fellow (says our authority, Granger) was the son of one Cottingham, a haberdasher of small wares in Cheapside; but his father, being a boon companion, so wasted his substance that he died so poor as to be buried by the parish. He left fifteen daughters and four sons, the youngest of whom was this *Mulled Sack*. At eight years of age he was, by the overseers of the parish, put out apprentice to a chimney-sweeper of St. Mary-le-Bow, to whom he served about five years; and having then entered his teens he thought himself as good a man as his master: whereupon he ran away, as thinking he had learnt so much of his trade as was sufficient for him to live upon, and his heirs for ever.

He had no sooner quitted his master than he was called by the name of Mulled Sack (though his real name was *John Cottingham*), from his usually drinking sack mulled, morning, noon, and night. To support this extravagant way of living he took to picking pockets, and carried on this profession with great success; and among others he robbed was the Lady Fairfax, from whom he got a rich gold watch, set with diamonds, in the following manner:—"This lady used to go to a lecture, on a week-day, to Ludgate church, where one Mr. Jacomb preached, being much followed by the precisians. Mulled Sack observing this, and that she constantly wore her watch hanging by a chain from her waist, against the next time she came there he dressed himself like an officer in the army; and having his comrades attending him like troopers, one of them takes off the pin of a coach wheel that was going upwards through the gate, by which means it falling off the passage was obstructed, so that the lady could not alight at the church-door, but was forced to leave her coach without, which Mulled Sack taking advantage of readily presented himself to her ladyship, and having the impudence to take her from her

gentleman-usher, who attended her alighting, led her by the arm into the church; and by the way, with a pair of keen or sharp scissors prepared for the purpose, cut the chain in two and got the watch clean away, she not missing it till sermon was done, when she was going to see the time of the day."

After many narrow escapes from being taken in the act of plundering, Mulled Sack was at length detected in the act of picking the pocket of Oliver Cromwell, as he came out of the Parliament-house, and had like to have been hanged for the fact; but the storm blowing over, he was so much out of conceit with picking pockets, that he took up another trade, which was robbing on the highway; and following this practice with one Tom Cheney, they were audacious enough to rob Colonel Hewson, at the head of his regiment, when marching into Hounslow; but being quickly pursued by some troopers which lay in that town, Cheney's horse failing him, he was taken, while Mulled Sack got clear off. Cheney, desperately wounded, was brought prisoner to Newgate; and shortly after, when the sessions came on at the Old Bailey, he would have avoided his trial by pleading weakness, and the soreness of his wounds: but this had no effect upon the court, for they caused him to be brought down in a chair; from whence, as soon as he had received sentence of death, which was about two o'clock in the afternoon, he was carried in a cart to Tyburn, and there executed.

Mulled Sack, having thus lost his companion, was resolved in future to rob on the highway himself alone, though he kept company with the greatest highwaymen that were ever known in any age; and such was his genius, that by their conversation he became as expert a robber on the road as any man whatever: for, whilst he followed that profession, he got as much money as all the thieves then in England. He always went habited alike, and was reputed a merchant, for he constantly wore a watchmaker's and jeweller's shop in his pocket, and could at any time command 1000*l*.

Having notice by his spies that the general-receiver at Reading was to send 6000*l*. to London, by an ammunition-waggon and convoy, he prevented that way of carriage by conveying it up himself on horseback, breaking into the receiver's house at night-time, and carried off the booty undiscovered. The loss being so great, strict inquiry was set on foot, when it was discovered that Mulled Sack was the principal in the robbery; whereupon he was watched, waylaid, apprehended, and sent down prisoner to Reading, and from thence, at the assizes, conveyed to Abingdon; where, not wanting money, he procured such a jury to be empannelled, that though Judge Jermyn did what he could to hang him, there being very good circumstantial proof, as that he was seen in the town the very night when the robbery was committed, yet he so baulked the evidence, and so affronted the judge—by bidding him come off the bench, and swear what he said, as judge, witness, and prosecutor too, for so perhaps he might murder him by presumption of evidence, as he termed it—that the jury brought him in guiltless.

He had, however, not been long at liberty before he killed one John Bridges, to have the more free egress and regress with his wife, who had kept him company for above four years; but the

deceased's friends resolved to prosecute the murderer to the uttermost. He fled beyond sea; and at Cologne he robbed King Charles II., then in his exile, of as much plate as was valued at 1500*l.*; then flying into England again, he promised to give Oliver Cromwell some of his Majesty's papers which he had taken with his plate, and discover his correspondents here; but not making good his promise, he was sent to Newgate, and receiving sentence of death, was hanged in Smithfield-roads, in April, 1659, aged fifty-five years.

LXXXIV.—THE STORY OF JOHN FEDDES.

(From Miller's *'Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland.'*)

IN the woods to the east of Cromarty, and occupying the summit of a green insulated eminence, is the ancient burying-ground and chapel of St. Regulus. Bounding the south there is a deep narrow ravine, through which there runs a small trickling streamlet, whose voice, scarcely heard during the droughts of summer, becomes hoarser and louder towards the close of autumn. The sides of the eminence are covered with wood, which overtopping the summit, forms a wall of foliage that encloses the burying-ground except on the east, where a little opening affords a view of the northern Sutor over the tops of trees which have not climbed high enough to complete the fence. In this burying-ground the dead of a few of the more ancient families of the town and parish are still interred; but by far the greater part of it is occupied by nameless tenants, whose descendants are unknown, and whose bones were mouldered undisturbed for centuries. The surface is covered by a short yellow moss, which is gradually encroaching on the low flat stones of the dead, blotting out the unheeded memorials which tell us that the inhabitants of this solitary spot were once men, and that they are now dust,—that they lived, and that they died, and that they shall live again.

Nearly about the middle of the burial-ground there is a low flat stone, over which time is silently drawing the green veil of oblivion. It bears date 1690, and testifies, in a rude inscription, that it covers the remains of Paul Feddes and his son John, with those of their respective wives. Concerning Paul tradition is silent; of John Feddes, his son, an interesting anecdote is still preserved. Sometime early in the eighteenth century, or rather perhaps towards the close of the seventeenth, he became enamoured of Jean Gallie, one of the wealthiest and most beautiful young women of her day, in this part of the country. The attachment was not mutual, for Jean's affections were already fixed on a young man, who, both in fortune and elegance of manners, was superior, beyond comparison, to the tall, red-haired boatman, whose chief merit lay in a kind, brave heart, a clear head, and a strong arm. John, though by no means a dissipated character, had been accustomed to regard money as merely the price of independence, and he had sacrificed but little to the Graces. His love-suit succeeded as might have been expected; the advances he made were treated with contempt, and the day was fixed when his mistress was to be married to a rival.

He became sad and melancholy, and late on the evening which preceded the marriage-day he was seen traversing the woods which surrounded the old castle; frequently stopping as he went, and by wild and singular gestures giving evidence of an unsettled mind. In the morning after he was nowhere to be found. His disappearance, with the frightful conjectures to which it gave rise, threw a gloom over the spirits of the townsfolks, and affected the gaiety of the marriage party: it was remembered, even amid the festivities of the bridal, that John Feddes had had a kind warm heart; and it was in no enviable frame that the bride, as her maidens conducted her to her chamber, caught a glimpse of several twinkling lights that were moving beneath the brow of the distant Sutor. She could not ask the cause of an appearance so unusual: her fears too surely suggested that her unfortunate lover had destroyed himself; and that his friends and kinsfolk kept that night a painful vigil in searching after the body. But the search was in vain, though every copse and cavern, and the base of every precipice within several miles of the town was visited, and though during the succeeding winter every wreath of sea-weed which the night storms had rolled upon the beach, was approached with a fearful yet solicitous feeling, scarcely ever associated with bunches of sea-weed before. Years passed away, and except by a few friends the kind enterprising boatman was forgotten.

In the meantime it was discovered, both by herself and the neighbours, that Jean Gallie was unfortunate in her husband. He had prior to his marriage, when one of the gayest and most dashing young fellows in the village, formed habits of idleness and intemperance, which he could not or would not shake off; and Jean had to learn that a very gallant lover may prove a very indifferent husband, and that a very fine fellow may care for no one but himself. He was selfish and careless in the last degree; and unfortunately, as his selfishness was of the active kind, he engaged in extensive business, to the details of which he paid no attention, but amused himself with wild vague speculations, which joined to his habits of intemperance, in the course of a few years, stripped him of all the property which had belonged to himself and his wife. In proportion as his means decreased he became more worthless, and more selfishly bent on the gratification of his appetites; and he had squandered almost his last shilling, when after a violent fit of intemperance, he was seized by a fever, which in a few days terminated in death; and thus five years after the disappearance of John Feddes, Jean Gallie found herself a poor widow, with scarce any means of subsistence, and without one pleasing thought connected with the memory of her husband.

A few days after the interment, a Cromarty vessel was lying at anchor before sunrise near the mouth of the Spey. The master, who had been one of Feddes' most intimate friends, was seated near the stern, employed in angling for cod and ling. Between his vessel and the shore a boat appeared in the grey light of morning, stretching along the beach under a light and well-trimmed sail. She had passed him nearly half a mile, when the helmsman slackened the sheet, which had been close-hauled, and suddenly changing the tack, bore away right before the wind. In a few minutes

the boat dashed alongside. All the crew except the helmsman had been lying asleep upon the beams, and now started up alarmed by the shock. "How, skipper," said one of them, rubbing his eyes, "how, in the name of wonder, have we gone so far out of our course? What brings us here?"—"You come from Cromarty?" said the skipper, directing his speech to the master, who starting at the sound from his seat, flung himself half over the gunwale to catch a glimpse of the speaker. "John Feddes," he exclaimed, "by all that is miraculous!"—"You come from Cromarty, do you not?" reiterated the skipper. "Ah, Willie Mouat! Is that you?"

The friends were soon seated in the snug little cabin of the vessel; and John, apparently the least curious of the two, entered at the other's request into a detail of the particulars of his life for the five preceding years. "You know, Mouat," he said, "how I felt and what I suffered for the last six months I was at Cromarty. Early in that period I had formed the determination of quitting my country for ever; but I was a weak, foolish fellow, and so I continued to linger like an unhappy ghost, week after week, and month after month, hoping against hope, until the night which preceded the wedding day of Jean Gallie. Captain Robinson was then on the coast, unloading a cargo of Hollands. I made it my business to see him; and after some little conversation, for we were old acquaintance, I broached to him my intention of leaving Scotland. It is well, said he; for friendship's sake I will give you a passage to Flushing, and, if it fits your inclination, a berth in the privateer I am now fitting out for cruising along the coast of Spanish America. I find the free trade does not suit me; it has no scope. I considered his proposals, and liked them hugely. There was, indeed, some risk of being knocked on the head in the cruising affair, but that weighed little with me: I really believe that, at the time, I would as lief have run to a blow as avoided one;—so I closed with him, and the night and hour were fixed when he should land his boat for me in the *hope* of the Sutors. The evening of that night came, and I felt impatient to be gone. You wonder how I could leave so many excellent friends without so much as bidding them farewell. I have since wondered at it myself; but my mind was filled at the time with one engrossing object, and I could think of nothing else. Positively I was mad. I remember passing Jean's house on that evening, and of catching a glimpse of her through the window. She was so engaged in preparing a piece of dress, which I suppose was to be worn on the ensuing day, that she did not observe me. I cannot tell you how I felt,—indeed I do not know; for I have scarcely any recollection of what I did or thought until a few hours after, when I found myself aboard of Robinson's lugger, spanking down the frith. It is now five years since, and in that time I have both given and received some hard blows, and have been both rich and poor. Little more than a month ago I left Flushing for Banff, where I intend taking up my abode, and where I am now on the eve of purchasing a snug little property." "Nay," said Mouat, "you must come to Cromarty." "To Cromarty; no, no, that will scarcely do." "But hear me, Feddes;—Jean Gallie is a widow." There was a long pause. "Well, poor young

thing," said John at length with a sigh; "I should feel sorry for that; I trust she is in easy circumstances."—"You shall hear."

The reader has already anticipated Mouat's narrative. During the recital of the first part of it, John, who had thrown himself on the back of his chair, continued rocking backwards and forwards with the best counterfeited indifference in the world. It was evident that Jean Gallie was nothing to him. As the story proceeded he drew himself up leisurely, and with firmness, until he sat bolt upright and the motion ceased. Mouat described the selfishness of Jean's husband, and his disgusting intemperance. He spoke of the confusion of his affairs. He hinted at his cruelty to Jean when he had squandered all. John could act no longer,—he clenched his fist, and sprang from his seat. "Sit down, man!" said Mouat, "and hear me out;—the fellow is dead."—"And the poor widow?" said John.—"Is, I believe, nearly destitute. You have heard of the box of broad pieces left her by her father! she has few of them now."—"Well, if she hasn't, I have; that's all. When do you sail for Cromarty?"—"To-morrow, my dear fellow, and you go along with me; do you not?"

Almost any one could supply the concluding part of my narrative. Soon after John had arrived at his native town, Jean Gallie became the wife of one who, in almost every point of character, was the reverse of her first husband; and she lived long and happily with him. Here the novelist would stop; but I write from the burying-ground of St. Regulus, and the tombstone of my ancestor is at my feet. Yet why should it be told that John Feddes experienced the misery of living too long,—that in his ninetieth year he found himself almost alone in the world; for, of his children, some had wandered into foreign parts, where they either died or forgot their father, and some he saw carried to the grave. One of his daughters remained with him, and outlived him. She was the widow of a bold enterprising man, who lay buried with his two brothers—one of whom had sailed round the world with Anson—in the depths of the ocean; and her orphan child who, of a similar character, shared nearly fifty years after a similar fate, was the father of the writer.

LXXXV.—A MODERN AMAZON.

It was in the year 1638, says the Abbé Arnauld, in his amusing memoirs, that I had the honour to become acquainted with that Amazon of our times, Madame de Saint Balmont, whose life was a prodigy of courage and of virtue, uniting in her person all the valour of a determined soldier, and all the modesty of a truly Christian woman. She was of a very good family of Lorraine, and was born with a disposition worthy of her birth. The beauty of her face corresponded to that of her mind, but her shape by no means agreed with these, being small and rather clumsy. Providence, who had destined her for a life more laborious than that which females in general lead, had formed her more robust and more able to bear bodily fatigue. It had inspired her with so great a contempt for beauty, that when she had the small-pox she was as pleased to be marked with it as other women are afflicted on a similar occasion, and said that it

would enable her to be more like a man. She was married to the Count de Saint Balmont, who was not inferior to her either in birth or in merit. They lived together very happily till the troubles that arose in Lorraine obliged them to separate. The count was constantly employed by the duke his sovereign, in a manner suitable to his rank and disposition, except when he once gave him the command of a poor feeble fortress, in which he had the assurance to resist the arms of Louis XIV. for several days together, at the risk of being treated with the extremest severity of military law, which pronounces the most infamous and degrading punishment against all those officers who hold out without any prospect of success. M. de Saint Balmont went indeed farther, and added insolence to rashness; for, at every shot of cannon that was fired at the fortress, he appeared at the windows, attended by some fiddlers, who played by his side. This madness (for one cannot call it by a more gentle name) had nearly cost him very dear; for when he was taken, it was agitated in the council of war, composed of the officers whom he had treated with this insolence, whether he should not be hung up immediately; but regard was paid to his birth, and perhaps to his courage, however indiscreet. Madame de Saint Balmont remained upon his estates to take care of them. Hitherto she had only exerted her soldier-like disposition in hunting and shooting (which is a kind of war), but very soon an opportunity presented itself of realizing it, and it was this:—An officer in our cavalry had taken up his quarters upon one of her husband's estates, and was living there at discretion. Madame de Saint Balmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill-behaviour, which he treated with great contempt. Piqued at this, she was resolved that he should give her satisfaction, and merely consulting her resentment, she wrote to him a note, signed *Le Chevalier de Saint Balmont*. In this note she observed to him, that the ungentlemanlike manner in which he had behaved to his sister-in-law, obliged him to resent it, and demanded that he would give him with his sword that satisfaction which his letter had refused. The officer accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de Saint Balmont met him, dressed in man's clothes. They immediately drew their swords, and our heroine had the advantage of him; when, after having disarmed him, she said with a very gracious smile, "You thought, sir, I make no doubt, that you were fighting with *Le Chevalier de Saint Balmont*; it is, however, Madame de Saint Balmont of that name who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies." She then left him, covered with shame and confusion; and as the story goes, he immediately absented himself, and no one ever saw him afterwards. But be that as it may, this incident serving merely to inflame the courage of the fair challenger, she did not rest satisfied with merely preserving her estates by repelling force by force, but she afforded protection to many of the gentlemen in her neighbourhood, who made no scruple to take refuge in the village, and put themselves under her orders when she took the field, which she always did with success, her designs being executed with a prudence equal to her courage. I have often, says the abbé, been in company with this extraordinary personage, at the house of

Madame de Fequieres, wife to the celebrated marshal of that name at Verdun; and it was quite ridiculous to see how embarrassed she appeared in her female dress, and (after she had quitted it in the town) with what ease and spirit she got on horseback, and attended the ladies that were of her party, and whom she had left in her carriage, in their little excursions into the country.

The manner of living, however, of Madame de Saint Balmont, so far removed from that of her sex, and which in all other females who have attempted it has ever been found united with libertinism of manners, was in her accompanied with nothing that bore the least resemblance to it. When she was at home in time of peace, her whole day was employed in the offices of religion; in prayers, in reading the Bible and books of devotion, in visiting the poor of her parish, whom she was ever assisting with the most active zeal and charity. This manner of living procured her the admiration and esteem of persons of all descriptions in her neighbourhood, and insured her a degree of respect that could not have been greater towards a queen.

LXXXVI.—THE CELEBRATED CASE OF ANGLADE.

(Translated from the French, by Charlotte Smith.)

THE Count of Montgomery rented part of an hotel in the Rue Royale, at Paris. The ground floor and first floor were occupied by him; the second and third by the *Sieur d'Anglade*. The Count and Countess de Montgomery had an establishment suitable to their rank; they kept an almoner, and several male and female servants, and their horses and equipage were numerous in proportion. Monsieur d'Anglade (who was a gentleman, though of inferior rank to the count) and his wife lived with less splendour, but yet with elegance and decency suitable to their situation in life. They had a carriage, and were admitted into the best companies, where probably Anglade increased his income by play; but on the strictest enquiry, it did not appear that any dishonourable actions could be imputed to him. The Count and Countess de Montgomery lived on a footing of neighbourly civility with Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade; and without being very intimate, were always on friendly terms. Some time in September, 1687, the count and countess proposed passing a few days at Villebois, one of their country-houses: they informed Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade of their design, and invited them to be of the party. They accepted it; but the evening before they were to go, they for some reason or other (probably because Madame d'Anglade was not very well) begged leave to decline the honour, and the count and countess set out without them, leaving in their lodgings one of the countess's women, four girls whom she employed to work for her in embroidery, and a boy who was kept to help the footmen. They took with them the priest, Francis Gagnard, who was their almoner, and all their servants.

The count pretended that a strange presentiment of impending evil hung over him, which determined him to return to Paris a day sooner than he intended. Certain it is, that instead of staying till Thursday, as they proposed, they came back on Wednesday evening. On their coming to their

hotel a few moments before their servants (who followed them on horseback), they observed that the door of a room on the ground floor where their men-servants slept was ajar, though the almoner, who always kept the key, had double-locked it when he went away. Monsieur d'Anglade, who was out when they came home, returned to his lodgings about eleven o'clock, bringing with him two friends, with whom he had supped at the President Robert's. On entering, he was told that the count and countess were returned, at which it is said he appeared much surprised. However, he went into the apartment where they were, to pay his compliments. They desired him to sit down, and sent to beg Madame d'Anglade would join them; she did so, and they passed some time in conversation, after which they parted. The next morning the Count de Montgomery discovered that the lock of his strong box had been opened by a false key, from whence had been taken thirteen small bags, each containing a thousand livres in silver; eleven thousand five hundred livres in gold, being double pistoles; and a hundred louis d'ors of a new coinage, called au Cordon; together with a pearl necklace, worth four thousand livres.

The count, as soon as he made this discovery, went to the police and preferred his complaint, describing the sums taken from him, and the species in which those sums were. The lieutenant of the police went directly to the hotel; where, from circumstances, it clearly appeared that the robbery must have been committed by some one who belonged to the house. Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade earnestly desired to have their apartments and their servants examined; and from some observations he then made, or some prejudice he had before entertained against Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade, the lieutenant of the police seems to have conceived the most disadvantageous opinion of them, and to have been so far prepossessed with an idea of their guilt, that he did not sufficiently investigate the looks and the conduct of others. In pursuance, however, of their desire to have their rooms searched, he followed them thither, and looked narrowly into their drawers, closets, and boxes; unmade the beds, and searched the mattresses and the paillasses. On the floor they themselves inhabited nothing was found: he then proposed ascending to the attic story, to which Monsieur d'Anglade readily consented. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from attending, saying that she was ill and weak. However, her husband went up with the officer of justice, and all was readily submitted to his inspection. In looking into an old trunk filled with clothes, remnants, and parchments, he found a rouleau of seventy louis d'ors au Cordon, wrapt in a printed paper, which printed paper was a genealogical table, which the count said was his.

This seems to have been the circumstance which so far confirmed the before groundless and slight suspicions of the lieutenant of the police, that it occasioned the ruin of these unfortunate people.

As soon as these seventy louis were brought to light, the Count de Montgomery insisted upon it that they were his; though as they were in common circulation, it was as impossible for him to swear to them as to any other coin. He declared, however, that he had no doubt but that Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade had robbed him; and said that he would answer for the honesty of all his

own people; and that on this occasion he could not but recollect that the Sieur Grimaudet, who had before occupied this hotel, which Monsieur d'Anglade had inhabited at the same time, had lost a valuable piece of plate. It was therefore, the count said, very probable that d'Anglade had been guilty of both the robberies, which had happened in the same place while he inhabited it.

On this rouleau of seventy louis d'ors the lieutenant of the police seized. He bid Monsieur d'Anglade count them; he did so, but terrified at the imputation of guilt, and of the fatal consequence which in France often follows the imputation only, his hand trembled as he did it: he was sensible of it, and said—"I tremble." This emotion, so natural even to innocence, appeared, in the eyes of the count and the lieutenant, a corroboration of his guilt. After this examination they descended to the ground floor, where the almoner, the page, and the valet-de-chambre were accustomed to sleep together, in a small room. Madame d'Anglade desired the officer of the police to remark, that the door of this apartment had been left open, and that the valet-de-chambre probably knew why; of whom therefore inquiry should be made. Nothing was more natural than this observation; yet, to minds already prepossessed with an opinion of the guilt of Anglade and his wife, this remark seemed to confirm it; when in the corner of this room, where the wall formed a little recess, five of the bags were discovered which the count had lost, in each of which was a thousand livres; and a sixth, from which upwards of two hundred had been taken. After this, no farther inquiry was made, nor any of the servants examined. The guilt of Monsieur and Madame d'Anglade was ascertained, in the opinion of the lieutenant of the police and the Count de Montgomery; and, on no stronger grounds than the circumstance of finding the seventy louis d'ors, the emotion shown by d'Anglade while he counted them, and the remark made by his wife, were these unfortunate people committed to prison. Their effects were seized: Monsieur d'Anglade was thrown into a dungeon in the Châtelet; and his wife who was with child, and her little girl about four years old, were sent to Fort l'Evêque; while the strictest orders were given that no person whatever should be admitted to speak to them. The prosecution now commenced, and the lieutenant of the police, who had committed the unhappy man, was to be his judge. D'Anglade appealed, and attempted to institute a suit against him, and make him a party, in order to prevent his being competent to give judgment; but this attempt failed, and served only to add personal animosity to the prejudice this officer had before taken up against Anglade. Witnesses were examined; but far from their being heard with impartiality, their evidence was twisted to the purposes of those who desired to prove guilty the man they were determined to believe so. The almoner, Francis Gagnard, who was the really guilty person, was among those whose evidence was now admitted against Anglade; and this wretch had effrontery enough to conceal the emotions of his soul, and to perform a mass which the count ordered to be said at St. Esprit, for the discovery of the culprits.

The lieutenant of the police, elate with his triumph over the miserable prisoner, pushed on the prosecution with all the avidity which malice and

revenge could inspire in a vindictive spirit. In spite, however, of all he could do, the proofs against d'Anglade were still insufficient: therefore he determined to have him put to the torture in hope of bringing him to confess the crime. Anglade appealed, but the parliament confirmed the order, and the poor man underwent the question ordinary and extraordinary; when, notwithstanding his acute sufferings, he continued firmly to protest his innocence, till covered with wounds, his limbs dislocated, and his mind enduring yet more than his body, he was carried back to his dungeon. Disgrace and ruin overwhelmed him: his fortune and effects were sold for less than a tenth of their value, which is always the case where law presses with its iron hand; his character was blasted, his health was ruined. Not naturally robust, and always accustomed not only to the comforts but the elegancies of life, a long confinement in a noisome and unwholesome dungeon had reduced him to the lowest state of weakness. In such a situation he was dragged forth to torture, and then plunged again into the damp and dark cavern from whence he came, without food, medicine, or assistance of any kind, though it is usual for those who suffer the torture to have medical help and refreshment after it. This excess of severity could be imputed only to the malignant influence of the officer of justice in whose power he now was.

From the same influence it happened that though the *Sieur d'Anglade*, amidst the most dreadful pains had steadily protested his innocence, and though the evidence against him was extremely defective, sentence was given to this effect:—That Anglade should be condemned to serve in the galleys for nine years; that his wife should for the like term be banished from Paris and its jurisdiction; that they should pay three thousand livres reparation to the Count de Montgomery as damages, and make restitution of twenty-five thousand six hundred and seventy-three livres, and either return the pearl necklace or pay four thousand livres more. From this sum the five thousand seven hundred and eighty livres found in the bags in the servant's room were to be deducted, together with the seventy louis d'ors found in the box, of which the officers of justice had taken possession, and also a double Spanish pistole and seventeen louis d'ors found on the person of Anglade, which was his own money.

Severe as this sentence was, and founded on such slight presumption, it was put immediately into execution. Anglade, whose constitution was already sinking under the heavy pressure of his misfortunes, whose limbs were contracted by the dampness of his prison, and who had undergone the most excruciating tortures, was sent to the tower of Montgomery, there to remain without assistance or consolation till the convicts condemned to the galleys were ready to go. He was then chained with them—a situation how dreadful for a gentleman whose sensibility of mind was extreme, and who had never suffered the least hardship or difficulty till then, when he was plunged at once into the lowest abyss of misery, chained among felons, and condemned to the most hopeless confinement and the severest labour, without any support but what he could procure from the pity of those who saw him, for of his own he had now nothing. Yet dreadful as these evils were, he supported them with that patient firmness which

nothing but conscious innocence could have produced. Reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness, he felt not for himself; but when he reflected on the situation of his wife and his infant daughter, his fortitude forsook him. A fever had from his first confinement preyed on his frame: its progress grew more rapid, and he felt his death inevitable, when the galley-slaves being collected to depart, he besought leave to see his wife and to give his last blessing to his child, but it was denied him. He submitted, and prepared to go; but being too weak to stand he was put into a waggon, whence he was lifted at night when they stopped and laid on straw in a barn or out-house, and the next morning carried again between two men to the waggon to continue his journey. In this manner, and believing every hour would be his last, the unhappy man arrived at Marseilles. It was asserted, but for the honour of human nature should not be believed, that the Count de Montgomery pressed his departure notwithstanding the deplorable condition he was in, and even waited on the road to see him pass and enjoy the horrid spectacle of his sufferings. The unhappy wife of this injured man had not been treated with more humanity. She had been dragged to prison, separate from that of her husband, and confined in a dungeon. She was with child, and the terror she had undergone occasioned her to miscarry. Long fainting fits succeeded, and she had no help but that of her little girl, who young as she was endeavoured to recall her dying mother by bathing her temples, and by making her smell to bread dipped in wine. But as she believed every fainting fit would be her last, she implored the jailer to allow her a confessor: after much delay he sent one, and by his means the poor woman received succour and sustenance; but while she slowly gathered strength, her little girl grew ill. The noisome damp, the want of proper food and of fresh air, overcame the tender frame of the poor child; and then it was that the distraction and despair of the mother was at its height. In the middle of a rigorous winter they were in a cavern where no air could enter, and where the damp only lined the wall; a little charcoal in an earthen pot was all the fire they had, and the smoke was so offensive and dangerous that it increased rather than diminished their sufferings. In this dismal place the mother saw her child sinking under a disease for which she had no remedies: cold sweats accompanied it, and she had neither clean linen for her, nor fire to warm her; and as even their food depended on charity, and they were not allowed to see any body, they had no relief but what the priest from time to time procured them. At length, and as a great favour, they were removed to a place less damp, to which there was a little window; but the window was stopped, and the fumes of the charcoal were as noxious here as in the cavern they had left. Here they remained, however (Providence having prolonged their lives), for four or five months. *Monsieur d'Anglade*, not being in a condition to be chained to the oar, was sent to the hospital of the convicts at Marseilles. His disease still preyed on the poor remains of a ruined constitution, but his sufferings were lengthened out beyond what his weakness seemed to promise. It was near four months after his arrival at Marseilles that, being totally exhausted, he felt his last moments approach, and desired to receive the sacraments.

Before they were administered to him he solemnly declared, as he hoped to be received into the presence of the searcher of hearts, that he was innocent of the crime laid to his charge; that he forgave his inexorable prosecutor and his partial judge; and felt no other regret in quitting the world than that of leaving his wife and his child exposed to the miseries of poverty and the disgrace of his imputed crime: but he trusted his vindication to God, who had, he said, lent him fortitude to endure the sufferings he had not deserved; and then, after having received the eucharist with piety and composure, he expired, a martyr to unjust suspicion and hasty or malicious judgment.

He had been dead only a few weeks, when several persons who had known him received anonymous letters. The letters signified that the person who wrote them was on the point of hiding himself in a convent for the rest of his life; but before he did so, his conscience obliged him to inform whom it might concern, that the *Sieur d'Anglade* was innocent of the robbery committed in the apartments of the Count de Montgomery; that the perpetrators were one Vincent Belestre, the son of a tanner of Mans, and a priest named Gagnard, a native also of Mans, who had been the count's almoner. The letters added that a woman of the name of De la Comble could give light into the whole affair. One of these letters was sent to the Countess de Montgomery, who however had not generosity enough to show it; but the *Sieur Loyssillon* and some others, who had received at the same time the same kind of letters, determined to inquire into the affair: while the friends of the Count de Montgomery, who began to apprehend that he would be disagreeably situated if his prosecution of Anglade should be found unjust, pretended to discover that these letters were dictated by Madame d'Anglade, who hoped by this artifice to deliver her husband's memory from the odium which rested on it, and herself and her child from the dungeon in which they were still confined. An inquiry was set on foot after Belestre and Gagnard, who had some time before quitted the count's service. It was found that Belestre was a consummate villain, who had in the early part of his life been engaged in an assassination, for which he was obliged to fly from his native place; that he had been a soldier, had killed his sergeant in a quarrel, and deserted; then returning to his own country, had been a wandering vagabond going by different names, and practising every species of roguery; that he had sometimes been a beggar and sometimes a bully about the streets of Paris, but always much acquainted and connected with Gagnard, his countryman; and that suddenly from the lowest indigence he had appeared to be in affluence, had bought himself rich clothes, had shown various sums of money, and had purchased an estate near Mans, for which he had paid between nine and ten thousand livres.

Gagnard, who was the son of the gaoler of Mans, had come to Paris without either clothes or money, and had subsisted on charity or by saying masses at St. Esprit, by which he hardly gained enough to keep him alive, when the Count de Montgomery took him. It was impossible what he got in his service as wages could enrich him, yet immediately after quitting it he was seen clothed neatly in his clerical habit; his expenses for his entertainments were excessive; he had plenty of money in his

pockets, and had taken a woman out of the street, whom he had established in handsome lodgings and clothed with the greatest profusion of finery. These observations alone, had they been made in time, were sufficient to have opened the way to a discovery which might have saved the life and redeemed the honour of the unfortunate Anglade. Late as it was, justice was now ready to overtake them, and the hand of Providence itself seemed to assist. Gagnard, being in a tavern in the street St. André des Arcs, was present at a quarrel wherein a man was killed: he was sent to prison with the rest of the people in the house; and about the same time a man who had been robbed and cheated by Belestre near three years before, met him, watched him to his lodgings, and put him into the hands of the *Marechaussée*. These two wretches being thus in the hands of justice for other crimes, underwent an examination relative to the robbery of the Count de Montgomery: they betrayed themselves by inconsistent answers. Their accomplices were apprehended, and the whole affair now appeared so clear, that it was only astonishing how the criminals could ever have been mistaken. The guardians of *Constantia Guellimot*, the daughter of Anglade, now desired to be admitted parties in the suit on behalf of their ward, that the guilt of Belestre and Gagnard might be proved, and the memory of Monsieur d'Anglade and the character of his widow justified; as well as that she might, by fixing the guilt on those who were really culpable, obtain restitution of her father's effects, and amends from the Count de Montgomery. She became through her guardian prosecutrix of the two villains, the principal witness against whom was a man called the Abbé de Fontpierre, who had belonged to the association of thieves of which Belestre was a member. This man said that he had written the anonymous letters which led to the discovery, for that after the death of Anglade his conscience reproached him with being privy to so enormous a crime. He swore that Belestre had obtained from Gagnard the impressions of the count's keys in wax, by which means he had others made that opened the locks. He said that soon after the condemnation of Anglade to the galleys, he was in a room adjoining to one where Belestre and Gagnard were drinking and feasting; that he heard the former say to the latter, "Come, my friend, let us drink and enjoy ourselves, while this fine fellow, this *Marquis d'Anglade*, is at the galleys." To which Gagnard replied, with a sigh, "Poor man, I cannot help being sorry for him: he was a good kind of man, and was always very civil and obliging to me." Belestre then exclaimed, with a laugh, "Sorry! what, sorry for a man who has secured us from suspicion, and made our fortune?" Much other discourse of the same kind he repeated. And De la Comble deposed that Belestre had shown her great sums of money and a beautiful pearl necklace; and when she asked him where he got all this, he answered that he had won it at play. These and many other circumstances related by this woman confirmed his guilt beyond a doubt. In his pocket were found a Gazette of Holland, in which he had (it was supposed) caused it to be inserted that the men who had been guilty of the robbery for which the *Sieur d'Anglade* had been condemned, were executed for some other crime at Orleans, hoping by this means to stop any farther

inquiry. A letter was also found on him from Gagnard, which advised him of the rumours which were spread from the anonymous letters, and desired him to find some means to quiet or get rid of the Abbé Fontpierre.

The proof of the criminality of these two men being fully established, they were condemned to death; and being previously made to undergo the question ordinary and extraordinary, they confessed, Gagnard upon the rack and Belestre at the place of execution, that they had committed the robbery. Gagnard declared that if the lieutenant of the police had pressed him with questions the day that Anglade and his wife were taken up, he was in such confusion he should have confessed all.

These infamous men having suffered the punishment of their crime, Constantia Guillemot d'Anglade continued to prosecute the suit against the Count de Montgomery for the unjust accusation he had made, who endeavoured, by the chicane which his fortune gave him the power to command, to evade the restitution. At length, after a very long process, the court decided that the Count de Montgomery should restore to the widow and daughter of Anglade the sum which their effects and all the property that was seized had produced; that he should further pay them a certain sum as amends for the damages and injuries they had sustained; and that their condemnation should be erased and their honours restored: which, though it was all the reparation that could now be made them, could not bind up the incurable wounds they had suffered in this unjust and cruel persecution.

Mademoiselle d'Anglade, whose destiny excited universal commiseration, was taken into the protection of some generous persons about the court, who raised for her a subscription, which at length amounted to a hundred thousand livres, which, together with the restitution of her father's effects, made a handsome provision for her, and she was married to Monsieur des Essarts, a councillor of parliament.

LXXXVII.—STORY OF RENÉE CORBEAU.

(Translated from the French, by Charlotte Smith.)

A YOUNG man, a native of Sées in Normandy, of noble parents, studied the law at Angers. He there saw Renée Corbeau, the daughter of a tradesman of the town, and under a promise of marriage seduced her. Her situation was soon such as made it necessary to acquaint her parents with her engagement, who sought for means to oblige her lover to perform those promises which had induced Renée to listen to him.

Doubting that he would, if possible, evade them, the parents thought it might be necessary to employ artifice. They therefore pretended to take a journey, and as soon as they believed the lovers were together returned suddenly upon them, and reproaching the young man with having seduced their daughter, insisted instantly on his making the only reparation in his power by signing a contract of marriage, with which a notary was prepared who was ready in the house. The young man signed the deed; but feeling himself unworthily treated in being thus surprised into an engagement which he had never refused to perform, he went immediately to his father, to whom he re-

lated all that had happened. The father, yet more enraged than the son, persuaded him to take priest's orders as the only way to avoid completing a marriage so dishonourable, and so contrary to his interest; and this advice he hastily embraced. The unfortunate girl, thus abandoned by her faithless lover, commenced, together with her parents, a suit against him for seduction. He was in consequence arrested, and the affair was brought before the parliament at Paris.

The sentence, after long pleading on both sides, was that the young man should either marry Renée Corbeau or be beheaded: as his being a priest made the former impossible, he was to suffer death.

He was delivered to the executioner; the fatal moment was at hand, and the priest attended to perform the last duties, when Renée Corbeau flew to the place where his judges were yet sitting, and making her way through the crowd besought permission to speak, and a moment's suspension of the dreadful punishment about to be inflicted on her lover.

The judges, struck with her beauty and distress, consented to hear her; and with the simple and affecting eloquence of nature she pleaded for his life. She represented that they undoubtedly thought her more unhappy than guilty, since they punished with death him who was supposed to have betrayed her; but that such a sentence, far from repairing her misfortune, would render it irreparable by taking from her the only person who could restore her honour, and instead of doing her justice would condemn her to tears and remorse for the rest of her life, and would leave her to endless regret when she reflected that her fatal love had been the occasion of his death for whom only she wished to live.

She besought those among her judges who had ever been sensible of the force of love to put themselves for a moment in her situation, and to reflect what they would themselves suffer, were they to be deprived of the object of their affections by a cruel death, and to know themselves the occasion of it. "For it is," said she, "I who have armed the iron hand of law against him; 'tis I who am his executioner; and 'tis I who, infinitely more unhappy than he is, am condemned to exist under infamy, and to carry with me to the grave the dreadful reflection of having murdered him by the excess of my attachment."

Though the holy orders into which he had entered prevented his marrying her, she represented that they had been compulsive, and made only through fear of a violent and imperious father, but that a dispensation might be obtained to dissolve them: she therefore implored the judges to suspend the execution of the sentence for a time, that her lover might take measures to annul his religious vows and become her husband.

The court, affected by her tears and despair, were induced to grant a respite for six months; and as a legate from the pope was expected in France, she flattered herself she would obtain from him permission for her lover to renounce the ecclesiastical habit and marry her.

But the Cardinal de Medici, who was the legate that soon after arrived, was so irritated against the young man for having sacrilegiously embraced holy orders only to evade an engagement which his honour and his conscience, as well as every human

law, urged him to fulfil, that he absolutely refused to grant the dispensation, and the unhappy Renée Corbeau was again driven to despair. Henry IV., that excellent monarch, was then on the throne: his ears were ever open to the complaints of his subjects, and when youth and beauty pleaded there was little doubt of redress from his compassion, though his justice was silent. Renée Corbeau threw herself at the king's feet, and the king, interested by her figure and situation, very soon suffered himself to be prevailed upon. He ordered that a dispensation might be granted: it was immediately expedited, and the lover, thus snatched from impending destruction, was married to his mistress. They lived together many years in the most perfect union, the husband always remembering with the tenderest gratitude that he owed his life and the honour of his family to the affection and attachment of his wife.

LXXXVIII. — HORACE WALPOLE'S ACCOUNT OF THE EXECUTION AND BEHAVIOUR OF EARL FERRERS.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN ITALY.

[There can be no doubt that the unhappy subject of this narrative was a man with a very diseased state of blood; but it is so hazardous to pronounce whether such men are or are not to be treated as insane, and the line is so difficult to be drawn between the responsible and irresponsible degrees of morbidity, that the treatment of them forms one of the problems of legislation. The truth is, that in this, as in so many other cases, the general system of moral and social training must be improved, before security can be looked for in the particular. See the novel of 'Ferrers,' from the pen of Mr. Charles Ollier, a writer with a genius for the domestic and the fearful.]

WHAT will your Italians say to a peer of England, of one of the best families, tried for murdering his servant with the utmost dignity and solemnity, and then hanged at the common place of execution for highwaymen, and afterwards anatomised? This must seem a little odd to them; especially as they have not lately had a Sixtus Quintus. I have hitherto spoken of Lord Ferrers to you as a wild beast, a mad assassin, a low wretch, about whom I had no curiosity. If I now am going to give you a minute account of him, don't think me so far part of an English mob as to fall in love with a criminal, merely because I have had the pleasure of his execution. I certainly did not see it, nor should have been struck with mere intrepidity.—I never adored criminals, whether in a cart or a triumphal car—but there has been such wonderful coolness and sense in all this man's last behaviour, that it has made me quite inquisitive about him—not at all pity him. I only reflect, what I have often thought, how little connection there is between any man's sense and his sensibility—so much so, that instead of Lord Ferrers having any ascendant over his passions, I am disposed to think that his drunkenness, which was supposed to heighten his ferocity, has rather been a lucky circumstance. What might not a creature of such capacity, and who stuck at nothing, have done, if his abilities had not been drowned in brandy? I

will go back a little into his history. His misfortunes, as he called them, were dated from his marriage, though he had been guilty of horrid excesses unconnected with matrimony, and is even believed to have killed a groom who died a year after receiving a cruel beating from him. His wife, a very pretty woman, was sister of Sir William Meredith,* had no fortune, and, he says, trepanned him into marriage, having met him drunk at an assembly in the country, and kept him so till the ceremony was over. As he always kept himself so afterwards, one need not impute it to her. In every other respect, and one scarce knows how to blame her for wishing to be a countess, her behaviour was unexceptionable.† He had a mistress before, and two or three children, and her he took again after the separation from his wife. He was fond of both, and used both ill: his wife so ill, always carrying pistols to bed, and threatening to kill her before morning, beating her, and jealous without provocation, that she got separated from him by act of parliament, which appointed receivers of his estates in order to secure her allowance. This he could not bear. However he named his steward for one, but afterwards finding out that this Johnson had paid her fifty pounds without his knowledge, and suspecting him of being in the confederacy against him, he determined, when he failed of opportunities of murdering his wife, to kill the steward, which he effected as you have heard. The shocking circumstances attending the murder I did not tell you—indeed while he was alive, I scarce liked to speak my opinion even to you; for though I felt nothing for him, I thought it wrong to propagate any notions that might interfere with mercy, if he could be thought deserving it—and not knowing into what hands my letter might pass before it reached yours, I chose to be silent, though nobody could conceive greater horror than I did for him at his trial. Having shot the steward at three in the afternoon, he persecuted him till one in the morning, threatening again to murder him, attempting to tear off his bandages, and terrifying him till in that misery he was glad to obtain leave to be removed to his own house; and when the earl heard that the poor creature was dead, he said he gloried in having killed him. You cannot conceive the shock this evidence gave the court. Many of the lords were standing to look at him—at once they turned from him with detestation. I have heard that on the former affair in the House of Lords he had behaved with great shrewdness—no such thing appeared at his trial. It is now pretended that his being forced by his family against his inclination to plead madness prevented his exerting his parts; but he has not acted in anything as if his family had influence over him—consequently his reverting to much good sense leaves the whole inexplicable. The very night he received sentence, he played at piquet with the warders, and would play for money, and would have continued to play every evening, but they refused. Lord Cornwallis, governor of the Tower, shortened his allowance of wine after his conviction, agreeably to the late strict acts on murder.

* Sir William Meredith, Bart., of Hanbury, in Cheshire. The title is now extinct.

† She afterwards married Lord Frederick Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyll, and was an excellent woman. She was unfortunately burned to death at Lord Frederick's seat, Combe Bank, in Kent.

This he much disliked, and at last pressed his brother the clergyman to intercede, that at least he might have more porter; "for," said he, "what I have is not a draught." His brother represented against it, but at last consenting (and he did obtain it)—then said the earl, "Now is as good a time as any to take leave of you—adieu!" A minute journal of his whole behaviour has been kept, to see if there was any madness in it. Dr. Munro since the trial has made an affidavit of his lunacy. The Washingtons were certainly a very frantic race; and I have no doubt of madness in him, but not of a pardonable sort. Two petitions from his mother and all his family were presented to the king, who said as the House of Lords had unanimously found him guilty, he would not interfere. Last week, my Lord Keeper very good-naturedly got out of a gouty bed to present another: the king would not hear him. "Sir," said the keeper, "I don't come to petition for mercy or respite; but that the 4000*l.* which Lord Ferrers has in India bonds may be permitted to go according to his disposition of it to his mistress, children, and the family of the murdered man." "With all my heart," said the king, "I have no objection; but I will have no message carried to him from me." However, this grace was notified to him and gave him great satisfaction; but unfortunately, it now appears to be law that it is forfeited to the sheriff of the county where the fact was committed; though when my Lord Hardwicke was told that he had disposed of it, he said, "To be sure he may before conviction."

Dr. Pearce, bishop of Rochester, offered his service to him: he thanked the bishop; but said, as his own brother was a clergyman, he chose to have him. Yet he had another relation who has been much more busy about his repentance. I don't know whether you have ever heard that one of the singular characters here is a Countess of Huntingdon,* aunt of Lord Ferrers. She is the Saint Theresa of the Methodists. Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood! The earl, by no means disposed to be a convert, let her visit him, and often sent for her, as it was more company; but he grew sick of her, and complained that she was enough to provoke anybody. She made her suffragan, Whitfield, pray for and preach about him; and that impertinent fellow told his enthusiasts in his sermon, that my lord's heart was stone. The earl wanted much to see his mistress: my Lord Cornwallis, as simple an old woman as my Lady Huntingdon herself, consulted whether he should permit it. "Oh! by no means; it would be letting him die in adultery!" In one thing she was more sensible. He resolved not to take leave of his children, four girls, but on the scaffold, and then to read to them a paper he had drawn up, very bitter on the family of Meredith, and on the House of Lords for the first transaction. This my Lady Huntingdon persuaded him to drop; and he took leave of his children the day before. He wrote two letters in the preceding week to Lord Cornwallis, on some of these requests; they were cool and rational, and concluded with desiring him not to mind the absurd requests of his (Lord

Ferrers's) family in his behalf. On the last morning he dressed himself in his wedding clothes, and said, "He thought this at least as good an occasion of putting them on, as that for which they were first made." He wore them to Tyburn. This marked the strong impression on his mind. His mother wrote to his wife in a weak, angry style, telling her to intercede for him as her duty, and to swear to his madness. But this was not so easy; in all her cause before the Lords she had persisted that he was not mad.

Sir William Meredith and even Lady Huntingdon had prophesied that his courage would fail him at last, and had so much foundation, that it is certain Lord Ferrers had often been beat:—but the Methodists were to get no honour by him. His courage rose where it was most likely to fail,—an unlucky circumstance to prophets, especially when they have had the prudence to have all kind of probability on their side. Even an awful procession of above two hours, with that mixture of pageantry, shame, and ignominy, nay, and of delay, could not dismount his resolution. He set out from the Tower at nine amidst crowds,—thousands. First went a string of constables; then one of the sheriffs, in his chariot and six, the horses dressed with ribbons; next Lord Ferrers, in his own landau and six, his coachman crying all the way; guards on each side; the other sheriff's carriage followed empty, with a mourning coach-and-six, a hearse, and the Horse Guards. Observe, that the empty chariot was that of the other sheriff, who was in the coach with the prisoner, and who was Vaillant, the French bookseller in the Strand.

How will you decypher all these strange circumstances to Florentines? A bookseller in robes and in mourning, sitting as a magistrate by the side of the Earl; and in the evening, everybody going to Vaillant's shop to hear the particulars. I wrote to him, as he serves me, for the account; but he intends to print it, and I will send it you with some other things, and the trial. Lord Ferrers first talked on indifferent matters, and observing the prodigious confluence of people (the blind was drawn up on his side), he said,—“But they never saw a lord hanged, and perhaps will never see another.” One of the dragoons was thrown by his horse's leg entangling in the hind wheel: Lord Ferrers expressed much concern, and said,—“I hope there will be no death to-day but mine;” and was pleased when Vaillant made excuses to him on his office. “On the contrary,” said the earl, “I am much obliged to you. I feared the disagreeableness of the duty might make you depute your under-sheriff. As you are so good as to execute it yourself, I am persuaded the dreadful apparatus will be conducted with more expedition.” The chaplain of the Tower, who sat backwards, then thought it his turn to speak, and began to talk on religion; but Lord Ferrers received it impatiently. However the chaplain persevered, and said he wished to bring his lordship to some confession or acknowledgment of contrition for a crime so repugnant to the laws of God and man, and wished him to endeavour to do whatever could be done in so short a time. The earl replied,—“He had done everything he proposed to do with regard to God and man; and as to discourses on religion, “you and I, sir,” said he to the clergyman, “shall probably not agree on that subject. The passage is very short; you will not have time to

* Lady Selina Shirley, daughter of an Earl Ferrers. Selina Shirley, second daughter and co-heiress of Washington Earl Ferrers, and widow of Theophilus Hastings, ninth earl of Huntingdon. She was the peculiar patroness of enthusiasts of all sorts in religion.

convince me, nor I to refute you; it cannot be ended before we arrive." The clergyman still insisted, and urged that at least the world would expect some satisfaction. Lord Ferrers replied with some impatience,—"Sir, what have I to do with the world? I am going to pay a forfeit life, which my country has thought proper to take from me. What do I care now what the world thinks of me? But, sir, since you do desire some confession, I will confess one thing to you; I do believe there is a God. As to modes of worship, we had better not talk on them. I always thought Lord Bolingbroke in the wrong to publish his notions on religion. I will not fall into the same error." The chaplain, seeing it was in vain to make any more attempts, contented himself with representing to him that it would be expected from one of his calling, and that even decency required, that some prayer should be used on the scaffold, and asked his leave at least to repeat the Lord's Prayer there. Lord Ferrers replied,—"I always thought it a good prayer; you may use it if you please."

While these discourses were passing, the procession was stopped by the crowd. The earl said he was dry, and wished for some wine and water. The sheriff said he was sorry to be obliged to refuse him. By late regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink from the place of imprisonment to that of execution, as great indecencies had been formerly committed by the lower species of criminals getting drunk. "And though," said he, "my lord, I might think myself excusable in overlooking this order out of regard to a person of your lordship's rank, yet there is another reason which I am sure will weigh with you. Your lordship is sensible of the greatness of the crowd; we must draw up to some tavern; the confluence would be so great that it would delay the expedition which your lordship seems so much to desire." He replied he was satisfied, adding,—"Then I must be content with this," and took some pig-tail tobacco out of his pocket. As they went on, a letter was thrown into his coach; it was from his mistress, to tell him it was impossible, from the crowd, to get her up to the spot where he had appointed her to meet and take leave of him, but that she was in a hackney-coach of such a number. He begged Vaillant to order his officers to try to get the hackney-coach up to him. "My lord," said Vaillant, "you have behaved so well hitherto, that I think 'tis pity to venture unmanning yourself." He was struck, and was satisfied with seeing her. As they drew nigh he said, "I perceive we are almost arrived; it is time to do what little more I have to do;" and then taking out his watch gave it to Vaillant, desiring him to accept it as a mark of his gratitude for his kind behaviour, adding, "It is scarce worth your acceptance; but I have nothing else; it is a stop watch, and a pretty accurate one." He gave five guineas to the chaplain, and took out as much for the executioner. Then giving Vaillant a pocket-book, he begged him to deliver it to Mrs. Clifford his mistress, with what it contained, and with his most tender regard, saying, "The key of it is to the watch, but I am persuaded you are too much a gentleman to open it." He destined the remainder of the money in his purse to the same person, and with the same tender regards.

When they came to Tyburn, his coach was detained some minutes by the conflux of people; but

as soon as the door was opened, he stepped out readily, and mounted the scaffold: it was hung with black by the undertaker, and at the expense of his family. Under the gallows was a new-invented stage, to be struck from under him. He showed no kind of fear or discomposure, only just looking at the gallows with a slight motion of dissatisfaction. He said little, kneeled for a moment in prayer, said "Lord have mercy upon me, and forgive me my errors," and immediately mounted the upper stage. He had come pinioned with a black sash, and was unwilling to have his hands tied or his face covered, but was persuaded to both. When the rope was put round his neck he turned pale, but recovered his countenance instantly, and was but seven minutes from leaving the coach to the signal given for striking the stage. As the machine was new, they were not ready at it; his toes touched it, and he suffered a little, having had time by their bungling to raise his cap; but the executioner pulled it down again and they pulled his legs, so that he was soon out of pain, and quite dead in four minutes. He desired not to be stripped and exposed, and Vaillant promised him, though his clothes must be taken off, that his shirt should not. This decency ended with him: the sheriffs fell to eating and drinking on the scaffold, and helped up one of their friends to drink with them, as he was still hanging, which he did for above an hour, and then was conveyed back with the same pomp to Surgeon's Hall to be dissected. The executioners fought for the rope, and the one who lost it cried. The mob tore off the black cloth as relics; but the universal crowd behaved with great decency and admiration, as they well might, for sure no exit was ever made with more sensible resolution and with less ostentation.

If I have tired you by this long narrative, you feel differently from me: the man, the manners of the country, the justice of so great and curious a nation, all to me seem striking, and must, I believe be more so to you, who have been absent long enough to read of your own country as history.

* * *

In a subsequent letter, Walpole says—

That wonderful creature Lord Ferrers, of whom I told you so much in my last, and with whom I am not going to plague you much more, made one of his keepers read 'Hamlet' to him the night before his death, after he was in bed—paid all his bills before the morning, as if leaving an inn; and half an hour before the sheriffs fetched him, corrected some verses he had written in the Tower, in imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's epitaph, *Dubius sed non improbus vixi*. What a noble author have I here to add to my catalogue!

LXXXIX.—THE TWINS OF RAVENNA.

[This elegant and interesting couple, brother and sister, are supposed to have been the earliest engravers, and printers of engraving, in Europe. Their youth, their early death, and their accomplishments, make up a story which has the air of being fictitious, especially as their works are no longer extant; though the book which first contained the following account of them is thought to be still discoverable in the library of the Vatican. The narrative was transcribed by Papillon, a wood-engraver of the last century, a man of a grave and

good reputation; and it is credited by the Abate Zani, and by Mr. George Cumberland, from the last of which writers we have copied it. The engravings were on the subject of Alexander and his exploits, were done on wood, and designed and executed by the parties at the age of sixteen, to be given to their friends. Papillon says they were "tolerably designed;" and that the impression of the whole, descriptive letter-press and all (apparently the first proof from the block), was "of a pale blue colour, and seemed to have been done with the hand only, passed several times over the paper that rested upon the blocks; the cavities of the words, ill-cleared in some places, had given out a stain in parts, and blotted the paper, which was a little brown; which occasioned the writing the following words on the margin (of the frontispiece):—"It will be necessary to cut deeper the grounds of these blocks, in order that the paper in printing may no longer touch them." This was inscribed in Gothic Italian, and "was undoubtedly by the hand of the Chevalier Cunio, or his sister." The "tolerable designing" will be excused by the early date of the curious performances, said by Papillon to have been executed between the years 1284 and 1285! Add to this the youth of the parties, and their early disappearance from the world, followed by the sister's lover, and the whole appears a dream of Raphaellesque grace and anticipation.]

THE young and amiable Cunios, twins, brother and sister, were the first children born to the Count de Cunio by a noble and beautiful young lady of Verona, allied to the Pope Honorius IV., who was then a cardinal. It was a love match against the wishes of her parents; who on the discovery of it, by her pregnancy, dissolved the marriage, and discarded the priest who had married them. This noble young lady fearing the anger of her father and that of the young Cunio, took refuge with one of her aunts, near Ravenna, where she was delivered of these twins: nevertheless, the elder Count Cunio, from his affection to his son (whom he had forced to espouse another noble lady) permitted them to take the care of bringing up the children, which was performed with all imaginable tenderness and attention to their good education, not only on the part of the count himself, but also on that of the wife of his son, who conceived so warm an affection for Isabella Cunio as to love and cherish her as if she had been her own child. Neither was the boy, Alexander Alberic, less beloved; who as well as his sister possessed considerable talents and was of an amiable character; both profiting under their teachers, particularly Isabella, who at thirteen was considered as a prodigy, for she understood and wrote Latin, composed verses, and had become acquainted with geometry and music, playing on several instruments: she had also begun to design, and painted very tolerably, with both taste and delicacy; whilst the brother, who was emulous of equalling her, was constrained to confess that he could never attain to her perfection. He was nevertheless one of the most amiable young men in Italy, handsome as his sister, possessing a courageous, lofty, and noble mind, and the talent rarely seen of bringing to perfection whatever he undertook. Hence they formed the delight of their parents, who so perfectly loved them that their cares or

pleasures were equally shared. At fourteen the youth had acquired the art of horsemanship, practised the use of arms, and all the exercises of a young man of quality, having learned Latin and painting well.

The troubles of Italy having obliged his father to take up arms, at his repeated entreaties he was allowed to make his first campaign under his eyes, and he had the command of a brigade of twenty-five gentlemen, with whom as his first essay, he attacked, forced, and compelled to take to flight, after a vigorous resistance, near two hundred of the enemy; but his valour having urged him too far, he found himself surrounded by several of the fugitives, from whom, however, he by his unequalled bravery disengaged himself, without any further harm than being wounded in his left arm. His father, who was flying to his succour, met him possessed of a flag of the enemy, which he had wrapped round his wounded limb, and embracing him, full of joy at his courageous conduct, he resolved to reward his valorous deeds by making him (what indeed he was entitled to from birth), a knight, on the field of battle. He gave him therefore the *accolade* on the spot where he had merited it by his resolution; and the youth, overcome with joy at the honour conferred on him before the troops commanded by his father (already Count de Cunio by the decease of his own), wounded as he was, demanded and obtained immediate permission to go and present himself to his mother, in order to communicate to and partake with her the glory and honours he had acquired; the which leave was more readily granted, as it afforded the count an opportunity of manifesting to that noble and afflicted lady (who had always remained with her aunt, a few miles from Ravenna), the love and esteem he always entertained for her, and which he would certainly have realised by re-establishing her in her former rights by a public espousal, if he had not been obliged to retain that other wife which his father had imposed on him, and by whom he had several children.

The young knight now took leave, escorted by the remainder of his troop, of which eight or ten had been killed or wounded; and in this state and honourable company (which displayed his merits wherever he passed) he arrived at his mother's abode, who gladly detained him two days; after which, at Ravenna, he paid his respects to the wife of his father, who was so charmed by his noble conduct and flattered by the attentions he showed her, that she, in person, conducted him to the chamber of his sister Isabella, not a little alarmed at seeing his arm in a sling, and detained him a few days in the city; but impatient to return to his father, in order to engage in new exploits, he took his departure before he was entirely cured of his wounds.

The count his father, however, blamed him for not having dismissed his corps and re-established himself at Ravenna, forbidding him to serve during the remainder of the campaign; and a short time after, when his arm was perfectly cured, he sent him back, alleging pleasantly that he could not allow him to surpass others during the short time they were likely to be in action.

A little time after it was that Isabella and himself commenced the composition, and worked together at the pictures, of "The Deeds of Alex-

ander." He afterwards made a second campaign with his father, and returned to the painting conjointly with his sister, who attempted to reduce them, and engrave them on wooden blocks; after which they were completed and printed, and presented to Pope Honorius, their relations and friends. Then he joined the army a fourth time, accompanied by a young nobleman, named Pandulpho, who, a professed admirer of the amiable Isabella, had determined to signalize himself in battle, in order to become more worthy of her hand; but this last campaign was a fatal one for the illustrious youth Cunio, who was killed by several cuts from a sword of the enemy, close to his friend, who was also dangerously wounded in defending him.

The death of her beloved brother so affected Isabella (who was now not nineteen) that she refused to marry, and died of a languishing sorrow before she was twenty; and her death was soon followed by that of her lover, who had always hoped by his affectionate attentions to induce the talented and beautiful girl to render him happy.

The mother also expired soon after, unable to support the double loss of two such dear and amiable children; and the count, who had been cruelly afflicted by the death of his favourite son, expected that he too must sink after his angelic daughter; also the countess, who tenderly loved her, fell ill from chagrin, and nothing but the greatness of his soul hindered the count from the same consequences. Happily the countess recovered by degrees, and some years after the generous Count de Cunio gave my grandfather these prints of the Deeds of Alexander, bound in the ancient and gothic style—the covers made of blocks of wood, covered by skin flowered in compartments and stamped with a hot iron, and without gilding: the worms had entered and pierced it in many places, and I have added to it the sheet of paper on which I have inscribed this story.

XC.—THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE MAJOR-DOMO.

[A major-domo killing himself because there was a deficiency in the dishes at his master's table cannot but give us some ludicrous sensations in the midst of our pity: yet that poor Vatel found nothing ludicrous in his position is too certain; and in order to sympathize with the purely grave sympathy which his fate seems to have excited, we must pitch our imaginations into the court of Louis XIV., where royalty was almost literally worshipped, and the orders of nobility and his other servants environed him (not to speak it profanely) in the manner of the celestial hierarchies; the dukes being the cherubs, and those also partaking of the reflection of his dignity who, as Milton says of his ministering angels,

"Only stand and wait."

If Racine died of dejection at the loss of Louis's favour, it may be allowed to a major-domo to kill himself out of an apprehension of it.

And see how gravely the office was estimated in those days. One hardly knows whether Madame de Sévigné is serious or bantering when she speaks of Vatel as a "great" man, and one capable of governing a state. But at any rate he had all the

delicacy and high sense of honour which was thought peculiar to high station.

"Vatel," said the prince, in order to console him for the deficiency of the roast meat, "nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper."

"Your royal highness's goodness," replied Vatel, "*completes my unhappiness. I am sensible that the roast meat was wanting at two tables.*"

Then there is a want of fish, and this want of fish is the "last feather that breaks the horse's back." However, we must not anticipate the narrative of Madame de Sévigné. Poor Vatel was most likely a very bilious gentleman, whose reputation for worth and dignity had given him somewhat too profound a sense of what was expected of him, and whose bad general state of health made his impatience overflow at this otherwise trifling jog given to the cup of his calamities.

It is as if a tragedy had been introduced in the corner of one of the pictures of Watteau. Imagine a feast "all over jonquils"—"all enchantment," as Madame de Sévigné describes it, and then this strange mock-heroical spout of blood suddenly bringing horror upon it, and staining its dandy coat!]

"THE MARCHIONESS DE SEVIGNE TO HER DAUGHTER THE COUNTESS DE GRIGNAN.

"Friday evening, 24th April, 1671.

"From Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's.

"WELL, here I make up my packet. I intended to acquaint you that the king got yesterday to Chantilli. He hunted a stag by moonlight: the lamps did wonders, but the fireworks were a little eclipsed by the brightness of our friend; but in fine the evening, the supper, and the entertainment went off admirably well. The weather we had yesterday gave us hopes of an end worthy of so fine a beginning; but what do you think I learnt when I came here? I am scarcely recovered as yet, and hardly know how to tell it you: Vatel, the great, the ingenious Vatel, late maître d'hôtel to M. de Fouquet, and now in that situation with the prince, a man so eminently distinguished for capacity, and whose abilities were equal to the government of a state, this man, whom I knew so well, at eight o'clock this morning finding that the salt-water he had sent for did not come at the time he expected it, and unable to bear the disgrace that he thought would inevitably befall him, ran himself through with his own sword. You may easily judge what a confusion so shocking an accident must have occasioned. Think too, that perhaps the water might come in just as he was expiring. I know no more of the affair at present, and I suppose you think this full enough, I make no doubt; but everything was in the greatest confusion. It must be very disagreeable to have an accident of this kind break in upon an entertainment that cost 50,000 crowns.

"Monsieur de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de la Grange Neuville; but I don't know how I come to have the heart to speak to you about anything but Vatel."

"Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

"This is Sunday, 26th April, and this letter will not go out till Wednesday; but it is not a letter: it is an account that I had from Moreuil of what passed at Chantilli with regard to Vatel. I wrote

to you last Friday that he had stabbed himself: you have here the whole particulars of that affair. The king arrived there on Thursday night: the walk, the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewed with jonquils, were to their wish; they went to supper, but the rôti was wanting at one or two of the tables, by reason of their having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This seized Vatel's spirits, and he was heard to say several times 'I have lost my honour—I cannot bear this disgrace—my head is quite giddy.' Said he to Gourville, 'I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights: I wish you would assist me in giving orders.' Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him, but the want of the rôti (which however did not happen at the king's table, but some of the other twenty-five), was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the prince, who was so good as to go directly to Vatel's apartments, and told him 'Everything is extremely well, Vatel: nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper.' 'Your highness's goodness,' replied he, 'completes my unhappiness: I am sensible that the rôti was wanting at two tables.' 'There is nothing in it, man,' said the prince: 'do not perplex yourself, and all will go well.' Midnight came—the fireworks did not succeed, they were covered with a thick cloud: they cost 16,000 francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel went everywhere about, and found all fast asleep; he meets one of the under purveyors, who was just come in with only two loads of water. 'What,' says he, 'is this all?' 'Yes, sir,' said the man, not knowing that Vatel had dispatched other people to all the seaports about. Vatel waited for some time, no other purveyors arrived, his head grew confused, he thought there was no more water to be had. He flies to Gourville: 'Sir,' says he, 'I cannot outlive this disgrace.' Gourville laughed at him; but however away he goes to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, ran himself through the heart at the third stroke, having first given himself two wounds, which were not mortal. Just at that instant the carriers arrived from all parts with the water: Vatel was inquired for to distribute it; they ran to his room, knocked at the door, but could make no one answer: upon which it was broken open, and there he was found stretched out and weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately dispatched to acquaint the prince with what had happened, who was just at his wits end about it. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey all depended upon Vatel. The prince related the whole affair to his majesty with great concern. It was looked upon as the consequence of a too nice sense of honour in his way: some blamed him, others praised him for this instance of courage. The king said he had put off this excursion for above five years, because he was very sensible what an infinite deal of trouble it must be attended with, and told the prince he ought to have had but two tables, and not be at the charge of all, and declared he would never suffer him to do the like again: but all this was too late for poor Vatel. However Gourville endeavoured to supply the loss of Vatel, which he did in great measure. The dinner was elegant, the collation the same: they supped, they went a walking, they hunted—all was perfumed with jonquils, all was enchant-

ment. Yesterday, which was Saturday, there was the same over again, and in the evening the king set out for Liancourt, where he had ordered a *media-noche*:* he is to stay there three days. This is what Moreuil told me, hoping I would acquaint you with it. I wash my hands of the rest, for I know nothing about it. M. d'Hacqueville, who was present at the whole, will no doubt give you a faithful relation of all that passed; but nevertheless I write too, because his hand is not quite so legible as mine, and the reason of my sending you so many little circumstances is, because, were I in your place, I should like them on such an occasion."

XCI.—SHARP-SIGHTEDNESS OF A BLIND MAN.

[The following story, which is a good commentary on Solomon's saying, "The wise man's eyes are in his head," is to be found in books of fiction; but if we are to take "the word of a prince" it belongs to Real Life. The exordium gives it the greater air of truth, inasmuch as the royal narrator tells it of one of his own followers. The story, says our authority, Camerarius, is mentioned by Antonio di Palermo, thus:—]

I LEARN'T (says he) of King Alphonso that there was a Sicilian born blind living still at that time in the citie Gergenti, who had followed him oftentimes a hunting, showing to the huntsmen (who had their sights well ynough) the retraits and repairing places of the wild beasts. Hee added further, touching the industrie of this blind man, that having by his sparing and scraping gotten together about five hundred crowns, which put him to a great deal of care, he resolved (at least) to hide them in a field. As he was making a hole in the ground to that end, a gossip of his, being his neighbour, espied him, who as soon as the blind man was gone, searched in the earth, found the money, and carried it cleane away. Two or three days after, the blind man returning thither to visit his cash, and finding nought there, like one altogether forlorne, he frets and torments himself, and after much debating and discoursing concludes that no man but his gossip could have plaid him such a trick. Whereupon, finding him out, he thus began to say unto him, "Gossip, I am come to you to have your opinion: I have one thousand crowns, and the one-half of them I have hid in a safe place, and for the other half I know not what to doe with them, having not my sight, and being very unfit to keep any such thing; therefore what thinke you: might I not hide the other half with the rest, in the same place of safetie?" The gossip approved and commended his resolution, and going speedily to the place carried back again the five hundred crowns that he had taken away before, hoping that he should have all the whole thousand together. A while after the blind man goes to his hole, and finding there his crownes againe took them up, and coming home calleth for his gossip, saying unto him with a cheerful voice, "Gossip, the blind man hath seen better than he that hath two eyes."

* *Media-noche* is a flesh-meal just after midnight among the Roman Catholics.

XCII.—A TRAGEDY OF ABSURDITY.

(From the same Author.)

WE read (saith Bernardin Scardeon) that in the family of Limino, at Padua, there were once two brothers, who being on a summers day in the country, went abroad after supper, talking together of many things. As they were standing and gazing upon the stars that twinkled in the skie, being then verie cleere, one of them began in merriment to say to the other, "Would I had as many oxen as I see stars in yond firmament." The other answers him presently, "And would I had a pasture as wide as the firmament;" and therewith turning to his brother saith unto him "Where wouldst thou feed thy oxen?" "Marrie, in thy pasture," quoth his brother. "But how if I would not let thee?" said the other. "I would (quoth the first), whether thou wouldst or not." "What (replied the second), in spite of my teeth?" "Yea (answers the other), whatsoever thou couldst doe to the contrarie." Hereupon their sport turnes to outrageous words, and at last to furie, the one still offering to be louder than the other, that in the end they drew their swords, and fell to it so hotley, that in turne of a hand they ran one another thorow the bodie, so that the one fell one way and the other another way, both weltering in their blood. The people of the house hearing the bustle ran towards them, but came too late, and carrying them into the house, they both soon after gave up the ghost.

XCIII. — THE MARCHIONESS OF BRINVILLIERS, THE POISONER:

WITH NOTICES OF HER BY MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

[In the plaster-cast shops is a small, delicate, plump little hand, dimpled and beautiful, which is sold to artists as a model. You take it in yours, handle it, admire it, almost fancy you are shaking hands with the good-humoured and festive little personage to whom it must have belonged. You ask whose it was, and are told that it was that of Madame de Brinvilliers, the famous poisoner. You recoil as if you had been handling a toad.

We have mentioned this circumstance before, perhaps more than once; but we like to repeat it, because it is salutary to see how beautiful beauty is by nature, but how ugly it becomes when nature is contradicted and moral deformity pollutes it. If beauty does not represent goodness of nature, it becomes something more offensive than ugliness itself, because the contradiction seems more monstrous. The woman seems turned to a snake, a serpent, a witch: her smoothness grows horrible, the beauty of her eyes becomes ghastly.

In such an excessive case, however, as that of the miserable creature before us, we have always the consolation of knowing that such enormity must be a madness. There must be a deficiency somewhere in her very conformation, most likely in the brain, a want of something that bestows the humanity common to others. Such a beauty is merely a case which ought to have contained the human being, but did not: it is nothing but a moving and living mask. How came the soul to be forgotten? What perversity of parentage or nurture was it, that caused such a frightful difference from the kindly nature of the species?

The following narrative is taken from the bio-

graphical dictionaries; but we have added to it, from 'Séviigné's Letters,' the lively notices of the case as it was going forward, from the pen of that charming writer. The reader is thus thrown back into the time in which the horrors occurred, and becomes one of the contemporaries that gossiped and talked about it. We take the passages from the translation, not having the original by us.]

MARGUERITE D'AUBRAI, Marchioness of Brinvilliers, was born at Paris in 1651, being the daughter of d'Aubrai, lieutenant-civil of Paris, who married her to N. Gobelin, Marquis of Brinvilliers. Although possessed of attractions to captivate lovers she was for some time much attached to her husband, but at length became madly in love with a Gascon officer, named Goden St. Croix, who had been introduced by the marquis, who was the adjutant of the regiment of Normandy. Her father being informed of this affair imprisoned the officer, who was altogether an adventurer, in the Bastille, where he was detained a year: a circumstance which induced the marchioness to be more outwardly circumspect, but at the same time to nourish the most implacable hatred to her father and her whole family. While in the Bastille, St. Croix learnt from an Italian, named Exili, the art of composing the most subtle and mortal poisons, and the result on his release was the destruction by this means, in concurrence with his mistress, of her father, sister, and two brothers: all of whom were poisoned in the same year, 1670. During all this time the marchioness was visiting the hospitals, outwardly as a devotee, but as was afterwards strongly suspected, really in order to try on the patients the effects of the poisons produced by her paramour. The discovery of these monstrous criminals was made in a very extraordinary manner. While at work in distilling poison, St. Croix accidentally dropped the glass mask which he wore to prevent inhaling the noxious vapour, and the consequence was his instant death. Nobody claiming his effects, they fell into the hands of government, and the marchioness had the imprudence to lay claim to a casket, and appeared so anxious to obtain it, that the authorities ordered it to be opened: when it was found to be full of packets of poisons, with ticketed descriptions of the different effects which they would produce. Informed of the opening of the casket, the execrable woman made her escape to England, whence she passed to Liege, where she was arrested and conducted to Paris. Being tried, she was convicted of the murder of her father, sister, and brothers, and condemned to be beheaded and burnt. In this dreadful situation she evinced extraordinary courage, amounting almost to nonchalance. On entering the chamber in which she was to be put to the question by the torture of swallowing water, she observed three buckets-full prepared, and exclaimed, "It is surely intended to drown me, for it is absurd to suppose that a person of my dimensions can swallow all that." She listened to her sentence without exhibiting either weakness or alarm, and showed no other emotion on her way to execution than to request she might be so placed as not to see the officer who had apprehended her. She also ascended unaided and barefoot up the ladder on to the scaffold. This woman, after all, possessed some sense of religion: she went regularly to confession; and when arrested at Liege a

sort of general form was found in her possession, which sufficiently alluded to her criminality to form a strong presumption against her. What adds to the atrocity of this wretch's character, she was proved to have had connexions with many persons suspected of the same crimes, and to have provided poisons for the use of others. Many persons of quality lost their lives about this period, and the investigation seemed likely to lead to the discovery of so much guilt in this way, that it was politically but disgracefully put an end to. It was supposed that the indifference of the Marquis of Brinvilliers to his wife's conduct induced her to spare one so much in her power. She suffered on the 17th July, 1676.

PASSAGES RELATIVE TO BRINVILLIERS, FROM THE
LETTERS OF MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

"Paris, Wednesday, April 29th, 1676.

"Madame de Brinvilliers is not so much at her ease as I: she is in prison. She endeavours to pass her time there as pleasantly as she can, and desired yesterday to play at piquet, because she was very dull. They have found her confession. She informs us that at the age of seven years she ceased to be a virgin, and that she had ever since went on at the same rate; that she had poisoned her father, her brothers, one of her children, and herself, but the last was only to make trial of an antidote. Medea has less of this guilty skill. She has owned this confession to be her own writing: it was an unaccountable folly, but she says she was in a high fever when she writ it; that it is a frenzy, an extravagance, which does not deserve to be read seriously."

"Paris, Friday, May 1st, 1676.

"Nothing is talked of here but the transactions and behaviour of Madame Brinvilliers. Could one ever have thought of her forgetting the murder of her father at confession? and then the peccadilloes that she was afraid of forgetting were admirable. She was in love, it seems, with this same Sainte Croix, she wanted to marry him, and for that purpose gave her husband poison two or three different times. Sainte Croix, who did not care to have a wife as wicked as himself, gave the good man a dose of counter-poison: so that after being bandied about between them, sometimes poisoned, sometimes unpoisoned again, he at last is actually making intercession for his dear rib. Oh, there is no end of some people's follies!"

"From Nemours, Friday, 28th June, 1676.

"She told me that she expected Mademoiselle de Fiennes, and that she had heard that La Brinvilliers had impeached a number of people, and named the Chevalier de B—, Mesdames de G—, and Mesdames de Cl—, as having poisoned Madame: nothing more. I believe all this to be very false; but it is very troublesome and vexatious to be obliged to clear oneself of such accusations. This she-devil has strongly accused Penautier, who is thrown into prison beforehand. The affair takes up all the attention of Paris, to the prejudice of news from the army."

"Paris, Wednesday, 1st July, 1676.

"But now I shall return to the foolish piece of

news that Madame de Fiennes told me at Montargis. There was not the least mention made of Mesdames de Cl—, de G—, nor of the Chevalier de B—: nothing could be more false. Penautier was confined in Ravalliac's dungeon for nine days, where he was almost killed, upon which they removed him. His affair is a very disagreeable one. He has powerful protectors: the Archbishop of Paris and M. Colbert support him openly; but if La Brinvilliers continues to harass him much longer, nothing can save him."

"Paris, Friday, July 3rd, 1676.

La Brinvilliers' affair still goes on in the same manner. She communicated her poisons in pigeon pies, by which a great many were killed; not that she had any particular reasons for making away with them, but only did it out of mere curiosity to try the effects of her drugs. The Chevalier du Guet, who had been partaker of all these pretty entertainments about three years ago, has been languishing ever since. She inquired the other day if he was dead: upon being answered 'No;' she said, turning her head on one side, 'He must have a very stout constitution then.' This M. de la Rochefoucault swears to be true."

"Paris, Wednesday, July 8, 1676.

"I have sent M. d'Ormission to desire the first president to grant me an audience, but it seems he cannot do it till after La Brinvilliers' trial is over. Who would have thought that our affair should have clashed with hers? Poor Penautier's depends entirely on hers; but wherefore poison poor Maturé, who had a dozen children? To me his disorder appears to have been very violent, and in nowise sudden nor resembling the effects of poison; however, this engrosses the whole conversation here at present. There has been found a hog's-head of poisoned wine, of which six or seven persons have already died."

"Paris, Friday, July 10, 1676.

"Penautier has been confronted with La Brinvilliers. It was a very melancholy interview: they were wont to meet upon more agreeable terms. She has so repeatedly declared that if she was to die she would make many others die with her, that it is hardly to be doubted that she will draw this poor wretch in to be a sharer of her fate; or at least to be put to the question, which is a dreadful thing. The man has a prodigious number of friends, and those of great consequence, whom he has formerly had opportunities of obliging, while he was in possession of his two places: they leave no stone unturned to serve him, and money flies about in quantities upon the occasion; but if he should be cast, nothing can possibly save him."

"Paris, Friday, July 17, 1676.

"At length it is all over—La Brinvilliers is in the air; after her execution her poor little body was thrown into a great fire, and her ashes dispersed by the wind: so that whenever we breathe we shall draw in some particles of her, and by the communication of the minute spirits we may be all infected with an itch for poisoning, to our no small surprise. She was condemned yesterday, and this morning her sentence was read to her,

which was, to perform the *amende honorable* in the church of Nôtre Dame; and after that to have her head severed from her body, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air. They were for putting her to the torture; but she told them there was no occasion, for that she would confess everything. Accordingly she was till five o'clock in the evening relating the passages of her life, which has been more shocking than was ever imagined. She has poisoned her father no less than ten times running, but without being able to destroy him; as likewise her brother, and several others, and all was under the appearance of the greatest love and confidence. She has said nothing against Penautier. Notwithstanding this confession, they gave her the question, ordinary and extraordinary, the next morning, but this extorted nothing more from her. She desired to speak with the procurator-general: no one as yet knows the subject of this conversation. At six o'clock she was carried in a cart, stripped to her shift, with a cord about her neck, to the church of Nôtre Dame, to perform the *amende honorable*. After that was over she was put again into the same cart, where I saw her lying at her length on a truss of straw, only her shift and a suit of plain headclothes, with a confessor on one side and a hangman on the other: indeed, my dear, the sight made me shudder. Those who saw the execution say that she mounted the scaffold with great courage. As for me, I was on the bridge of Nôtre Dame with good d'Escars: never, sure, was there such a concourse of people seen, nor the attention of a whole city so fixed upon any one event; yet ask many people what they have seen? Why, they will tell you they have seen no more than I have done, the end of a sinner; but, in short, this whole day has been dedicated to the sight of this tragedy. I shall know more particulars to-morrow, and you shall have them at secondhand."

"Paris, Wednesday, 22nd July, 1676.

"Let me entertain you with a little more of the history of La Brinvilliers. She died as she lived, that is to say, very resolutely. She entered the place where she expected to have been put to the torture, and on seeing the preparations she said, 'They certainly intend to drown me, for considering the smallness of my size they can never pretend to make me drink so much.' She heard her sentence read to her without the least token of fear or weakness, only towards the latter end of it she desired them to begin it again, telling them that the circumstance of the cart had struck her, and made her lose her attention to the rest. In the way to the execution she desired her confessor to place the executioner before her, that she might not, as she said, have the sight of that rascal Desgrais, who had taken her. He was before the cart on horseback: her confessor reproved her for that sentiment, upon which she asked pardon, and submitted to endure that disagreeable sight. She mounted the ladder and the scaffold alone, and with her naked feet; and the executioner was a quarter of an hour in dressing, shaving, and ordering her for the execution, in an abusive manner, which caused a great murmur among the crowd, and was reckoned a great cruelty. The next day her bones were gathered up as relics, by the people, who said she was a saint. She had two confessors, one of whom told her

that she ought to reveal everything; the other, that she ought not: she laughed at this diversity of opinion between the learned fathers, and said she believed she might very conscientiously do which of the two she pleased, and it pleased her to reveal nothing. By this means Fenautier is come off a little whiter than snow; however, the public is not contented, and seems still to entertain some slight suspicion. But see the misfortune of it: this creature refused to reveal what they wanted to know, and told what nobody demanded of her. For example, she said that M. F—— had sent Glaser, the apothecary they employed in preparing their poisons, into Italy, to procure an herb, which is, it seems, a choice ingredient in their mysterious compositions; and that she had heard of this pious pilgrimage of his at Sainte Croix. You see what pains is taken to load this miserable wretch with crimes, and to finish his ruin; but the truth of this information is much suspected."

"Paris, Wednesday, 29th July, 1676.

"The world is extremely partial; its partiality has appeared even in the case of La Brinvilliers. Never were such horrid crimes treated so favourably: she was not put to the question: they even gave her hopes of a pardon, and such hopes that she did not expect to die; nay, even when she was mounting the scaffold, she asked whether it was in earnest! At length, her ashes are dispersed by the wind: her confessor says she is a saint!"

XCIV. — SINGULAR DETECTION, AND SUDDEN AND FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

[This is almost the only thing worth reading in a book which made some noise in its day, and which exhibited the following extraordinary title-page:—*'Memoirs and Anecdotes of Philip Thicknesse, late Governor of Land-Guard Fort, and unfortunately, Father to George Touchet, Baron Audley.'* Thicknesse was a flighty man, whose imprudence exasperated a hasty, but apparently not bad disposition, and embroiled him with a number of people; among whom were his own children. The account of his squabbles are accordingly mere *ex parte* statements; but there seems no reason to doubt the truth of the striking and appalling circumstance before us. The Ford he speaks of was his own father-in-law, a solicitor; and the event must have taken place too nearly within the recollection of many persons, to render it probable that he would have falsified it.]

THE late Mr. Ford, a gentleman well acquainted with the law, and the modes of discovering and detecting infamous villains, was sent for by a foreign minister, to trace a villain who had forged his name and drawn large sums out of the hands of his banker. Mr. Ford, observing that the forged notes were all spelt according to auricular orthography, instantly conceived that the forgery was committed by a foreigner; and soon after strongly suspected the minister's own secretary (then present), to be the forger. With this man, however, he was left by the minister to consider what were the most prudent steps to be taken to make a discovery. After a little conversation between them, Mr. Ford proposed inserting advertisements in all the public papers, offering therein

a reward to the discoverer ; to which the secretary very readily agreed : but Mr. Ford, under the pretence of having left his spectacles at home, desired the secretary to write, and that he would dictate ; and so contrived it, that he introduced into the advertisements every word which in the forged drafts had been spelt according to auricular orthography ; and as every word tallied to a tittle, Mr. Ford retired, satisfied in his own mind that he had discovered the man. The advertisements were, however, printed in the public papers ; and about a fortnight afterwards Mr. Ford waited upon the minister, but found only the secretary at home. After mutual civilities, Mr. Ford placed himself nearly *vis-à-vis* to the secretary, who asked him whether he had discovered the forger ? Mr. Ford, looking the secretary stedfastly in the face, replied,—"I have." He then perceived such a sudden change of countenance, that as soon as the secretary had so far recovered his alarm as to ask him, "Who is the man ?" Mr. Ford, clapping his hand violently upon the knee of the secretary, said—"You, sir, are the man !" Conscious guilt struck him to the soul, and the window being near and open he instantly jumped out, and impaled himself upon the iron rails before the door.

XCV.—A VICTIM TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

[From 'Travels in Spain,' by the Countess d'Aunois, the lively authoress of the 'Fairy Tales.' Some of her narratives in these travels are said to be too much allied to her Fairy Tales ; but from the romantic and impassioned nature of the Spanish character, there seems no reason to doubt the authenticity of the one before us.]

A CAVALIER of birth passionately loved a young woman, who was only a jeweller's daughter, but a perfect beauty, and heiress to a great estate. This cavalier having understood that the most furious bulls of the mountains were taken, and thinking it would be a most glorious action to vanquish them, resolved to *tourise*, as they call it ; and for that purpose desired leave of his mistress. She was so surprised at the bare proposal, that she swooned away ; and by all that power which he had given her over himself, she charged him not to think of it, as he valued his life. But in spite of this charge, he believed he could not give a more ample proof of his love, and therefore privately caused all things necessary to be got ready. But as industrious as he was to hide his design from his mistress, she was informed of it, and used all means to dissuade him. In fine, the day of the feast being come, he conjured her to be there, and told her that her very presence would be sufficient to make him conquer, and to acquire a glory which would render him yet more worthy of her. "Your love," said she, "is more ambitious than it is kind ; and mine is more kind than it is ambitious. Go where you think glory calls you ; you have a mind I should be there, you will fight before me ; well, I do assure you that I will be there ; but yet perhaps my presence will afford you more matter of trouble than emulation." However, he left her and went to the Plaza-mayor, where there was already a vast assembly ; but scarcely had he begun to defend himself against the fierce bull which assaulted him, when

a country youth threw a dart at this terrible creature, which pierced him so deep that it put him to a great deal of pain. He immediately left the cavalier that was fighting him, and roaring, ran directly after him by whom he was wounded. The youth thus frightened would have saved himself, when his cap fell off, and then the loveliest and longest hair which could be seen appeared upon his shoulders, and this discovered the combatant to be a maid of about fifteen or sixteen years of age. Fear had put her in such a trembling, that she could neither run, nor any way avoid the bull. He gave her a desperate push on the side, at the same instant her lover knew that it was she, and was running to assist her. Good God ! what a grief it was for him to see his dear mistress in this sad condition ! Passion transported him ; he no longer valued his life, but grew more furious than the bull itself, and performed things almost incredible. He was mortally wounded in divers places. On this day, certainly, the people thought the baiting fine. They carried these unfortunate lovers to her unhappy father's house ; they both desired to be in the same chamber, and though they had but a short time to live, yet begged the favour they might be married. Accordingly, they were married ; and since they could not live together, yet at least they were buried together in one and the same grave.

XCVI.—THE MOTHER ACCORDED WITH AND MADE MISERABLE.

[From Mr. Leitch Ritchie's 'Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow,' in Heath's 'Pictorial Annual' for 1836,—a volume of genuine amusement and information.]

I was invited to the consecration of a church eighty or ninety versts distant (from Moscow), and the lady who did me the favour was even kind enough to send horses for me ; but in consequence of some unfortunate equivocation, I had otherwise disposed of myself. I regretted this much, for the circumstances had in them not a little of the strange and romantic.

The lady was born Countess Orloff, and is a niece of the famous Prince Gregory Orloff, who is supposed to have been privately married to the Empress Catherine II. She married, contrary to the wish of her family, a nobleman of rank inferior to her own, by whom she had one child, a son. This boy grew up everything that a parent could wish. Brave, handsome, generous, of the highest blood of the country, and the heir of immense wealth, he was beloved or flattered by all ; but he was the idol of his mother.

In due time the young man loved ; but the lady, although the daughter of a nobleman high in the army, was not considered a match for him. The mother, whose maternal pride and ambition were thus menaced, was thrown into consternation. She begged, prayed, threatened—all in vain : the youth was firm. She at length yielded : for he was her son, her only child, the one being in whom her hopes, her affections, her life were centred.

But during the struggle his determination had survived his constancy. His mother's tears, expostulations, and reasoning—perhaps his more

Let me now return to Charleroi. It was a lovely evening, and when I had taken some refreshment I left my auberge to stroll a little way into the country. Chance led me to the banks of the Meuse, and as there could be no pleasanter path than by a river side, I followed that which led up the stream. When I had proceeded about two miles, as nearly as I could guess, and when just about to retrace my steps, upon a sudden turning I came in sight of a cottage which for beauty I had never seen equalled: it stood about a hundred yards from the river, with a garden sloping down to the stream. The cottage was cream-coloured, of one story only, and almost completely covered with the jasmine tree. The garden was one blow of early spring flowers: auriculas, polyanthus, primroses, daffodils, and many others which my botanical knowledge does not permit me to name. I thought I had never beheld a spot of more sweet retirement, or one that I could more agreeably live in all my days. I was standing gazing upon it, thinking how happy its inmates might probably be, and had laid my hand upon the little wicket gate that led up the garden, merely by way of resting my arm, when the door of the cottage opened and a lady and then a gentleman appeared. I recognised them in a moment: it was Durand and his Elize.

We hear much commonplace about the insincerity of the French: I wish to God all the world had half the sincerity of the French colonel at Civet. It has been my lot often to meet with a kind reception from strangers, and therefore it is that I think more favourably of mankind than misanthropes would make us believe mankind deserves to be thought of. This colonel had been rising rapidly in the French army, rising to power and riches; but through the intervention of my country his master had been humbled, the army to which he had belonged beaten, and he had had to endure the humiliation of seeing an English guard mounted at the palace-gates of his king: yet if I had been directly instrumental in making his fortune, I could not have been received with greater kindness; but indeed, after I had passed a night under his roof, it seemed to me that he had little to regret in the fall of his patron, and he appeared to feel no regret. Living in a beautiful country, in his own cottage, with health and seeming competence, blessed with the endearments of a domestic life—an affectionate wife and two sweet children, could he regret that the clang of arms had passed away? Glory could indeed no more circle his brows with the wreath of victory; but peace might be around him, and the interchange of affection and kind offices might hallow his home, and light him through all the journey of life. "My income," said he, "is 3000 francs a-year (120*l.* sterling). Half of that sum is my pay, and the other half is the interest of my wife's fortune. I have the cottage besides: I have all I desire; we live as we wish to live. There are my books—*voilà mes livres*," said he; "not many, but choice. Here are my music-books: Josephine and I sing duets. I work in my garden, from which we have fruit, and flowers, and vegetables, as many as we desire. I have a little horse in my stable: sometimes I ride him, and sometimes I put Josephine upon him, and then I walk beside her. I have a boat on the river, and in warm evenings we row out together, and sometimes we take little Henri; Mathilde is too young.

And at Charleroi I have one or two friends whom I see sometimes. I live nearly a thousand francs within my income, so that I have no cares. For every deserving stranger I have a bed, and a place at my table. You see how we live," added he (the conversation happening during dinner), "stay with me as long as it is agreeable to you. We will make you as comfortable as we can; and when you go away, do not forget the cream-coloured cottage at Civet, and never pass within fifty miles of us without coming to see us." Josephine looked all that her husband said: and though it would be absurd to suppose any real sympathy between persons who knew so little of each other as myself and my entertainer, yet after having been during many months alone, this address made me feel my loneliness the more, and made me begin to doubt if nature had destined me for solitude. We cordially shook hands at parting, and I stepped into the boat which was to glide down the river.

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Meantime the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves by a messenger whom they despatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. His tidings informed her that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people: whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle: which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she, stoutly; "my poor subjects must have their own, or by God! (raising her voice in a threatening tone) princes' blood for oxen's blood." With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which in a few minutes was filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva directly changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits, and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter, thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth. Concluding with a pompous panegyric on

the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity she had shown, he entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the Duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages were made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they in return very courteously took their leave.

C.—BOISSI'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

[An account of this intended family tragedy, which we met with in the 'Varieties of Literature,' quoted in our last, reminded us of another narrative of it, more complete, in Chalmers's 'Biographical Dictionary.' The latter is here extracted. We know nothing of Boissi ourselves: we take the wit and humour attributed to him for granted; but piteous as his situation was, and affecting in particular the spectacle of his wife and child, we cannot look upon him as a man of a right spirit. He had affection, but not of the deepest kind; pride, but not of the highest order: otherwise he would not have doomed his family to death, nor scrupled to think his friends and fellow creatures unworthy of being allowed to do him a service for their sakes. Such catastrophes, in fact, are much oftener the effects of the worst than the best parts of sorrow; of its anger, and spleen, and self-estimation, rather than its suffering for others. We may guess what sort of temper was Boissi's, by his feelings when he became prosperous: instead of being thankful for the change, he only lamented that it had not been of longer duration. Such a man was not likely to have seen into the finer parts either of prosperity or adversity.

There seems an inconsistency on the part of the narrator, when he tells us that Boissi had no religion, and yet hoped to go to another and a better world. He might, however, have had no very settled notions of religion, and yet not have been without a sense of the general goodness of the Creator, and a probability that his lot would be smoothed in another state of existence. What he wanted was a loving *temper* of faith; the habit of seeing something so good and beautiful at work in all things, that it never allows hope entirely to forsake us.

We hope we need not say we cast no stones at scenes like this: God forbid anything so absurd or monstrous. We have tasted too much of trouble ourselves, as well as of the sweets of joy and friendship; but we speak of it in this manner to guard against any false conclusions from such scenes in times of agitation and struggle like the present, and to show in what real manhood and lovingness consist.]

LOUIS DE BOISSI, a celebrated French comic writer, of native wit and genuine humour, was born at Vic, in Auvergne, in 1594. He came early to Paris, and began to write for the stage. The rest of his life is a moral. As has often been the fate of extraordinary favourites of the Muses, though he laboured incessantly for the public, his works procured him only a competency of fame—he wanted

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stadt on the Saalbrücke to supply themselves with bread, beer, and other provisions, at a reasonable price in that place. At the same time she took the precaution to have the bridge which stood close to the town demolished in all haste, and reconstructed over the river at a considerable distance, that the too great proximity of the city might be no temptation to her rapacious guests. The inhabitants, too, of all the places through which the army was to pass were informed, that they might send the chief of their valuables to the castle of Rudolstadt.

Meantime the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, approached the city, and invited themselves by a messenger whom they despatched before, to take their morning's repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. So modest a request, made at the head of an army, was not to be rejected. The answer returned was, that they should be kindly supplied with what the house afforded; that his excellency might come, and be assured of a welcome reception. However, she did not neglect at the same time to remind the Spanish general of the safeguard, and to urge home to him the conscientious observance of it.

A friendly reception and a well-furnished table welcomed the arrival of the duke at the castle. He was obliged to confess that the Thuringian ladies had an excellent notion of cookery, and did honour to the laws of hospitality. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. His tidings informed her that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Catharina was a true mother to her people: whatever the poorest of her subjects unjustly suffered wounded her to the very quick. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle: which done, she returned to the hall, and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them in the most moving terms of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded. "That we shall presently see," replied she, stoutly; "my poor subjects must have their own, or by God! (raising her voice in a threatening tone) princes' blood for oxen's blood." With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which in a few minutes was filled with armed men, who sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fierce-looking fellows, Duke Alva directly changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, surrounded by a resolute body of men, what had they to do but to summon up their patience, and to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could? Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits, and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter, thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth. Concluding with a pompous panegyric on

the patriotic concern and the determined intrepidity she had shown, he entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the Duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable; which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch on the spot an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with a certificate that all damages were made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they in return very courteously took their leave.

C.—BOISSI'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

[An account of this intended family tragedy, which we met with in the 'Varieties of Literature,' quoted in our last, reminded us of another narrative of it, more complete, in Chalmers's 'Biographical Dictionary.' The latter is here extracted. We know nothing of Boissi ourselves: we take the wit and humour attributed to him for granted; but piteous as his situation was, and affecting in particular the spectacle of his wife and child, we cannot look upon him as a man of a right spirit. He had affection, but not of the deepest kind; pride, but not of the highest order: otherwise he would not have doomed his family to death, nor scrupled to think his friends and fellow creatures unworthy of being allowed to do him a service for their sakes. Such catastrophes, in fact, are much oftener the effects of the worst than the best parts of sorrow; of its anger, and spleen, and self-estimation, rather than its suffering for others. We may guess what sort of temper was Boissi's, by his feelings when he became prosperous: instead of being thankful for the change, he only lamented that it had not been of longer duration. Such a man was not likely to have seen into the finer parts either of prosperity or adversity.

There seems an inconsistency on the part of the narrator, when he tells us that Boissi had no religion, and yet hoped to go to another and a better world. He might, however, have had no very settled notions of religion, and yet not have been without a sense of the general goodness of the Creator, and a probability that his lot would be smoothed in another state of existence. What he wanted was a loving *temper* of faith; the habit of seeing something so good and beautiful at work in all things, that it never allows hope entirely to forsake us.

We hope we need not say we cast no stones at scenes like this: God forbid anything so absurd or monstrous. We have tasted too much of trouble ourselves, as well as of the sweets of joy and friendship; but we speak of it in this manner to guard against any false conclusions from such scenes in times of agitation and struggle like the present, and to show in what real manhood and lovingness consist.]

LOUIS DE BOISSI, a celebrated French comic writer, of native wit and genuine humour, was born at Vic, in Auvergne, in 1594. He came early to Paris, and began to write for the stage. The rest of his life is a moral. As has often been the fate of extraordinary favourites of the Muses, though he laboured incessantly for the public, his works procured him only a competency of fame—he wanted

bread ; and while the theatres and coffee-houses of Paris were ringing with plaudits on his uncommon talents to promote their mirth, he was languishing with a wife and child under the pressure of the extremest poverty. Yet melancholy as his situation was, he lost nothing of the pride which forbad him to creep and fawn at the feet of a patron. Boissi had friends who would readily have relieved him, but they were never made acquainted with his real condition, or had not the friendly impetuosity which forces assistance on the modest sufferer. He at length became the prey of distress, and sunk into despondency. The shortest way to rid himself at once of his load of misery seemed to him to be death, on which he speculated with the despair of a man who had none of the consolations of religion. His wife, who was no less weary of life, listened with participation as often as he declaimed, in all the warmth of poetic rapture, on the topic of deliverance from this earthly prison and the smiling prospects of futurity, till at length she took up the resolution to accompany him in death. But she could not bear to think of leaving her beloved son, of five years old, in a world of misery and sorrow : it was therefore agreed to take the child along with them on their passage into another and a better, and they made choice of starving. To this end they shut themselves up in their solitary and deserted apartment, waiting their dissolution with immovable fortitude. When any one came and knocked, they fled trembling into a corner for fear of being discovered. Their little boy, who had not yet learned to silence the calls of hunger by artificial reasons, whimpering and crying asked for bread, but they always found means to quiet him.

It occurred to one of Boissi's friends that it was very extraordinary he should never find him at home. At first he thought the family had changed their lodgings, but on assuring himself of the contrary he began to be alarmed. He called several times in one day, and at last burst open the door, when he saw his friend, with his wife and son, extended on the bed, pale and emaciated, scarcely able to utter a sound. The boy lay in the middle, and the husband and wife had their arms thrown over him. The child stretched out his little hand towards his deliverer, and his first word was

"Bread !" It was now the third day that not a morsel of food had entered his lips. The parents lay still in a perfect stupor ; they had never heard the bursting open of the door, and felt nothing of the embraces of their agitated boy ; their wasted eyes were directed towards the boy, and the tenderest expressions of pity were in the look with which they had last beheld him, and still saw him dying. Their friend hastened to take measures for their recovery, but could not succeed without difficulty : they thought themselves already far from the troubles of life, and were terrified at being suddenly brought back to them. Void of sense and reflection, they submitted to the attempts that were made to recall them to life. At length a thought occurred to their friend, which happily succeeded : he took the child from their arms, and thus roused the last spark of paternal tenderness. He gave the child some bread to eat, who with one hand held it, and with the other alternately shook his father and mother. It seemed at once to rekindle the love of life in their hearts, on perceiving the child had left the bed and their embraces. Nature did her office : their friend procured them strengthening broths, which he put to their lips with the utmost caution, and did not leave them till every symptom of restored life was fully visible.

This transaction made much noise in Paris, and at length reached the ears of the Marchioness de Pompadour. Boissi's deplorable situation moved her. She immediately sent him a hundred louis-d'ors, and soon after procured him the profitable place of editor of the '*Mercur de France*,' with a pension for his wife and child if they outlived him. His '*Œuvres de Theatre*' are in nine vols. 8vo. His Italian comedy, in which path he is the author of numerous pieces, has not the merit of the above. His early satires, of which he had written many, being remembered, prevented his admission into the French Academy till he was sixty years of age, though he was well entitled to that honour by his labours and talents twenty years sooner. He died April, 1658, complaining in his last moments that his misery was not shortened by an earlier death, or his felicity extended by longevity.



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XCIV. — SINGULAR DETECTION, AND SUDDEN AND FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE.

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THE late Mr. Ford, a gentleman well acquainted with the law, and the modes of discovering and detecting infamous villains, was sent for by a foreign minister, to trace a villain who had forged his name and drawn large sums out of the hands of his banker. Mr. Ford, observing that the forged notes were all spelt according to aricular orthography, instantly conceived that the forgery was committed by a foreigner; and soon after strongly suspected the minister's own secretary (then present), to be the forger. With this man, however, he was left by the minister to consider what were the most prudent steps to be taken to make a discovery. After a little conversation between them, Mr. Ford proposed inserting advertisements in all the public papers, offering therein

a reward to the discoverer ; to which the secretary very readily agreed : but Mr. Ford, under the pretence of having left his spectacles at home, desired the secretary to write, and that he would dictate ; and so contrived it, that he introduced into the advertisements every word which in the forged drafts had been spelt according to auricular orthography ; and as every word tallied to a tittle, Mr. Ford retired, satisfied in his own mind that he had discovered the man. The advertisements were, however, printed in the public papers ; and about a fortnight afterwards Mr. Ford waited upon the minister, but found only the secretary at home. After mutual civilities, Mr. Ford placed himself nearly *vis-à-vis* to the secretary, who asked him whether he had discovered the forger ? Mr. Ford, looking the secretary stedfastly in the face, replied,—“ I have.” He then perceived such a sudden change of countenance, that as soon as the secretary had so far recovered his alarm as to ask him, “ Who is the man ? ” Mr. Ford, clapping his hand violently upon the knee of the secretary, said—“ You, sir, are the man ! ” Conscious guilt struck him to the soul, and the window being near and open he instantly jumped out, and impaled himself upon the iron rails before the door.

XCV.—A VICTIM TO THE BULL-FIGHT.

[From ‘ Travels in Spain,’ by the Countess d’Aunois, the lively authoress of the ‘ Fairy Tales.’ Some of her narratives in these travels are said to be too much allied to her Fairy Tales ; but from the romantic and impassioned nature of the Spanish character, there seems no reason to doubt the authenticity of the one before us.]

A CAVALIER of birth passionately loved a young woman, who was only a jeweller’s daughter, but a perfect beauty, and heiress to a great estate. This cavalier having understood that the most furious bulls of the mountains were taken, and thinking it would be a most glorious action to vanquish them, resolved to *taurise*, as they call it ; and for that purpose desired leave of his mistress. She was so surprised at the bare proposal, that she swooned away ; and by all that power which he had given her over himself, she charged him not to think of it, as he valued his life. But in spite of this charge, he believed he could not give a more ample proof of his love, and therefore privately caused all things necessary to be got ready. But as industrious as he was to hide his design from his mistress, she was informed of it, and used all means to dissuade him. In fine, the day of the feast being come, he conjured her to be there, and told her that her very presence would be sufficient to make him conquer, and to acquire a glory which would render him yet more worthy of her. “ Your love,” said she, “ is more ambitious than it is kind ; and mine is more kind than it is ambitious. Go where you think glory calls you ; you have a mind I should be there, you will fight before me ; well, I do assure you that I will be there ; but yet perhaps my presence will afford you more matter of trouble than emulation.” However, he left her and went to the Plaza-mayor, where there was already a vast assembly ; but scarcely had he begun to defend himself against the fierce bull which assaulted him, when

a country youth threw a dart at this terrible creature, which pierced him so deep that it put him to a great deal of pain. He immediately left the cavalier that was fighting him, and roaring, ran directly after him by whom he was wounded. The youth thus frightened would have saved himself, when his cap fell off, and then the loveliest and longest hair which could be seen appeared upon his shoulders, and this discovered the combatant to be a maid of about fifteen or sixteen years of age. Fear had put her in such a trembling, that she could neither run, nor any way avoid the bull. He gave her a desperate push on the side, at the same instant her lover knew that it was she, and was running to assist her. Good God ! what a grief it was for him to see his dear mistress in this sad condition ! Passion transported him ; he no longer valued his life, but grew more furious than the bull itself, and performed things almost incredible. He was mortally wounded in divers places. On this day, certainly, the people thought the baiting fine. They carried these unfortunate lovers to her unhappy father’s house ; they both desired to be in the same chamber, and though they had but a short time to live, yet begged the favour they might be married. Accordingly, they were married ; and since they could not live together, yet at least they were buried together in one and the same grave.

XCVI.—THE MOTHER ACCORDED WITH AND MADE MISERABLE.

[From Mr. Leitch Ritchie’s ‘ Journey to St. Petersburg and Moscow,’ in Heath’s ‘ Picturesque Annual’ for 1836,—a volume of genuine amusement and information.]

I WAS invited to the consecration of a church eighty or ninety versts distant (from Moscow), and the lady who did me the favour was even kind enough to send horses for me ; but in consequence of some unfortunate equivocation, I had otherwise disposed of myself. I regretted this much, for the circumstances had in them not a little of the strange and romantic.

The lady was born Countess Orloff, and is a niece of the famous Prince Gregory Orloff, who is supposed to have been privately married to the Empress Catherine II. She married, contrary to the wish of her family, a nobleman of rank inferior to her own, by whom she had one child, a son. This boy grew up everything that a parent could wish. Brave, handsome, generous, of the highest blood of the country, and the heir of immense wealth, he was beloved or flattered by all ; but he was the idol of his mother.

In due time the young man loved ; but the lady, although the daughter of a nobleman high in the army, was not considered a match for him. The mother, whose maternal pride and ambition were thus menaced, was thrown into consternation. She begged, prayed, threatened—all in vain : the youth was firm. She at length yielded : for he was her son, her only child, the one being in whom her hopes, her affections, her life were centred.

But during the struggle his determination had survived his constancy. His mother’s tears, expostulations, and reasoning—perhaps his more

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